

**Silks.**

How about a nice Silk Dress or Waist Pattern for wife, mother or sister?

We are offering 43 patterns fine Black Dress Silks, in all standard weaves, worth in a regular way up to \$2 a yard, now about

**Half Price**

15 pcs. Fancy Dresden and China Silks, marked down from \$1.50 to

**\$1.00 yard**

23 pcs. Novelty Silks, for dinner, street or visiting wear, worth as much as \$2.25 yard, now marked down to

**\$1.25 yard**

41 pcs. All Silk Evening Shades Crepons, Crepe de Chine and Satin Duchesse, were 75c to \$1 yard, marked down now to

**50c yard**

**Black Goods.**

Possibly a Black Dress would be preferable.

**Black Henrietta,**

All wool, 38 inches wide, worth 40c, to go

**At 25c**

**Black Surah Twill Serges,**  
All wool, worth 65c,

**At 39c**

**Black Wide Wale Diagonal Serges,**  
Worth \$1.25,

**At 89c**

**Black Boucle Novelties,**  
All wool, worth 75c,

**At 50c**

**Black Novelty Goods,**  
Priestley's make, worth \$1.75, to go

**At \$1.00**

**Colored Dress Goods.**

At a very little outlay of money, a nice colored dress can be bought now. Reductions on every piece of goods in stock.

100 Dress Patterns, fine French Costume Cloth, worth \$8, are to go

**At \$4.35**

27 Fine Imported Novelty Pattern Suits, were \$18 and \$20, now to go

**At \$9.75**

**Surah Serge,**

All wool, 36 inches wide, special price made for Holiday trade,

**25c**

**Imperial Serge,**

All wool, 45 inches wide, special price made now,

**39c**

**Boucle Suitings,**

All wool, 40 inches wide, special price made now,

**59c**

**Jacquard Suiting,**

All wool, 44 inches wide, special price made now,

**59c**

**Plaid Cheviots,**

45 inches wide, all wool, \$1 value, special price made now,

**59c**

**Russian Diagonals,**

40 inches wide, all wool, value 75c, special price made now,

**39c**

**Dress and Skirt**

Lengths, all style Dress Goods, at about

**Half Price**

**Chenille Covers.**

100 Chenille Table Covers, 6-4 size, double fringed, worth \$1, to go

**At 50c**

**Doylies.**

60 doz. Extra large, white fringed Doylies, \$1.25 kind, to go

**At 85c**

**Table Damask.**

12 pieces 72-inch Bleached Damask, cheap at \$1.25, selling Monday

**At 89c**

**Table Cloths.**

36 Bordered Linen Table Cloths, 2 yards square, worth \$3, to go

**At \$1.75**

**Table Sets.**

16 Fine Hemstitched Table Sets, 8x12 Cloth and 1 doz. 3-4 Napkins, worth \$20.00, to go

**At \$12.50**

**Damask Towels.**

60 doz. Large size Damask Towels, 22x44, worth 22 1/2c, go now

**At 14c**

**Huck Towels.**

48 dozen all linen large size Huck Towels, easily 20c value, to go

**At 12 1/2c**

**Hemstitched Towels.**

60 dozen extra size H. S. Huck Towels, worth 39c, to go now

**At 25c**

**Counterpanes.**

100 12-4 size white Marseilles pattern Counterpanes, worth \$1.50, to go

**At 98c**

**Gents' Shoes.**

Gents' hand-sewed Calf Bals and Congress, Opera, Globe and French toes, worth \$4.50,

**At \$3.00**

Gents' Calf Bals and Congress, all the new shapes, worth \$3.50,

**At \$2.00**

Gents' hand-sewed Calf Bals and Congress, Razor, Opera, Globe and French toes, worth \$5.00,

**At \$3.50**

**Ladies' Shoes.**

Ladies' Button Boots, patent tips, worth \$1.50,

**At \$1.00**

Ladies' bright dongola Kid Button Boots, opera and square toes, worth \$2.75,

**At \$1.75**

A lot of Ladies' hand-turned kid Button Boots, were \$3.50 and \$4.00, now

**\$2.50**

**Boys' Clothing.**

A small lot left. Prices about one-fourth to close. Sizes 4 to 12 years.

**Books.**

1,000 cloth bound Books, Poems, History and popular fiction, usually 50c, here

**At 14c**

500 souvenir editions of popular works, worth \$1, to go

**At 29c**

**Holiday Novelties.**

Silvered photo frames, 10c. Handkerchief boxes, 75c. Necktie cases, 75c. Collar and cuff boxes, \$1.25.

**Down Pillows.**

25 22-inch silk covered Down Pillows, deep ruffles, worth \$3.50, to go

**At \$2.25**

50 Japanese covered Sofa Pillows, worth \$1, to go

**At 49c**

**Fancy Covers.**

100 fancy figured Cretonne fringed Table Covers, worth 65c, to go

**At 35c**

**Silk Throws.**

500 Silk Throws, hand painted, bolting cloth ends,

**At 25c**

**Silk Lambrequins**

36 Japanese embroidered Silk Lambrequins, worth \$5, to go

**At \$3.25**

**Umbrellas.**

200 Gents' and Ladies' 26-inch natural wood handles Gloria Silk Umbrellas

**At 98c**

130 Ladies' fancy handles, pure Silk Umbrellas,

**At \$3.50**

300 Ladies' and Gents' fine novelty handle pure silk Umbrellas

**At \$2.50 to \$15**

**Feather Boas.**

50 Cocque Feather Boas, worth \$1.75,

**At \$1.00**

**Ostrich Boas.**

Ostrich Feather Boas

**At \$6.50**

Ostrich Feather Boas

**At \$10.00**

Ostrich Feather Boas

**At \$15.00**

Worth a third more.

**Purses.**

100 doz. Ladies' Russian Leather Combination Purses, worth 50c,

**At 25c**

60 doz. Ladies' Russian Leather Combination Purses, worth \$1.00,

**At 50c**



HEADQUARTERS

FOR

HOLIDAY GOODS

....FOR ALL CLASSES OF PEOPLE....

Useful as Well as Ornamental.

A WORLD OF

Christmas Presents for Both Old and Young.

BASEMENT!

DOLLS! TOYS!

Bric-a-Brac!

Art China! Cut Glass!

Game and Fish Sets!

Chop and Icecream Sets!

Haviland Tea Sets!

Haviland China Dinner Sets!

JARDINIERES

PEDESTALS!

Our Basement

Is Fairly Ablaze

With Xmas Attractions

OUR PRICES ARE CORRECT!

Goods Selected Now Will Be Stored Until Wanted.

EVERYBODY THAT IS ANYBODY WILL VISIT HIGH'S BASEMENT THE COMING WEEK

STORE  
OPEN  
EVENINGS  
UNTIL  
9  
O'CLOCK.



STORE  
OPEN  
EVENINGS  
UNTIL  
9  
O'CLOCK.

**Fur Boas.**

Mink Fur Boas \$3.00 to \$6.50

**Linen Handkerchiefs.**

A lot of Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth 20c each, to go

**At 12 1-2c**

100 dozen Gents' and Ladies' H. S. and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, usually sold at 20c, to go

**At 10c**

300 dozen Ladies' fine Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth not less than 40c for any in lot and up to as much as 60c, will sell Monday

**At 25c**

**Silk Handkerchiefs.**

A lot of Ladies' Initial Silk Handkerchiefs, worth 35c, to go

**At 19c**

1 Lot Ladies' and Gents' Colored Bordered and plain white Silk Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, to go

**At 25c**

**Gloves.**

1 Lot Ladies' Mocha Gloves, were \$1.00, now to go

**At 50c**

1 Lot Ladies' Undressed Kid Gloves, were \$1.25, now

**At 75c**

1 Lot Ladies' 4 Button Dress Kid Gloves, white and light colors, worth \$1.25, to go

**At 75c**

**Hosiery.**

100 dozen Gents' Half Hose, Fast Black, Double Heel and Toe, seamless, worth 19c, to go

**At 12 1-2c**

100 dozen Misses' Fast Black Ribbed Hose, worth 20c, to go

**At 12 1-2c**

Shawknit Sox,

**15c pair**

50 dozen Ladies' Fast Black Hose, double heel and toe, 25c kind,

**At 19c**

**Jewelry Department.**

Sterling Silver Rings, with initials,

**25c**

Friendship and Lover's Knot Rings,

**25c**

Children's Solid Gold Rings, plain and set,

**25c**

Children's Gold Plated Rings,

**10c**

Aluminium Paper Knives and Shoe Hooks,

**25c**

Gents' Gold plated Watch Chains, worth \$1.50, at

**75c**

**Gents' Neckwear.**

100 dozen Gents' fine Silk Teck Four-in-Hand, Ascot and De Joinville Ties, worth 75c, to go

**At 50c**

Big lot Gents' Neckwear, all styles, worth 50c, to go

**At 25c**

**Gents' Night Shirts.**

Silk Embroidered Night Shirts, usual \$1.00 kind,

**At 75c**

**Dress Shirts.**

Laundered Shirts, well worth \$1.50, a lot of them Monday

**At 75c**

**Smoking Jackets.**

Gents' Smoking Jackets, all Wool French Tricot, handsomely made,

**Only \$5.00**

**Suspenders.**

A lot of Gents' Silk Embroidered Satin Suspenders, worth \$1.50,

**Only \$1.00**

**Bed Comforts.**

100 Cretonne Covered, White, Cotton Filled Comforts, worth \$1.39,

**At \$1.00**

**Eiderdown Quilts.**

15 real Eiderdown Quilts, Satine Covered, worth \$6.00,

**At \$3.50**

**Blankets.**

67 pairs 12-4 fine California Mills Blankets, pure Lamb's Wool, were \$15.00,

**Now \$10.00**

50 pairs all Wool Brown Blankets, fancy stripe borders, \$5.00 value,

**At \$2.63**

100 pairs all Wool 10-4 White Blankets, worth \$6.00, to go

**\$3.50**

**Calicoes.**

5,000 yards Standard Dress Prints, worth 7c,

**At 5c yard**

**Outing Cloths.**

3,000 yards Outing Flannels, worth 9c, to go

**At 5c yard**

71 pieces Garnet and Black Figured and Stripe Flannelettes, usually 10c, to go

**At 7c yard**



## THE EVIDENCE OF CRIME

BY ROYAL DANIEL

Major McLain was a peculiar man. Possessing many eccentricities and extreme ideas, he was called idiosyncratic by many, but nevertheless was a jolly, good-natured companion at the clubs. By his friends he was looked upon as being at times erratic, but his liberality and good nature more than counterbalanced his undesirable qualities. The king of good fellows on occasions, he was equally disagreeable when he was expected most of all to be cheerful and good humored. About three miles from the quiet little village of Vernon he had spent the greater portions of his days. From early boyhood he had lived at the old homestead, but strange to say he had never married. In the blessed state of bachelorhood he had passed his life, and now at the mature age of three score and ten he had no idea of taking unto himself a helpmeet. He was satisfied with his portion, and content, smiling and chuckling over human events, had never complained of his lot. So much for Major McLain.

Just to the right of the McLain mansion lived Colonel Mashburn. It was an ordinary farm cottage that had given shelter to the colonel and his family for many years. The luxury of the McLain home was not to be found in the humble dwelling of his neighbor, but it was home to the Mashburn family, and they looked with disdain and contempt upon the abiding place of their bachelor neighbor. Though the dwellings were separated only a short distance, there was but little love lost between the two families. It is true that their lands adjoined and only a few blazed trees told the story of the boundary, yet that distance that is said to lend enchantment to the distance was not great enough to blind the families in the bonds of neighborly love.

Years previous to the time this story is written a bitter dispute as to the location of the line had caused a breach to occur between the major and his neighbor. As time passed the chasm widened and the quarrel became more bitter. The county surveyor had been called in in the interest of peace and harmony, but his decision, which was in favor of Major McLain, failed to pour oil on the waters of discontent, and hostilities were again resumed with greater zest than ever before. It looked at times as if there would be war and the inhabitants of the little settlement frequently discussed the final outcome of the feud.

As both men were now dead, I have decided to tell the story of the manner in which the dispute was finally settled. The story may or may not be true, but I will relate it just as it was told to me by one who lived in the neighborhood and was a friend to both Major McLain and Colonel Mashburn.

Early one morning in May, many years ago, Colonel Mashburn left his home and walked down to the contested line boundary. He was in an unusually bad humor that morning and had taken the walk with the hope that it would benefit him and aid his bad digestion. He had spent a restless night and was feeling the bad results. When he reached the line boundary, he found that had been long regarded as the boundary to his possessions he looked long and wistfully at the surroundings of his more prosperous neighbor. He conscientiously believed that if he could not either by threats or pleadings bring him to terms and secure possession of what he thought was his own. A farm hand at work in the field looked up from his plow, paused, and then coming to the end of the furrow, and then spurred his horse to catch the merrymen train to Abundole. Late in the afternoon Mr. Suttles returned. As he passed the McLain home, he saw an immense crowd in the yard. The sheriff told him that Major McLain had been killed. A coroner's inquest was being held. That was all, and Suttles hurried on to his home, thinking of the quarrel he had over as he passed the house in the morning. At the door he was met by his wife, who told him how that Major McLain had been found dead in his chair. The old coachman made the discovery, and the alarm was given and the crowd assembled.

"I believe Colonel Mashburn killed him," said Mrs. Suttles. Learning close down, Mr. Suttles whispered into the ear of his wife: "I know it."

There was a peculiar emphasis to the words as they fell from the lips of her husband and she looked up into his face inquiringly. The hot words of passion heard in the morning by Suttles were told. "Mr. Suttles went immediately to the home of Major McLain. He saw an immense crowd in the yard. The sheriff told him that Major McLain had been killed. A coroner's inquest was being held. That was all, and Suttles hurried on to his home, thinking of the quarrel he had over as he passed the house in the morning. At the door he was met by his wife, who told him how that Major McLain had been found dead in his chair. The old coachman made the discovery, and the alarm was given and the crowd assembled.

"I believe Colonel Mashburn killed him," said Mrs. Suttles. Learning close down, Mr. Suttles whispered into the ear of his wife: "I know it."

There was a peculiar emphasis to the words as they fell from the lips of her husband and she looked up into his face inquiringly. The hot words of passion heard in the morning by Suttles were told. "Mr. Suttles went immediately to the home of Major McLain. He saw an immense crowd in the yard. The sheriff told him that Major McLain had been killed. A coroner's inquest was being held. That was all, and Suttles hurried on to his home, thinking of the quarrel he had over as he passed the house in the morning. At the door he was met by his wife, who told him how that Major McLain had been found dead in his chair. The old coachman made the discovery, and the alarm was given and the crowd assembled.

"I believe Colonel Mashburn killed him," said Mrs. Suttles. Learning close down, Mr. Suttles whispered into the ear of his wife: "I know it."

There was a peculiar emphasis to the words as they fell from the lips of her husband and she looked up into his face inquiringly. The hot words of passion heard in the morning by Suttles were told. "Mr. Suttles went immediately to the home of Major McLain. He saw an immense crowd in the yard. The sheriff told him that Major McLain had been killed. A coroner's inquest was being held. That was all, and Suttles hurried on to his home, thinking of the quarrel he had over as he passed the house in the morning. At the door he was met by his wife, who told him how that Major McLain had been found dead in his chair. The old coachman made the discovery, and the alarm was given and the crowd assembled.

"I believe Colonel Mashburn killed him," said Mrs. Suttles. Learning close down, Mr. Suttles whispered into the ear of his wife: "I know it."

There was a peculiar emphasis to the words as they fell from the lips of her husband and she looked up into his face inquiringly. The hot words of passion heard in the morning by Suttles were told. "Mr. Suttles went immediately to the home of Major McLain. He saw an immense crowd in the yard. The sheriff told him that Major McLain had been killed. A coroner's inquest was being held. That was all, and Suttles hurried on to his home, thinking of the quarrel he had over as he passed the house in the morning. At the door he was met by his wife, who told him how that Major McLain had been found dead in his chair. The old coachman made the discovery, and the alarm was given and the crowd assembled.

found one of them had a sore place on his left hind leg. He thought something should be done for the horse and went into the barn to consult with his master. When he entered the door Major McLain was sitting in the chair in which he was accustomed to take his morning nap. The darky called him, but received no answer. He called repeatedly and then went close up to the major. With a scream he fled from the room, for he saw his eyes were glassy and set far back into his head. He gave the alarm but was too superstitious to again enter the room, believing it to be bad luck.

The cook, an old negress apparently eighty years old, was the next witness. She said she heard old Uncle Tom cry murder and rushed out of her house on the rear of the lot to see what was the matter. The details of the finding as told by the coachman were corroborated by the negress.

Mr. Suttles was then asked to take the stand.

In brief he stated that he was passing the home of Major McLain when he heard loud voices talking in a very excited and boisterous manner. He stopped and listened and recognized the voice of Colonel Mashburn.

"As you positive it was the voice of Colonel Mashburn?" asked the counsel for the defense.

"I would know the voice anywhere I were to hear it. I swear positively that I was called Mashburn and that Colonel Mashburn would make a statement, when argument would be waived and the judge would be asked to charge the jury.

As Colonel Mashburn mounted the stand all eyes were turned upon him.

The judge rapped for order and the bailiff motioned for silence.

"I stand before you today perfectly innocent of the crime with which I am charged," said Colonel Mashburn, in a voice trembling with emotion. "I am as innocent as a newborn babe, or the purest angel in heaven. I spent two hours in the library with Major McLain, during which time we quarreled over the land lot line. Several blows were exchanged, and I left the house at quarter to 12 o'clock and strolled about the fields. At about 12 o'clock I heard the report of a gun, and I believe the report I heard was the discharge of the gun that killed him. I know my case is desperate. Circumstantial evidence has already convicted me, and I have given up all hope. I am prepared for anything that may come."

"Is that all you have to say?" asked Judge Lewis.

"That is all."

The jury was out just five minutes and returned with a verdict of guilty.

A deathlike stillness pervaded the audience. The spectators craned their necks to hear the sentence of death.

The solemn words fell from the lips of the judge and with convulsed head and trembling form the doomed man received the sentence that meant to him more than tongue can tell or words express. The execution was to be private and the time for the execution of the crime was set for the 15th day of June, just thirty days from the day of trial.

More like a shadow than a man Colonel Mashburn was led from the courtroom and carried to the murderer's cell of the jail. As he leaned heavily upon the arm of the sheriff the sympathy of the entire crowd was with him. Though the evidence against him was so strong, yet the crowd was a great many who wished he had been acquitted. His very look appealed to them, and many eyes were wet with tears of sympathy and genuine sorrow.

Late in the afternoon of June 3d a stranger called at the jail and asked to be allowed to see Colonel Mashburn. He was released from the cell and went out into the jailer to let no one in to see him. The stranger was persistent, and said that his mission was one of great importance to the colonel.

The turnkey closely inspected the stranger. He was dressed in a checked business suit, and had the appearance of being a commercial man. There was a peculiar meaning in his eyes and an air of dignified command. The jailer hesitated, but the little man in the checked suit placed his hand upon the officer's shoulder, and looking him squarely in the face, said:

"My business with Colonel Mashburn is most urgent. As surely as you live, he is an innocent man."

The jailer became interested. "Kill Major McLain," continued the stranger. "Of this I am assured and if there is a possibility of saving his life, I am going to make every effort. I am convinced he is an innocent man."

Without any further persuasion the little man was admitted into the corridor and directed to the cell of the condemned man. Colonel Mashburn was staring out of the window. Through the heavy barred opening the ruddy glow of the sunset was streaming in.

The din of the village street had subsided, and on the still evening air the deep mellow tones of the bell was calling the worshippers to vesper service. When Colonel Mashburn heard the rapping upon his grated door he started, then slowly looked around. The stranger beckoned him to the door.

For several minutes the two were engaged in earnest conversation. Then the stranger turned on his heel and walked hurriedly from the prison.

That evening just at dusk the old coachman timidly started from the door of the servant's house in the rear of Major McLain's home. The faithful dogs were barking lustily. Someone called at the gate and the superstitious darky closed the door.

"Pears things air pow'ful curious. They sho is. Dis here'er hollerin' at night air a bad sign. I's ben a-feelin' mighty queer and powerful skittish since Master done dead," said the coachman to the cook.

quick eye would fall upon something that would bring the truth.

Wearily from his continued search, the detective fell asleep on the lounge in the library.

The next morning he awoke at 9 o'clock. The morning sun was streaming through the open windows and the room was flooded with light. The detective turned over and gazed at the furniture and other objects in the room. His thoughts were busy, he was thinking of the scene that would transpire in Abundole in just three hours. The scaffold, grim and stern, and the trembling body of the colonel flashed through his mind. It was the day of the execution and only a few hours off.

While the detective thought, his eyes followed a little ball of fire that danced and darted back and forth on the wall. It was a tiny red ball, but its brilliancy and heat were intense. He watched it as it played seemingly for his amusement. Just under the spot covered by the little fiery ball, he noticed a charred place on the wall. What caused that? He revolved the question over and over again in his mind.

Springing from his bed he rushed to the wall and held a match under the quivering living fire that played about like a serpent's tongue. Quickly the match was flared. The detective was nervous and his brain was on fire.

On the wall were two stag's horns, at equal distance. Evidently they had served as a support for a gun. The door he called the old coachman.

The negro went into the room with his teeth chattering and his eyes were dilated with superstitious fear.

"Where is the gun that hung on these horns?" asked the detective.

The coachman was gone for a moment and returned with an old army rifle. The colonel Mashburn said that he had taken it down from the rack on the morning of the trial. His master was killed, as the gun was very highly prized, and placed it in his room for safe keeping.

The gun was reloaded and placed on the horns. The little ball of fire was gone, but the concentrated rays of the sun thrown through a blister in the glass of the window, danced about the powder pan of the old flint-lock.

The detective placed a pillow in the chair in which Major McLain had been found murdered. Then he waited.

With a flash of fire that half-way reached the pillow and a report that awakened the echoes of the old mansion, the gun was discharged. Through the center of the pillow a bullet was buried.

The detective looked at his watch. It was 12 o'clock.

The drop fell in Abundole, ten miles away, at high noon, and Colonel Mashburn was pronounced dead in twelve minutes.

The funeral procession was interrupted by a stranger dashing madly on a running horse. The sheriff looked in astonishment at the reckless rider. The old turnkey at the jail wiped a tear from his eye and went back to feed the prisoners.

The fragile one bore patiently a load, And hourly grief, death which the strong have groaned; Nor could she lay it down, or share its weight, Till thought was fettered, memory de-throned.

She held her darling in her arms again— She felt his quick, soft breath upon her cheek, His dimpled baby arms in light caress And kissed again the lips that could not speak.

Behind the sheltering canopy of night, With no unlooked-for word to her grief, The troubled soul would lay aside its mask, The yearning heart would struggle for relief.

But with the light of the returning day Returned the patient calmness to the face, And like the placid surface of the deep No human eye the undertide could trace.

The years have passed, the years swing lightly on, Submissive lips have kissed Affliction's rod; But e'er that grave of buried hopes and What tears may fall no being knows but God.

SARAH LOUISE MITCHELL.

For Lung Troubles

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe lung trouble, which physicians called consumption. The cough was distressing and attended with spitting of blood. As doctors did not help her she tried

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the relief it gave. One bottle of this medicine cured her, and she has not the least doubt but Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

Medal and Diploma at World's Fair.

MEN OF AGES

Quickly, Thoroughly, Forever Cured. Get out of five who suffer from nervous, mental, worry, attacks of "the blues," are but paying the penalty of early excesses. Victims, reclaim your manhood, regain your vigor. Don't despair. Send for book with explanation and proofs. Mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Twenty Years Proof. Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and cleanse the system of all impurities. An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them" R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured.

Tutt's Liver Pills

dropped from his hand onto the table, and the air played by the bells was now one of comfort—

"To the mercy seat. Fervently kneel."

Through the snow-laden twilight the notes of the hymn sounded—

"Here bring your wounded hearts, Here tell your anguish—"

The memory of the little old church at home came back to him—the memory of his mother's death, and how the hymn comforted his childish heart.

"Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

There came a shuffle on the floor of the hallway, and the light of a lantern shone over the transom. A knock on the door; but the man within stood with his face buried in his hands, and heeded it not. Then a letter was slipped through the door and fell with a soft tap on the bare and dirty floor. The bells were silent as the man stepped forward, picked up the letter, and with a bitter smile he read the stamp on the corner. He knew it so well! Another polite refusal, or a request to send postage. He tore it open. What! A thin piece of paper—No, should be glad to get more of your work. Ah! the bells, the bells ring out and out—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow"

Praise God! Nothing else would do. Praise God and bless the bells—the bells—

"Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

The man fell on his knees as the bells ceased, and from that dingy room there went up a prayer—one of the rare prayers that are poured forth from a joyful heart and so straight to heaven. And the bells of St. Mark's had saved a soul.

JOHN HENDERSON GARNSEY.

The Little Slumberer. Sleep, little one, the baby mission done, Rest, patient sufferer, rest thy weary

None but a mother's heart can ever know The anguish in the tears above these shed.

The seasons pass, each season in her turn, And at that quiet tomb sweet homage paid;

In Nature's silent reverence they came, And each her rarest gift above these laid.

Light-hearted Spring in sympathy, a tear: Summer her fairest gift above these shed; Autumn her treasured leaves of brightest hue,

Winter his benediction—spotless snow. The seasons pass, and with their healing balm

They sought to cure the wound of sorrow's dart.

Nor dreamed the tiny grave they'd lingered near

Was furrowed deep within the mother's heart.

The fragile one bore patiently a load, And hourly grief, death which the strong have groaned;

Nor could she lay it down, or share its weight, Till thought was fettered, memory de-throned.

She held her darling in her arms again— She felt his quick, soft breath upon her cheek,

His dimpled baby arms in light caress And kissed again the lips that could not speak.

Behind the sheltering canopy of night, With no unlooked-for word to her grief,

The troubled soul would lay aside its mask, The yearning heart would struggle for relief.

But with the light of the returning day Returned the patient calmness to the face,

And like the placid surface of the deep No human eye the undertide could trace.

The years have passed, the years swing lightly on, Submissive lips have kissed Affliction's rod;

But e'er that grave of buried hopes and What tears may fall no being knows but God.

SARAH LOUISE MITCHELL.

For Lung Troubles

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe lung trouble, which physicians called consumption. The cough was distressing and attended with spitting of blood. As doctors did not help her she tried

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the relief it gave. One bottle of this medicine cured her, and she has not the least doubt but Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

Medal and Diploma at World's Fair.

MEN OF AGES

Quickly, Thoroughly, Forever Cured. Get out of five who suffer from nervous, mental, worry, attacks of "the blues," are but paying the penalty of early excesses. Victims, reclaim your manhood, regain your vigor. Don't despair. Send for book with explanation and proofs. Mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

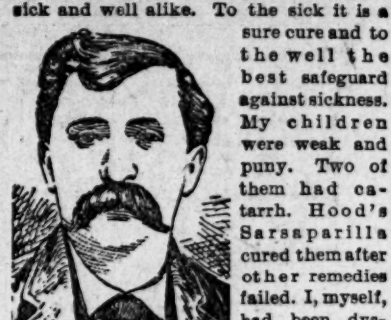
Twenty Years Proof. Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and cleanse the system of all impurities. An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them" R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured.

Tutt's Liver Pills

## Recommends Itself

"Hood's Sarsaparilla adapts itself to the sick and well alike. To the sick it is a sure cure and to the well the best safeguard against sickness. My children were weak and puny. Two of them had catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured them after other remedies failed. I myself, had been dyspeptic for twenty years and sought relief in vain. I resorted to



Hood's Sarsaparilla and have been built up in health. It cured my stomach trouble and my weight has increased from 112 to 140 pounds. Try it if you suffer from Maine to California and from the North to the Gulf. Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you good."

D. P. SMITH, Justice of Peace, Mountain Creek, North Carolina. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, give in efforts, 15 cents.

Praise God! Nothing else would do. Praise God and bless the bells—the bells—

"Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

The man fell on his knees as the bells ceased, and from that dingy room there went up a prayer—one of the rare prayers that are poured forth from a joyful heart and so straight to heaven. And the bells of St. Mark's had saved a soul.

JOHN HENDERSON GARNSEY.

The Little Slumberer. Sleep, little one, the baby mission done, Rest, patient sufferer, rest thy weary

None but a mother's heart can ever know The anguish in the tears above these shed.

The seasons pass, each season in her turn, And at that quiet tomb sweet homage paid;

In Nature's silent reverence they came, And each her rarest gift above these laid.

Light-hearted Spring in sympathy, a tear: Summer her fairest gift above these shed; Autumn her treasured leaves of brightest hue,

Winter his benediction—spotless snow. The seasons pass, and with their healing balm

They sought to cure the wound of sorrow's dart.

Nor dreamed the tiny grave they'd lingered near

Was furrowed deep within the mother's heart.

The fragile one bore patiently a load, And hourly grief, death which the strong have groaned;

Nor could she lay it down, or share its weight, Till thought was fettered, memory de-throned.

She held her darling in her arms again— She felt his quick, soft breath upon her cheek,

His dimpled baby arms in light caress And kissed again the lips that could not speak.

Behind the sheltering canopy of night, With no unlooked-for word to her grief,

The troubled soul would lay aside its mask, The yearning heart would struggle for relief.

But with the light of the returning day Returned the patient calmness to the face,

And like the placid surface of the deep No human eye the undertide could trace.

The years have passed, the years swing lightly on, Submissive lips have kissed Affliction's rod;

But e'er that grave of buried hopes and What tears may fall no being knows but God.

SARAH LOUISE MITCHELL.

For Lung Troubles

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe lung trouble, which physicians called consumption. The cough was distressing and attended with spitting of blood. As doctors did not help her she tried

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the relief it gave. One bottle of this medicine cured her, and she has not the least doubt but Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

Medal and Diploma at World's Fair.

MEN OF AGES

Quickly, Thoroughly, Forever Cured. Get out of five who suffer from nervous, mental, worry, attacks of "the blues," are but paying the penalty of early excesses. Victims, reclaim your manhood, regain your vigor. Don't despair. Send for book with explanation and proofs. Mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Twenty Years Proof. Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and cleanse the system of all impurities. An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them" R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured.

Tutt's Liver Pills

## "Baby's First Toys."

OUR CHRISTMAS SOUVENIR PICTURE

FOR 1895.

A copy of "Baby's First Toys" will be presented free to each patron of our company who makes a purchase of 50c worth or more of Coffee, Tea, Baking Powder, Spices, Extracts or Condensed Milk on any one of the nine days between

December 16th and December 24th.

Don't fail to be on hand and secure a copy of

"Baby's First Toys,"

the most beautiful of our many artistic panel gems.

Out-of-town customers can have the picture

mailed free by sending in an order as above.

The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.,

Atlanta Headquarters 75 Whitehall,

Atlanta Branch House 116 Peachtree.

PIER E M. BEALER, Manager.

WEDDING INVITATIONS - - \$7.50

For an Engraved Plate and first hundred invitations. \$2.50 for each additional hundred. The finest grade of paper—the best engraving, equal if not superior to any sold the world over.

VISITING CARDS, \$1.00. ENGRAVED PLATE (name only) AND 50 CARDS EXTRA CARDS, 75c. PER 100.

WRITING PAPER by the pound, double the quantity for same money than by the quire, and the largest assortment of stationery to select from. CRUSHED AND ANCORA PAPERS.



**AND FUEL SAVER**  
Abates the smoke nuisance and saves labor.

500 and 502 Boyce Building 112 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Several state rights laws can be seen in operation at Atlanta Constitution and Evening Journal engine rooms. Address

**P. O. BURNS**











ON ACCOUNT OF

You will find an elegant stock of goods in Store No. 82, for which orders were placed last spring with the factories and for import. Everything in the way of fine China, Glassware, Crockery, Lamps, Mirrors, Pictures and Frames, Brackets, Cups and Saucers, Vases, Albums, Wine and Water Sets, Tete-a-Tete Sets, Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Bedroom Sets, Pocketbooks, Cake Plates, Berry Dishes and Sets, Fruit Dishes and Sets, Water Bottles, Decanters. In fact, everything that is useful, ornamental and just what you want for making presents. It would be useless to quote prices on such an immense and varied stock, as you can rely on getting the best goods at lowest prices. Be sure to inspect this stock before making your purchases. Every visitor to the Exposition should have one of those elegant French China Souvenir Cups and Saucers. An order was placed last spring for 5,000. Only a few left to close out at 30¢. Also the Exposition Razor, which was imported specially for souvenirs. Every one guaranteed.

My stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Gold-Headed Canes, Umbrellas, Bric-a-Brac, Novelties, Etc., is complete. You can surely be suited here. Gold Pens and Pearl Holders, 98c; Sterling Silver Spoons, 50c; Silver Plated Knives or Forks, set of six, 98c; Rogers' Silver Plated Knives or Forks, set of six, \$1.68; Rogers' Silver Plated Tea Spoons, set, 98c; Rogers' Silver Plated Table Spoons, set, \$1.98; Silver Plated Butter Dish, Pickle Stand, Berry Bowl, Castor, each \$1.89. If you want to save money and get the best values and latest designs, be sure to come to headquarters. Recollect the great inducements being made on account of making an inventory of stock January 1st. It would be well to make your purchases now before the rush. I will store or hold the goods for you. I have employed an extra force of clerks for this special sale of Holiday Goods.

# The Clarke Hardware Company, 33 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.







# WE SOMETIMES WONDER

If the men who come to us were made to fit our clothes. It seems so easy to send them away contented and properly clothed. Such values as ours are especially risky at most stores. So many kinks about the making, which go to give the Suit a finished look. Just little kinks that we are introducing from time to time. Lots of imitations, but we are several kinks ahead.

## MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

When it costs no more to be comfortable than otherwise, it's the height of folly to be otherwise.

Our \$5.00 Suits and Overcoats are \$10.00 worth.

Our \$7.50 Suits and Overcoats are at other stores \$15.00 Suits and Overcoats.

Our \$10.00 Suits and Overcoats are marvels of wonder—because they are not \$18.00.

Our \$12.50 Suits and Overcoats put the tailors guessing them \$20.00 kind

Our \$15.00 Merchant Tailored Suits and Overcoats are wonderful on account of their value—\$22.50.

The little chaps are never out of our mind. Whether at school or otherwise, our best thoughts are put into their clothes. Perhaps it's the reason for so many youngsters leading their mamma to

## THE GLOBE.

Suits for Boys who wear Knee Pants—thoroughly made ones—in plain Blue and neat patterns; bargains too good to miss; \$2.50 none too much. Will go quickly at..... **\$1.48**

These Tweed and Cheviot Suits are such as will prove most satisfactory and serviceable. They are well made, as Boys' Clothing should be. The regular price is \$3.00 to \$4.00. Compare these with our price now..... **\$1.98**

Double Breasted Suits, all wool, unfinished Worsted and Tweeds, for Boys 4 to 15 years. Every detail indicates Style and Great Durability; worth certainly \$4.00. Our price..... **\$2.98**

All-wool Cheviot and Tweed Suits, made to wear and look well, ages 4 to 15, worth \$5.00..... **\$3.48**

**\$1.98** For a pretty little Overcoat, neat patterns and good make, ages 4 to 14. Cut from \$3.

**\$2.48** For lovely Cape Overcoats and Ulsters, cut long and substantially made, ages 4 to 14. Cut from \$3.50.

**\$3.48** For Cape Overcoats and Ulsters, for ages 4 to 15. Cut from \$4.50.

**\$4.98** For extra fine heavy Cassimere Overcoats and Ulsters; variety of patterns. Cut from \$8.00.

### TALKING ABOUT MACKINTOSHES. WELL,

Our \$3.75 kind are "GOOD."

Our \$5.00 kind are "BETTER."

Our \$6.50 and \$7.00 kind are "BEST."

## MEN'S PANTS.

BARGAIN NO. 1—All-wool Black and Blue Cheviot and neat Cassimere Pants, as good as any \$3.00 ones. An opportunity to save \$1.00 on every pair at our Cut Price..... **\$2.00**

BARGAIN NO. 2—Fine all-wool Cassimere Pants in Stripes and Hairlines, as honestly tailored as any sold at \$4.00. Make your purchase quickly; they'll not last long at..... **\$2.50**

BARGAIN NO. 3—Includes the best and greatest collection of Men's Pants, in latest and best styles, ever shown in this city, worth \$4.50 and \$5.00; reduced to..... **\$3.00**



## SPECIAL SALE IN CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT IS BRIMFUL OF

### EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

ASK TO SEE OUR CORK SOLE SHOES

AT \$1.98 THE \$3.00 KIND.

AT \$3.75 OUR \$6.00 KIND.

SHOES for MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN. Not a skipped Shoe-want, from babe to man.

**THE GLOBE**  
**SHOE & CLOTHING CO**

89 Whitehall.

PHONE 45

74-76 S. Broad.

Atlanta, Ga.

### ONE CENT

Invested in a postal card will bring you samples of SUITS, OVERCOATS, PANTS, MACKINTOSHES and price list of SHOES.

Address

**THE GLOBE,**  
Atlanta, Ga.

### INTERESTING...

## .....HAT TALK

The presumption is natural that most men can get suited from our immense stock of Hats, and yet there are men who insist on paying \$2.00 extra for exclusive Hatters' labels, becoming or not—mostly not.

Our \$3.00 Hats are doing us lots of good, and our 98c Hat is a regular \$2.00 one. At \$1.50 we fit your features and pocketbook. \$2.00 and \$2.50 gives you ample scope in our Hattery.

All kinds of Men's Caps at 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

## MEN'S FURNISHING DEP'T.

During the Holiday Season

We will offer Men's Union Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, come in neat borders, plain white, with 1 and 1½ inch hem, Special low price of 10c, 3 for 25c.

### Men's Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs

Hemstitched, come in a beautiful line of hand worked; also a variety of new patterns in fancy borders. Special prices 25c, 35c and 50c each.

### Silk Mufflers--

Men's All-Silk Mufflers, handsome brocaded patterns, in black, navy, cream and white; also a nice assortment of Polka Dots, Shepherd Plaids and Persian effects, at marvelously low prices—50c, 75c, \$1.00.

### Men's Neckwear--

Buy Now While Assortment Is Complete.

A handsome line of Gentlemen's Teck Scarfs, all made in the latest shapes; choicest patterns to select from; regular 50c line, Our Special Price, 25c each.

### Gents' Walking Gloves.

Men's best quality Pique Stitched Dogskin Gloves, all shades—tans, browns and English red, regular \$1.00 quality. At \$1.00 pair.

### Boys' Ties.

Useful presents for little money. Boys' Striped Silk Windsor Ties, in an endless variety of entirely new patterns to select from, At 15c, 25c, 45c.

### Men's Suspenders.

Our assortment of Suspenders comprises all the newest shades in colors and best qualities of webs, also plain and embroidered, at prices ranging From 25c to 50c.

### Men's Underwear.

Men's Camel Hair, fleece lined and Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers, ribbed bottom and Pearl Buttons; also Vicuna Wool Shirts and Drawers. All these sure 70c value

For This Great Event 48c.

We will sell Dr. Wright's extra heavy fleece lined, also extra good quality Camel's Hair and Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers. These Goods always sold at \$1.25. Our Special Price 75c Each.

### Men's Shirts.

Men's Plain White Dress Shirts, all linen bosom, open front and back, made with linen bosom and good quality Muslins; always sold at \$1.00. Our Special Price now 48c each

### Men's Fine Dress Shirts

Come in Pique, Plaid and Plain Bosoms and best quality Muslins; are equal to any Custom Made Shirts you pay \$1.50 and \$2.00 for. Our Special Price now 98c each

### Men's Fancy Percale Dress Shirts,

Made of Garner's Percales, come with two Collars and one pair of Cuffs; all the latest Stripes and Figures; quality never sold under \$1.50. Price now \$1.00 each

Don't miss this chance to buy Neck Dressings, 75c and \$1.00 qualities, in all shapes—Spots, Figures, Persians; all new effects. Everything included in this third great invoice of Neckwear at..... **50c**

### ONE CENT

Invested in a postal card and addressed to us will bring you samples of SUITS, OVERCOATS, PANTS, MACKINTOSHES and price list of SHOES. Address

**THE GLOBE,**  
Atlanta, Ga.





# THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to The  
Yule Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1895.

## THE FLIGHT of PONY BAKER.

A New Story of Boy Life.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### PONY DECIDES TO RUN AWAY.

But before 1 o'clock Pony washed his face, and brushed his hair, and took his books and started to school. His mother tried to kiss him, but he pushed her away, for it seemed to him that she might have made his father let him stay out of school, if she had tried, and he was not going to have any of her pretending. He made his face very cold and hard as he marched out of the house, for he never meant to come back to that house any more. He meant to go to school that afternoon, but as soon as school was out he was going to run off.

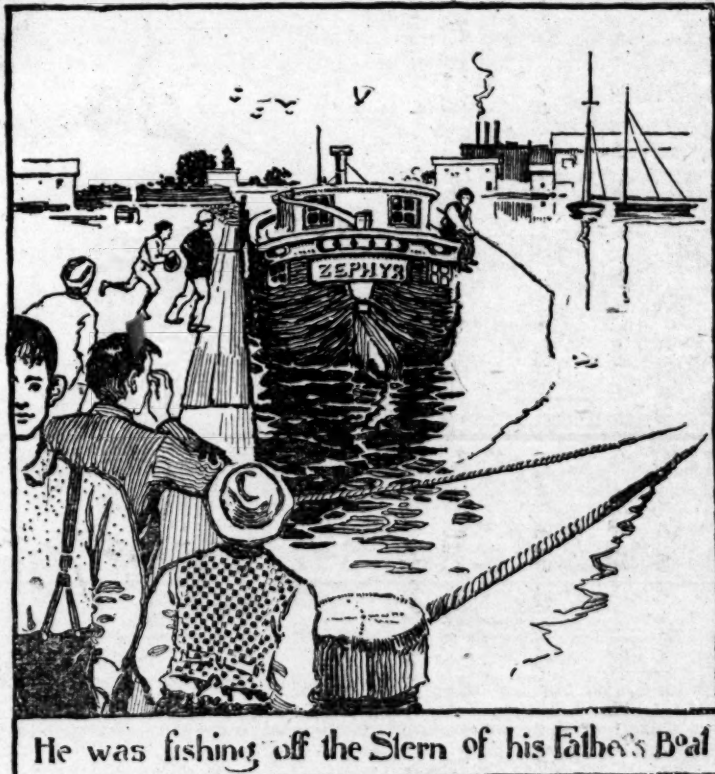
When the fellows saw him coming back with his books they knew how it was, but they did not mock him, for he had done everything that he could and all that was expected of anybody in such a case. A boy always came back when he had left school, in that way, and nobody supposed but what he would; the thing was to leave school; after that you were not to blame, whatever happened. Before recess it began to be known amongst them that Pony was going to run off, because his father had made him come back, and then they did think he was somebody; and as soon as they got out at recess they all crowded round him, and began to praise him, and everything, and to tell him that they would run off, too. If their fathers sent them back; and so he began to be glad that he was going to do it. They asked him when he was going to run off, and he told them they would see; and pretty soon it was understood that he was going to run off the same night.

When school was out a whole crowd of them started with him, and some of the biggest fellows walked alongside of him and talked down over their shoulders to him, and told him what he must do. They said he must not start till after dark, and he must watch out for the constable till he got over the corporation line, and then nobody could touch him. They said that they would be waiting round the corner for him as soon as they had their suppers, and one of them would walk along with him to the end of the first street, and then another would be waiting there to go with him to the end of the next, and so on till they reached the corporation line. Very likely his father would have the constable waiting there to stop him, but Pony ought to start to run across the line, and then the fellows would rush out and trip up the constable and hold him down till Pony got safe across. He ought to hollow when he was across and that would let them know that he was safe and they would be ready to let the constable up and begin to run before he could grab them.

Everybody thought that was a splendid plan except Archy Hawkins, that all the fellows called Old Hawkins; his father kept one of the hotels, and Old Hawkins

to tie a string around your big toe and let it hang out of the window, the way you do 4th of July eve, and then just as soon as it strikes 12 the fellows ought to tug away at the string till you come hopping to the window and tell 'em to stop. But you got to whisper and the fellows mustn't make any noise, either, or your father will be out on them in a minute. He'll be watching out tonight, any way, I reckon, because—

Old Hawkins was walking backwards in front of Pony, talking to him, and showing him how he must hop to the window, and all at once he struck his heel against a root in the sidewalk and the first thing he knew



He was fishing off the Stern of his Father's Boat

he sat down so hard it about knocked the breath out of him.

All the fellows laughed, and anybody else would have been mad, but Old Hawkins was too good-natured, and he got up and brushed himself and said, "Say! let's go down to the river and go in before supper, anyway."

Nearly all the fellows agreed, and Old Hawkins said, "Come along, Pony! You come, too!"

But Pony stiffly refused, partly because it seemed to him pretty mean to forget all about his running away, like that, and partly because he had to ask his mother before he went in swimming. A few of the little fellows kept with him all the way home, but most of the big boys went along with Old Hawkins.

One of them stayed with Pony, and the little boys and consoled him for the way the rest had left him. He was a fellow who was always telling about Indians, and he said that if Pony could get to the Indians anywhere and they took a fancy to him, they would adopt him into their tribe, if it was just after some old chief had lost a son in battle. Maybe they would offer to kill him first, and they would have to hold a council, but if they did adopt him, it would be the best thing, because then he would soon turn into an Indian himself and forget how to speak English; and if ever the Indians had to give up their prisoners and he was brought back and his father and mother came to pick him out, they might know him by some mark or other, but he would not know them, and they would have to let him go back to the Indians again. He said that was the very best way and the only way, but the trouble would be to get to the Indians in the first place. He said he knew of one reservation in the north part of the state and he promised to find out if there were any other Indians living nearer; the reservation was about a hundred miles off, and it would take Pony a good while to go to them.

The name of this boy was Jim Leonard, and now he said, "I'll bet you what. The way to do will be to get into a canal boat, somehow; and the canal goes right by the reservation on the way, and then you would have to do hardly any walking, and you can have fun on the boat."

Pony agreed that this would be the best way, but he did not really like the notion of living so long among the Indians that he would not remember his father and mother when he saw them; he would like to stay till he was pretty nearly grown up, and then come back in a chief's dress, with eagle plumes all down his back and a bow in his hand and scare them a little when he

first came in the house and then protect them from the tribe and tell them who he was and enjoy their surprise. But he hated to say this to Jim Leonard because he would think he was afraid to live with the Indians always. He hardly dared to ask him what the Indians would do to him if they did not adopt him, but he thought he had better, and Jim said:

"Oh, burn you, maybe; but it ain't likely but what they'll adopt you; and if they do, they'll take you down to the river and wash you and scrub you, so's to get all the white man off, and then pull out your hair—a hair at a time—till there's nothing but the scalp lock left, so that your enemies can scalp you handy; and then you're just as good an Indian as anybody, and nobody can pick on you, or anything. The thing is, how to find the canal boat."

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE CANAL BOAT PLAN.

The next morning at school it began to be known that Pony Baker was going to run off on a canal boat to the Indians, and all the fellows said how he ought to do it. One of the fellows said that he ought to get to drive the boat horses, and another that he ought to hide on board in the cargo, and come out when the boat was passing the reservation; and another that he ought to go for a cabin boy on one of the passenger packets, and then he could go to the Indians twice as soon as he could on a

nearly all the water out, after they had got done having fun on the planks.

Some of them went into the cabin, and found a little stove there, where Pony could cook his meals, and a bunk where he could sleep, or keep in out of the rain, and they said they wished they were going to run off too. They took more interest than he did, but they paid him a good deal of attention, and he felt that it was great to be going off, and he tried not to be homesick, when he thought of being down there alone at night, and nobody near but Piccolo out on the tow-path driving the horse.

The fellows talked it all over, and how they would do. They said that Piccolo ought to hook the boat some Friday night, and the sooner the better, and get a good start before Saturday morning. They were going to start with Pony, and perhaps travel all night with him, and then get off and sleep in the woods, to rest themselves, and then walk home; and the reason that Piccolo ought to hook the boat Friday night was that they could have all Saturday to get back when there was no school.

If the boat went two miles an hour, which she always did, even if she was loaded with stone from Piccolo's father's quarry, she would be fifteen miles from the Boy's Town by daybreak, and if they kept on traveling night and day, and Pony drove the horse part of the time, they could reach the Indian reservation Monday evening, for they would not want to travel on Sunday, because it was against the law, and it was wicked, anyway. If they traveled on Sunday, and a storm came up, just as likely as not the boat would get struck by lightning, and if it did the lightning would run out along the rope and kill the horse, and Piccolo, too, if he was riding. But the way for Piccolo to do was always to come aboard when it began to rain, and that would keep Pony company a little, and they could make the horse go by throwing stones at him.

Pony and Piccolo ought to keep together as much as they could, especially at night, so that if there were robbers, they could defend the boat better. Of course they could not make the horse go by throwing stones at him in the dark, and the way for them to do was for Pony to get out and ride behind Piccolo. Besides making it safer against robbers, they could keep each other from going to sleep by talking, or else telling stories; or if one of them did doze off, the other could hold him on; and they must take turn-about sleeping in the daytime.

But the best way of all to scare the robbers was to have a pistol, and fire it off every once in a while, so as to let them know that the boat was armed. One of the fellows that had a pistol said he would lend it to Pony if Pony would be sure to send it back from the reservation by Piccolo, for he should want it himself on the Fourth, which was coming in about three weeks. Another fellow that had 5 cents, which he was saving up till he could get ten, to buy a pack of shooting crackers, said he would lend it to Pony to buy powder, if he only felt sure that he could get it back to him in time. All the other fellows said he could do it easily, but they did not say how; one of them offered to go and get the powder at once, so as to have it ready.

But Pony told him it would not be of any use, for he had promised his mother that he would not touch a pistol or powder before the Fourth. None of the fellows seemed to think it was strange that he should be willing to run away from home, and yet be so anxious to keep his promise to his mother that he would not use a pistol to defend himself from robbers; and none of them seemed to think it strange that they should not want Piccolo, if he hooked his father's boat, to travel on Sunday with it.

After a while Piccolo came to the little hatch door, and looked down into the cabin where the boys were sitting and talking at the tops of their voices; but in about a minute he vanished very suddenly for him, and they heard him pumping, and then before they knew it, they heard a loud harsh voice shouting, "Heigh, there!"

They looked round, and at the open window of the cabin on the landside, they saw a man's face, and it seemed to fill the whole window. They knew it must be Piccolo's father, and they just swarmed up the gangway all in a bunch. Some of them fell, but these hung on to the rest, somehow, and they all got to the door of the cabin together, and began jumping ashore, so that Piccolo's father could not catch them. He was standing on the basin bank saying something, but they did not know what, and they did not stop to ask, and they began to run every which way.

They all got safely ashore, except Jim Leonard; he fell over the side of the boat between the bank and the bank, but he scrambled up out of the water like lightning, and ran after the rest. He was pretty long-legged, and he soon caught up, but he was just raining water from his clothes, and it made the fellows laugh, so that they could hardly run, to hear him splash, when he jolted along. They did not know what to do exactly, till one of them said that they ought to go down to the river and go in swimming, and they could wring Jim Leonard's clothes out, and lay them on the shore to dry. That was what they did, and they ran round through the backs of the gardens and the orchards, and through the alleys, and climbed fences, so that nobody could see them. The day was pretty hot, and by the time they got to the river, they were all sweating so that Jim's clothes were not much damper than the others. He had nothing but a shirt and trousers on, anyway.

After that they tried to get Piccolo to hook his father's boat, for they said that his father might get after them any time, and he would have a right to do anything he pleased to them, if he caught them. They could not think of any other boat that they could get, and they did not know how Pony could reach the reservation without a canal boat. That was the reason why they had to give up the notion of his going to the Indians; and if anybody had told them that the Indians were going to come to Pony, they would have said he was joking; or else crazy; but this was really what happened. It happened a good while afterwards; so long afterwards that they had about forgotten he ever meant to run off, and they had got done talking about it.

(To Be Continued.)



HE STRUCK HIS HEEL AGAINST THE ROOT IN THE SIDEWALK.

used to catch frogs for the table; he was the one that the frogs used to know by sight, and when they saw him they would croak out, "Here comes Hawkins! Here comes Hawkins! Look out!" and jump off the bank into the water and then come up amongst the green slime, where nobody but Old Hawkins could see them. He was always joking and getting into scrapes; but still the boys liked him, and thought he was pretty smart, and now they did not mind it when he elbowed the big boys away that were talking to Pony and told them to shut up.

"You just listen to your uncle, Pony," he said. "These fellows don't know anything about running off. I'll tell you how to do it; you mind your uncle. It's no use trying to get away from the constable, if he's there, for he'll catch you as quick as lightning, and he won't mind these fellows any more than fleas. You oughtn't try to start till along about midnight, for the constable will be in bed by that time and you won't have any trouble. You must have somebody to wake you up, and some of the fellows ought to be outside to do it. You listen to your grandfather; you ought



## IN THE SCHOOLS.

### Mrs. Prather's Home School.

Last Saturday fifteen of the girls from our school, under the care of a teacher, formed a merry coaching party to the exposition. In our high yellow-wheeled tally-ho, with the orange and white colors of the P. H. S. flying in long ribboned streamers from our shoulders and decorating the coaching horn and whip, we attracted universal attention as we drove through the city and out Peachtree.

The object of our trip was the study of the scientific, historical and geographical exhibits of the exposition, and so, after depositing our lunch boxes with a friend in the Georgia building, we proceeded at once to the west wing of the government building and soon became deeply interested in reef-building corals, whose work was explained to us as we looked. This led up naturally to questions about other sea creatures, whose bodies consist almost solely of carbonate of lime. We were pleased with the beautiful and graceful form of the crinoids, or sea lilies, and could scarcely realize that they were animals, instead of the salt water flowers that they seemed to be. We learned from practical illustration the difference between protozoans, radiolans, mollusks, articulated and vertebrates, not failing as we studied to observe the exquisite colorings of the bottled polyps, sea urchins, crabs, lobsters, etc., whose beauties, although so charmingly noted by Mr. Maury in his descriptions of an atoll in the South Pacific, can never be realized until seen. Before leaving this section we learned all about the breeding, shipping and planting of fresh water fish as undertaken by the government in the rivers of our great republic. We examined fishhooks, nets and seines of all descriptions, and learned how shad are caught in the Hudson and how whales are caught at sea.

In the wonderfully varied exhibit of the Smithsonian institution we spent two hours. Here the geography students were interested in the appearance, dress and weapons of the costumed figures illustrating the twelve most distinctive types of mankind, and the instructive cases of stuffed birds and animals from all parts of the world; the geology students in the departments of paleontology and minerals, and the classes in ancient history in the department of oriental antiquities. In this connection I must not forget to mention the cast of an obelisk bearing in cuneiform writing the Chaldean account of the flood and a temple tower of Babylon, helping us to a clearer understanding of Chaldean pyramid building.

I wonder how many of the school children of Atlanta have learned that James Smithson was an Englishman of noble birth, a cultivated scientist, who in 1828 contributed a fortune of \$486,650 to the founding of the magnificent scientific institution and museum which today bearing his name in our capital city of Washington, are doing so much in the exposition at Atlanta for the education of the children of the fortunate state of Georgia.

On leaving the government building we paid a visit to the relief map of the Nicaragua canal in the transportation building, made the acquaintance of the Eskimos in the ice grotto, saw the wonderful work of mirror and convex lens as illustrated in the camera obscura, viewed the wax figures of the Moorish Palace and brought the most ravenous appetite imaginable to the delicious luncheon which Mrs. Prather had so kindly put up for us. We followed up the luncheon with a sail on the lake. Here we learned how the rainbow is made, for when the sun shines there is always a tiny rainbow spanning the pathway of the boat as it glides along under the great electric fountain. But although we touched its ends we found no gold, unless the treasure may be said to have existed in the perfect happiness of this golden day. From our boat we witnessed the drill of the United States life saving department, and then we finished the afternoon with the acrobats of the Japanese village, trips on the scenic railway and invigorating rides on the chutes and merry-go-round.

We reached home in the gaslight, tired and happy, and now all the girls who didn't go are trying to persuade Miss Emily to get up another coaching party for them.

Susie Thompson.

### BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL.

The boys of the Alcephronian Literary and Debating Society of the High school held their annual debate Friday at the Young Men's Christian Association, and the large audience present was not disappointed if they went to hear the boys handle their subject with ability. The exercises began promptly at 11 o'clock. Principal Slaton called the house to order, and then the special officers for the occasion took charge of the exercises and managed the whole affair to the great delight and entertainment of everyone present.

The special officers were: President, G. H. Boynton, Jr.; secretary, Clark McMichael; critics, Harry Hale and Richard Joyner.

Following is the programme as it was rendered:

Music—Wurm's orchestra.  
Archie Little, First Grade B, "The Conquered Banner," Father Ryan.  
Paul McDonald, First Grade A, "An Appeal for Starving Ireland," L. S. Prentiss.  
Earle Moore, Second Grade B, "An Appeal to Arms," Patrick Henry.

William A. Haygood, Jr., Second Grade A, "Mississippi Contested Election," L. S. Prentiss.  
Milton Hirsch, senior class, "Welcome to Chicago," L. L. Knight.

Music—Wurm's orchestra.  
Debate—"Resolved, That the elective franchise should be based upon an educational or property qualification." Affirmative, Leonard Haas, leader; Stiles Hopkins, Frank Merrill and Melson Lane. Negative, Eugene C. Brittain, leader; Emile Breitenbucher, Lipman Picard and Austin H. Cole.

Music.  
President's decision.  
Report of critics.  
Delivery of prizes.  
Music.

The boys handled the important subject well. Though both sides were so evenly matched, the president's decision, which was in favor of the affirmative, was probably the correct one and would very likely have been sustained by the audience.

The speeches of Leonard Haas and Emile Breitenbucher received special praise from the audience. They spoke like experienced debaters.

On awards, Professor and Colonel Reid, made the debate as follows:

For the best debater in the first grade, Frank Merrill; best debater in the whole school, Melson Lane; best debater in the second grade, Emile Breitenbucher; for the best declaimer in the whole school, Milton Hirsch. The prizes awarded were "The Midnight Sun," a book, awarded to Frank Merrill; "The Nineteenth Century," a book, awarded to Melson Lane; a gold medal endowed by Mr. Charles W. Crankshaw, awarded to Emile Breitenbucher; a gold medal by Maler & Berkele, awarded to Milton Hirsch. The trophies were delivered by Mr. F. H. Richardson, who made a good speech to the boys, and spoke a good word for the Boys' High school building.

The reports of the critics were very humorous and created much fun.

### Formwalt Street School.

All the children of Formwalt street school are looking forward to the holidays with great pleasure. This year we will have two weeks instead of one. It is good for the children, but not for the teachers, as they will only get half a month's salary. We have an attendance banner which indicates the highest attendance. The sixth grade has had the banner the majority of the time this term.

The literary society of the sixth grade had a very interesting meeting last week. The officers are: Emma Evans, president; Harry Crosthwait, editor of the paper; Carroll Steel, critic.

The following is the roll of honor for the school:

First Grade A—Carrie Rosenberger, 97.8; Gerald Selley, 97.3; Leland Wilson, 96.7; Kell Villard, 96.2; Eleanor Caralee, 95.7; Floyd McRae, 95.3; Kate Riley, 95.2; George Crabtree, 95.1.

First Grade B—Clara Camp, 96.7; Clinton Brown, 95.9; Susie Elliott, 95.3; Mabel Kelley, 95.2; Lilla Nielson, 95.3.

Second Grade—Maude Haverty, 98.4; Maggie Mashburn, 98.4; Genevieve Sewell, 98.4; Roy Johnson, 98.5; Tom Hegarty, 98.4; Annie Sautell, 98.3; Alice Ormond, 95.3.

Third Grade—Nellie Durdin, 95.8; Winnie Hind, 95.6.

Fourth Grade—Marcella Kendrick, 96.2.

Fifth Grade—May Haverty, 96.

Sixth Grade—Emma Evans, 95; Minnie Whitfield, 95.

LAURA PICARD.

### Boulevard School.

The children of our school are very joyous over the approaching Christmas holidays, and they forget that they will have to be more studious than ever after Christmas on account of the shortened term. The pupils of the eighth grade are preparing for a final examination in physiology, which comes off Thursday.

In the seventh grade Julia Wright, Alice Clayton and Nannie Dougherty were perfect in every study last week.

The fourth grade won the banner in attendance this week and is the best class in school in that respect. The morning class got 95 per cent in music and the afternoon class 98.

The teacher of the second grade reads to her pupils if they come five minutes before the last bell rings, and if they are perfect in their spelling lessons. This prevents them from being tardy and makes them study better, as they wish to hear the story she reads. The first grade made 98 in music. The little scholars are doing nicely in their lessons and are progressing rapidly.

Mary Chapman.

### Fair Street School.

On Friday, December 13th, the Liberty Bell Society of the fourth grade Boulevard school held its very interesting meeting.

In the absence of the president, Rose Wood, the vice president, Eddie Barton, presided. We all miss Rose very much and hope she will soon be able to be with us again.

The following programme was rendered:  
Lullaby—Class.  
Reading—Fred Lewis.  
Dialogue—The Gossips.  
Recitation—Erlie Hardman.  
Composition—Almah Hardman.  
Song—Class.  
Reading—Calvin Holley.  
Dialogue—"Examination Day."  
Recitation—Carrie King.  
Composition—Augusta Denk.  
Song—Class.  
Critics' Report—Ethel L'Engle and Norman Shepard.  
Alline Ballard.

### Calhoun Street School.

The A. W. Calhoun Society, of the seventh grade, held its monthly meeting on Friday, Miss Elle Goode in the chair. There was no debate, but many recitations were rendered.

One of the fourth grade girls, Florence Cheshire, brought a lovely banner for best attendance for the benefit of the primary grades. The fourth grade retained it for four weeks in succession, and then passed it to the third.

The third grade has made the best attendance more than any other of the grades.

Two bright little girls, Elizabeth High and Helen Baxter Owens, recited in the seventh grade on Friday.

The third grade won in a reading match held in the eighth grade on Monday. Elizabeth High was voted the best reader.

Eal Martin and Nina Burchaell were invited to recite in the seventh grade on Friday at the monthly meeting of the society. Both recitations proved highly entertaining to the many visitors.

Fort Scott.

### Walker Street School.

Professor Davis visited us Friday to help us in our music. We are trying to get a higher mark next month. We had a grammar and a spelling match on Friday.

In the grammar match twenty-four children stood up. In the spelling match ten children stood up.

We wish we had room to give all the names of these bright little children. The following are some names that were left off of the honor roll in the fourth grade last month: Virginia Parks, 95.8; Lella Rhodes, 95.4.

Ethel Burke.

### Ivy Street School.

Our school is looking forward with great interest to the part to be acted by the different schools in the exposition programme next Wednesday. We are to represent Switzerland.

The eighth grade received the banner for attendance last week. The Liberty Bell Society of the seventh grade held their meetings on Friday, Miss Fannie Turner presiding. The walls of the room were beautifully decorated with ivy leaves. The

following was the programme of the exercises:

Quotations.  
Recitation—Estelle Moody.  
Recitation—Margaret Whiteside.  
Declamation—Harold Whey.  
Quotations.  
Recitation—Mary Strong.  
Song—Cleveland Kiser.  
Recitation—Rachel Milam.  
Declamation—Sam Guinsburg.  
Quotations.  
Recitation—Annie D. Howell.  
Recitation—Fannie Lea.  
Recitation—Miss Quinn.  
Mina Lou Blount.

### Georgia Military Institute.

Hail the joyous holiday—Christmas—Which comes but once a year. Do your best to make all happy. Ye schoolboys far and near.

When our debating society adjourned on Friday afternoon last, when the restless set of schoolboys were thinking of a week of study to come, when their minds were tempted to slight their work, and other thoughts similarly unholy presented themselves, behold! they had a true sympathizer, not the usual sympathizer, however, but one who was able to do them some good, and one who manifested his ability by turning them out then, instead of next Friday, as they expected. Three cheers for Mr. Neel, and good lessons next year. Another treat, given by Professor Ragland, awaited the boys, and just before they disbanded he had two copious sacks of fine, large bananas brought over, and the boys partook heartily, offering a resolution of thanks to our esteemed professor for his kindness. When the boys found they were free from the holidays they celebrated the occasion accordingly. I would recount some of said celebrations but know too well man's imaginative powers.

The debate on Friday was the best we have had this year, the boys showed more interest than in previous discussions, and next year we will give a public debate and other literary exercises.

They wrote the last compositions of the series in the contest for the gold medal, and on Christmas morning one of our number will be made more joyous by receiving it. We doubt not that there will be many expectant youths on that day, but hope that those disappointed may be nerved to try harder next time.

But let school matters alone for awhile, think no more of those old tales of Roman bravery (unhappily written in Latin) and Grecian luxuriance. Have a nice time, and when the New Year calls us again to school, be ready to face our duty bravely and wait for another Christmas.

W. L. Wooten.

### They Saw President Lincoln.

Not long after Lincoln's election to the presidency a friend was with him in his office in the old state house in Springfield, when a tall, lank countryman, with his trousers tucked into his boots, put his head into the door and asked to see Mr. Lincoln. He was from Kansas, he explained, and with his family was going back to Indiana. He had voted for Mr. Lincoln and wanted to see him.

Mr. Lincoln, we are left to suppose, received his unconventional caller with politeness, and presently the man asked:

"What kind of a tree is that below there in the yard?"

It was a warm November day and the window was open. Mr. Lincoln looked out and said:

"It is a cypress. I suppose you would have known it if you had been on the ground."

"No, I don't mean that," said the countryman; "I mean the other one nearer the house. You will have to lean further out."

Mr. Lincoln leaned further out, and then straightening up, he said:

"There is no other one."

"No?" said the man. "Well, do you see that woman and them three children over there in that wagon? That is my wife and children. I told them I would show them the president-elect of the United States, and I have. Goodby, Mr. Lincoln." And so saying, he walked down stairs.

### All She Wanted.

One of the richest men living, whose immense wealth makes him a target for poor people, has recently been in Paris, and the way in which he repelled one of the applicants on his generosity is related like this:

On the opposite side of the hotel table sat a woman who had once been rich.

"Monsieur," said she, "you Americans are so chivalrous—so ready to assist those in distress."

"Yes," said the man of wealth, hesitating.

He had heard that before and thought he knew what was coming.

"Would you, with your generosity, do me a great favor and a great kindness?"

"Yes, madame—that is, it depends somewhat—"

"Think well, monsieur, before you promise, for it is a great kindness."

The words recalled to his mind the many requests for a loan that had fallen to his lot.

"I am afraid, madame, that I shall have to— But what is it you wish?"

"Only that you would be kind enough to pass me the mustard. You have everything on your side of the table."

### He'd Take the Small Cow.

A gentleman, wishing to take his family into the country for the summer, looked at a small farm with a view of renting it. Everything was very much to his mind, and the negotiation was nearly completed, when the question of hiring also the farmer's cow came up. She was an excellent cow, the farmer said, and even after feeding her calf would give five quarts of milk a day.

"Five quarts a day!" said the city man; "that is more than our whole family could use."

Then, noticing the calf following its mother about the pasture he added:

"I tell you what, I will hire the small cow. I think she's just about our size."

When is a child's hair like a house? When it is shingled.

Why is a school yard bigger at recess than during school hours? Because it has more feet in it at recess.

When a generous tailor gives a suit of clothes to a poor man what kind of a fit does he wish it to be? A benefit.



Rosina Power Parish, Mayersville, Miss.—Dear Junior: I started several times during the summer to write to you, but did not succeed. I am a girl about twelve years of age, and live in a very small town by the name of Mayersville, Miss. I am a daughter of a lawyer. My cousin, Nellie Stout, is writing to you also. Are you glad Christmas is coming? I am, but do not think I will have a very long holiday, for my teacher does not believe in giving holidays. We are going to have an entertainment here next week and hope it will be a success.

I hope some of my Junior cousins will answer this. I will send money to the Grady hospital whenever I can. Are you fond of writing? I am. My classmates and I are trying to get our teacher a Christmas present.

I hope to see this in print.

Nellie E. Stout, Mayersville, Miss.—Dear Junior: I have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but have not had an opportunity to do so. Our little town is not very gay. I go to the public school and like my teacher very much. I will try to send something to the Grady hospital whenever I can. We are going to have an entertainment here soon. I would like to correspond with some of my cousins. I have read The Constitution a long time, but have never written before. I want to ask if you can correspond with anybody who writes to The Junior cousins? I would like very much to go to the Atlanta fair.

Answer this riddle: If you stand all the presidents in line, how far will they reach?

Thomas J. Cobb, Gainesville, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have a store at which I sell or barter cloth and clothing, meat and flour, sugar and coffee and all kinds of plantation supplies for money, or chickens, or eggs, or corn, or fodder, or for almost any kind of country produce. My store is situated in the country, where the air is as pure as its crystal waters; where the healthy atmosphere is fragrant with the perfume of wild flowers, and where one is soothed to sleep at night by the chirp of the cricket and awakes in the morning to the melody of the uncaged mockingbird.

But for this store many a poor person unable to afford a conveyance would have to lug his or her stuff several miles to town in order to secure the necessities of life such as they are unable to make at home.

By dealing justly with all my customers they, as well as I, are enabled to derive both pleasure and profit from my country store, which I must tell you exists only in my imagination.

Douglas Snow, Hurt, Va.—Dear Junior: I have never seen but one letter from Virginia in The Constitution, so I thought I'd write one. I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school at home. We get The Constitution once a week and like it, too. I have seven brothers and two sisters; I'm the youngest. I'd like to come to the exposition. Mamma would, too. Then she says she would see Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Haley. They live in Atlanta. They once lived here in Pittsylvania. Now, remember I'm Douglas Snow, and if you publish this I'll write again and send you something for the Grady hospital. I forgot to tell you—I have a pure white rabbit.

Ethel K. Tolar, Myers, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am a little girl seven years old and live away out in the pine woods of Bulloch county. I have been going to school this summer and learned to read and write a little. My father is a woodsman in the turpentine forest. We came to Georgia from North Carolina about six years ago. Papa says he is going back on a visit this winter and I expect to go with him to see my grandma, who lives there. I have two little brothers younger than I am and have a cow and three pigs for pets.

Sallie and Annie Blakely, Clinton, S. C.—Dear Junior: Here we come, two little girls from the Palmetto State. We are nine and six years old. Our papa is a farmer. He has his crop gathered and wheat sowed and is now sowing oats and barley. Our mamma takes The Constitution. We like to read the letters of The Junior very much. We will close, hoping to see this in print.

L. E. Wilson, Honea Path, S. C.—Dear Junior: I noticed three cousins of about my age writing to The Junior. One said he didn't see why more didn't write. I think it will be nice if The Junior accepts it. I hope older girls seeing this letter to The Junior and boys will begin to write. This is a nice little village, hoping soon to be a county seat, and if we succeed this will be a hustling town soon. We have a large high school here, but it is not so large now on account of measles; they have been in this place for about three months. I had a severe case of them about three weeks ago. I live in town. My father is manager of a large firm at this place. I had rather live in town and sell goods than to live on the farm. I will close this time, hoping to see more of our larger cousins writing to The Junior.

Ile Thomason, O'Ferrell, Tex.—Dear Junior: This is my first attempt to write a letter to The Constitution. I live eight miles west of the city of Atlanta. I like to go to school very much. My papa has been a subscriber to The Constitution for three years. He says it is the best paper he ever read. I will close by answering one of Ross P. Walker's questions: A dead hen lays the longest.

Clyde S. Bankston, Robley, Ga.—Dear Junior: Almost every girl and boy has something to pet. I am an exception to the general rule. I don't have time to pet anything. My mother has two babies, twins, and they require most of our time. When the Lord first planted these little flowers in our home I didn't know what on earth would become of us or them either, but so far they don't squall much. They have twin names also—Howard and Homer. I am not an advanced child for my age on account of my eyes and health, but I am better than I have been in some time and am advancing in my studies very fast. Miss Massie Marnalville was my teacher this term. My "big" auntie is with us now en route to her home near Byron. She has been teaching little scapegoats, such as myself. We tease her by telling her she will not worry with such pests as we children are another year. Guess you all know what will happen.

My home is in a lovely grove out in the country, only one store, postoffice, ginnery and a good many houses. There are five brothers and I the only girl. I have a passion for music and nice literature.



# THE CONSTITUTION, JR

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended for this Issue Must be Addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., December 15, 1895.

## The Christmas Holidays.

Hurrah for Christmas! It is almost here and the first gun was fired—so to speak—of the approaching holidays when, on the Friday just passed, the public schools were closed until after Christmas has visited us and the New Year has made our acquaintance. So let us all be merry and glad. Christmas is and should be the happiest time of the year. For all its anticipations are most pleasing—for the children whose chief pleasure will be the reception of Christmas gifts and who, from now on, will be on their good behavior lest Santa Claus should punish them by any neglect; for the youths who will delight in the exchange of remembrances and upon whom the significance of the occasion is dawning with a stronger light; and for the more matured, whose enjoyment will be of a more quiet and dignified nature and to most of whom the Christmas season brings the sweetest of recollections. To all it is a happy period; so from now on let us make the most of it—“Christmas comes but once a year.”

## MY DOG PONTO.

Ponto was the darling of my youth. He was a pointer, and pointed the first birds that I ever attempted to shoot on the wing. He was the first pointer that ever came to that county, and so far as I knew, was the first dog that ever pointed a bird in that part of the state.

He was a wonder to us all. He would point anything which he considered to be game and he caused much trouble between my mother and me by pointing the chickens and trying to jump on them if they attempted to get away. He once pointed, in the hall of my house, a darling lap dog belonging to a cousin—a lap dog which was a religious dog and always went to church and troubled everybody with his bark and his fease.

Now a good sister of mine not knowing the nature of the pointer tried to break the charm and drive the little fice out of danger; so she opened the door and unfortunately said, “Go!”

This was one of Ponto's words to go for the game and ere the summer lightning could flash that poor rat of a fice was in the jaws of my big Ponto slapping back and forth and yelling and screaming as if to wake the ghosts of the dead, while the helpless little sister was feebly calling, “You! you! you!”

I finally came to the rescue and released the victim and gave him a chance for his life, which he seized with avidity and disappeared with all speed through a hole under the fence never to make his appearance on those premises again.

I was never sure that the cousin was not cognizant of the outrage, but I always suspected that some coolness existed thereafter between us.

Ponto was a grand dog, a proud dog and appreciated fully the gifts which he had received from nature.

I had inherited a little double barrel gun of superior English manufacture and I had learned to use it with more than ordinary skill before Ponto came into my possession. Hence, while I trained the dog to hunt the birds I rapidly acquired skill to bag them while on the wing. Very soon Ponto began to expect a dead bird in advance of his nose after a shot was fired. During the second season of my dog's education a city friend came to visit me and enjoy the field sport.

He thought he could kill birds on the wing, especially with the very fine gun which he brought in a beautiful mahogany case.

I could not go with him that day, but he told me his adventures. He was peculiarly candid and for that and other reasons I suspected he was no hunter at all. He said that Ponto soon found a covey of birds and pointed them beautifully and even waited for my friend to flush the birds.

When the covey flew both barrels of the fine gun were fired, and my Ponto expected to find at least two or three dead birds.

When none could be scented the dog looked disappointed, but not yet reproachful. He followed the covey of birds to their new hiding places and pointed them out one by one. My friend came up and tried time and again to bring down the flying Bob Whites, but poor Ponto found no game to bring to bag. Then my trusted dog began to feel disappointed indeed, and when shot after shot secured no game, with a look of disgust on his face he raised his head and tail, bade my friend adieu and returned home to his kennel.

This was the report rendered by the friend, who was evidently too innocent to claim a prominent position in the records of great hunters.

Ponto had a loving companion named Taylor; but Ponto, like Nimrod, was the “mighty hunter.” It was he who always found the coveys, and it was he who always followed the far flying birds.

Taylor, the setter, was excellent to retrieve the dead game and to point out the hiding place of the short flyers; but Ponto was the wide “beater” and the wild runner who never stopped so long as I remained within the regions where a covey of birds could possibly be found. Often his tail was sore and his sides torn and scratched by briars; but whenever I said to Ponto, “We will take a hunt,” he was wild with enthusiasm for the fray. Often

he raised coveys so rapidly that my gun grew hot with the firing and I was compelled to rest until he could bring in the dead birds and my gun could cool sufficiently to receive the new charge.

As I said, Ponto was a proud dog and a mistake almost killed the poor creature.

When he unfortunately flushed a new covey of birds before I came in range, he would often come crouching and crawling to me in abject shame that brought tears to my eyes. He was a rapid hunter in his great speed he sometimes ran into a covey of birds before he caught the scent, and oh, what shame and agony he then expressed by look and movement.

On one occasion he jumped upon a fence where the rail was unsteady. At that instant he scented a covey of birds just in front of him and he tried most earnestly to come to a steady point. But his perch would waver and after an earnest struggle the poor dog fell forward in the midst of the birds, which, of course, scattered in all directions. The humiliation of poor Ponto was pitiable indeed, but he soon rallied and before we returned home that afternoon we had bagged more than three fourths of that covey of birds which had brought him so much shame.

Dear, dear old dog, how proudly he bore himself when, as he did sometimes, he brought me two birds in his mouth at once and placed them at my feet. Indeed that seems to be one special pride of the pointer.

He would bring rather reluctantly the ducks which I shot on the ponds, but he did not regard them as his special game. He would hardly notice the turkeys, even, for the pheasants and the Bob Whites were his special game, which in great bagfuls and with great delight he bore to my mother and our happy household.

Ah, faithful old Ponto. Shall I ever look again into eyes like yours? When I bade adieu to you and to the home of my childhood to pass out into the great world, the first year of my college life made great changes in my experience, and I never found my boyhood home any more and Ponto had gone to take his position among the dim, dear shades of the past.

John W. Glenn.

## Retaliation by a Horse.

From The Youth's Companion.

A correspondent sends to The Companion a story of a handsome black horse, so big and strong that he seemed hardly to feel the weight of the heavy delivery wagon with which he made the rounds of the neighborhood. His driver was a brutal fellow who ought to have been the creature driven. Blows, kicks and angry words were the only caresses he ever bestowed upon his steed, and these the horse suffered quietly for many a long day, till finally even his endurance gave out.

One hot morning the man reined the horse in roughly by the curbstone. On dismounting he seemed to think the wagon too near and harshly ordered his steed to back, emphasizing the command with a cut from his whip. The horse backed obediently, though angrily, while the man, heated by his exertions, took off his coat, and having hung it over the dashboard, disappeared in the house.

The great black fellow waited until the driver was out of sight, then looking around he saw the coat hanging only a short distance from his heels. Instantly a change came over him. He actually seemed to laugh as he lifted one foot and let fly at the coat.

Finding he could hit it well, he began to beat a regular tattoo upon it; first with one foot, then with the other, and finally as he grew excited, with both at once.

Surely no coat ever had a more thorough dusting. Out flew note book, papers and handkerchief, and rolled into the gutter; but the horse kept on until he heard a door slam and knew his master was returning. Then, with a final kick that sent the coat itself under the wagon, he settled sleepily down in the shafts and pretended to be watching a pair of mules that had just gone by.

He didn't seem to mind the slaps the driver gave him while picking up his belongings, and when he started off he looked up at the window and appeared to wink at those who had been watching him and half-wishing that they could reward him with a peck of oats.

## Proof to the Contrary.

“I don't believe the world is going round all the time,” said Jack—“fact I know it isn't. If it was, when I jumped in the air it would have slid right away from under me.”

## Little Things.

BY MRS. F. S. LOVEJOY.  
One day a little acorn dropped  
Down from its native tree,  
And helpless lay upon the earth,  
A tiny thing to see.

And looking up in sad surprise  
To where it once did grow,  
It said: “'Tis over now with me!  
What can an acorn do?”

But Mother Earth, to comfort it,  
Spoke softly as it lay,  
And turning o'er, it fell asleep,  
Its sorrow soothed away.

Then gently o'er its little bed  
She spread a quilt of mold,  
And there it slept through autumn rains  
And snows of winter cold.

But when the sun with cheering rays  
Told of the warm, bright spring,  
And Nature said to Mother Earth,  
“Come, now your treasures bring!”

The acorn heard the flowers talk,  
And opened its eyes to see,  
And stretching out, it cracked its shell,  
And grew into a tree.

There, sheltered in the forest shade,  
In stately pride to stand,  
A noble oak—as grand a tree  
As grows in all the land!

O children, heed these little things,  
Whatever they may be;  
Remember little boys make men—  
An acorn makes a tree!

—Golden Days.

## IN HOLDA'S WOOD.

### How Old Father Christmas Was Born.

#### The German Legend of Kriss Kringle.

BY ESTHER SINGLETON.

Young Christopher was greatly dissatisfied with his home. He was an imaginative lad, entirely out of tune with his surroundings. He lived in a little wooden cottage, curiously carved, that gave him some delight when the shadows of night deepened and drew dark forms and shapes under the long roof which sloped nearly to the ground.

It was not pleasant to return from a land of dreams to the hard facts of life and to plait and weave the long, green willow wands into baskets at his uncle's command and to hear the scolding tongue of his aunt busy with her household duties. Yet she always had time for flinging a sharp word or blow at Kriss, as he was called, and he, taking them with indifference, criticised her silently. At such times swish the broom would fly past his ear, or a coarse, red hand would ruffle roughly his hair and a strident voice demand, “What are you doing with your wool-gathering wits?” And Kriss would be told to mind his work or in the next world he would find himself in the choice company of thieves and murderers. How could he love her when she was so different to the gentle ladies in the far-away dreams?

Finally he determined that he would run away and seek a life for himself; but the day never came until he had completed his fifteenth birthday, which was uncelebrated.



“COME! COME! AND SEE THE WIND-SPIRITS DANCE WITH THE SNOW!”

It was upon a Christmas eve that he decided to break away. His aunt had been unusually ill-tempered and as his mind was sure the proper time had arrived for his step into the world, not even the cold of approaching night discouraged him.

Kriss was not altogether free of blame, for he had been a discordant note in the household. He was neither cheerful nor amiable, nor unselfish, but then he had never been shown the way towards a loving and grateful disposition. He had become sullen and hardened through no fault of his own and he cared for nothing now but to find, if possible, happiness for himself and to realize the visions of beauty that had so often grown in his mind, apparently without seed. As he crept stealthily into the street the Twilight was throwing her gray draperies around the little German village with its masses of low red roofs and its square minster-tower where glared the clock that always seemed to keep its big, red eye on every child in every house.

Down the deserted road he passed, on, and up the hill, where he turned to bid farewell to the only home he had ever known, and betook his way into the dark forest that seemed to call him into its depths.

How many voices were there—sweet ones, too, unlike any he had ever heard! The Wind blew off his cap by way of a joke, and, touching him with icy fingers, said, “Come! Come! Come, Kriss! There is warmth in the forest and much joy. Come!” The Pine-Bough hummed huskily, yet softly: “Come, Kriss, Come! It is true; the Wind knows. Come! Come!” The Wind, not contented, began to whistle and dance and push the wondering boy along, which was useless and absurd, for he did not intend to resist the many voices charming him into the wood with their softly murmured invitation.

As Kriss passed into the forest he felt, although he could not see, the mysterious spirits. The only Being he was acquainted with was the Moon, of whom he was afraid; yet he was grateful for her golden light that sifted in through the dark forked branches of the Cedars and the silvery fronds of the Firs. The Wind sang and danced, the Trees beat and swayed, and down came the whirling Snow, dropping so swiftly and gently and lodging with care upon the flake beneath as if it feared to burden that with its feathery weight.

“We are dressing you beautifully darlings,” Kriss heard the Snowflakes say to the Cedars, “for Queen Holda's Revels. You, we are robing in ermine, and you shall have the white velvet; you shall shimmer in satin from top to the lowest branch and when the Moon-God sees you he will smile and you will sparkle

in his glance like diamonds. Oh, how funny you will look with a powdered wig.” The Wind-Spirit blew a blast upon his silver trumpet, resulting in a great lull of snow falling.

Kriss stood still wondering what would occur next, when a young Tree about his own height, vain of her beauty and patronizing in her manner, said: “Sit by me, Kriss,” and he obeyed, still watching and listening to the voices of the mysterious spirits of the Winter Night, which had gradually become visible, busily preparing for the celebration of their Christmas feast.

#### IV.

Strange to say, he was not cold though resting on the velvety snow; nor was he homesick. A gay procession entertained him, issuing out of the black hollow of a great oak, that glittered in its armor of ice. First came the children of the Winter-Wind, all fierce-eyed and sharp of feature, dressed in tunics of white and gray and flowing mantles. Then followed the Snow-Children in their glistening garments of white and flower-shaped crystal crowns; and after them Holda herself, Queen of Earth and Woods, Queen of Snow and of Christmastide. How lovely she was in her gown of emerald velvet with a big bunch of snowdrops at her breast, and a crown of oak leaves like a Dryad. Her flaxen hair was bound with a strand of pearls, her eyes were blue as summer rivers, her lips red as pomegranates, her arms and neck as white as the falling flakes, that, touching her, turned into showers of creamy roses.

#### V.

“Why have you come hither?” she asked. As he was speechless the Trees and Snowflakes said in their soft chorus: “The Wind brought him, and we bade him join the joy of Christmastide and cried ‘Come! Come! Come!’”

“Unless you come selfishly,” she asked, “what have you brought to us? The birds give their voices, the flowers their perfume, the Trees their shelter, the Wind his music, the Snow-Children their service, the Seasons their beauties and their bounties, and I, to grant all wishes. What do you bring to the Christmas Revels?”

Christopher hung his head. He fell to her feet and kissing her dress with emotion, exclaimed: “I have brought nothing but myself. Do with me as you will.”

“So be it,” replied Holda, “you shall give yourself. You shall be one of the greatest Spirits of the hallowed season.”

The Queen of Christmastide clapped her hands and bade the Revels begin. When all the enjoyment was at its height, Queen Holda clapped her white hands and four and twenty Wish-Maidens bowed before her and, then facing the strange multitude, promised to bring to every one in Holda's realm his and her desire. Bowing low to Holda they took their leave, soon returning. Each one now held a rosy ribbon attached to a silver car, which they drew along and upon which what appeared to Christopher the most wonderful thing he had ever beheld—a glittering tree.

#### VI.

Intense excitement prevailed. All the trees peered and bent themselves to see which of their acquaintance had been selected by Holda for the honor of being the Wishing-Tree.

What a vision it was, glittering with stars and shields, and hearts, and toys of all kinds for the Snow-Children.

#### VII.

Queen Holda gave to each one present gifts from the Wishing-Tree, and then she said impressively: “We have one more gift. Kriss has given himself. He is to go out into the world and carry the blessings of our Revels.” Then she called her Snow-Children and, speaking to them in her snow language, which none but herself and her little people can understand, or even hear—so low, so soft, so melodious it bade them prepare Christopher for his long journey.

First they murmured into his ear until he grew drowsy and fell asleep, and when he slumbered they folded around him rich, red robes and a mantle bordered with ermine, and placing on his head a tall peaked cap, bound around it a wreath of holly. They powdered his long hair with snow, they fastened a long white beard to his chin and above his lips a gently curling mustache. Cutting a ripe, rosy apple in half, they rubbed its glow upon his cheeks, and added a roguish twinkle in his eye and hid laughter in the corners of his merry mouth. Then they called the Wind and all the other Snow-Children, and they each added a crystal here and an icicle there, a drift of flakes here and a dash of powder there, and when all the little people of the moss and flowers, and rocks and streams had assembled they took hands and danced and sung, and hailed him “Old Kriss Kringle, Father Christmas.”

Awaking at the merry peals of laughter and jollity, Christopher stood amazed.

Queen Holda explained it. “Father Christmas,” she said, “you have slept a hundred years in my enchanted wood. You came into my forest a hard and selfish youth. You have seen our Revels and our gifts each to each, and you gave yourself to us. While you slept my Snow-Children robed you, and now I send you as my representative subject out into the world where I cannot go, for I must ever dwell within the limits and haunts of Elfand. You shall travel far and wide at the happy season of the year. Your Wishing-Trees shall never fall when you carry Christmas greetings to the children with the message of ‘Peace on earth, good will to men.’”

## It Was Squealing.

Little John saw a small tug engaged in towing a large ship, and heard the tug whistle loudly.

“Oh, papa!” he exclaimed, “The big boat's got the little one by the tail, and it's squealing!”

## Hardly Orthodox.

From The Sacred Heart Review.

“What are sins of omission?” asked the clergyman, examining the Sunday school.

“They are sins you ought to have committed and haven't,” answered one of the smaller children.



# A SWEET SPINSTER.

How Miss Patience Celebrated Christmas.

Copyrighted, 1895.

"Dear me!" chirped Miss Patience Cummings, "I can't seem to sense it, that it's so near Christmas."

"Well, I guess you would, if you had as much to do as I have," snapped her sister-in-law. "But some folks can always take things easy."

"I don't think you need talk like that, Susan," returned Patience. "I'm always willing to help, an' I calculate to pay my way."

"Humph!" retorted Susan, with an aggressive sniff. "What do old maids know 'bout the cares of housekeepin', I'd like to know?"

"Now, Susan," said Patience, the color rising in her delicate face, "if you say so I'll go right out in the kitchen this minute an' take hold of the bakin'."

"Well, I should think you'd know that I'd rather you'd keep at work on that suit of Jim's. There he is wearin' his last pair of pants, an' I expect any minute when he'll come through the knees—to say nothin' of the seat," returned Susan in aggrieved tones. "I never did see such a young one's he is for wearin' out clothes," she continued complacently—her voice softening, for little Jim was her one weakness.

The elder woman sighed as she bent over her work.

"Patience," she said to herself, "seems though they must know I'd need a lot, or they wouldn't give me that name."

Susan in the meantime had gone out into the kitchen and was stirring round in a lively manner among the cooking utensils. "Makin' things hum," as her more easy going husband was wont to remark.

Presently Patience became aware, from the cessation of domestic clatter, and the sound of voices in animated conversation that Susan had a visitor.

"Don't see what made 'em come in the back door," she said to herself, with a feeling of regret that she was missing a little innocent gossip.

But she refrained from going to see who it was from a feeling that her sister-in-law wouldn't like it—and Susan was a little "difficult" sometimes. So she continued at her work. After a while the caller departed and Susan came into the sitting room in a state of repressed excitement.

"Don't you think May Barrow's been here?" she exclaimed.

"I want to know," said Patience, in pleased surprise. "I'd liked to have seen May myself. Why didn't you bring her in here?"

"Well, I calculated to," said Susan, looking a little confused, "but we got to talkin' an' all at once May said she must go, an' told me to give her love to you."

"Much obliged," returned Patience, politely.

"I've got news for you," ventured Susan, eyeing her doubtfully. "Who do you s'pose is goin' to get married?"

"I'm sure I dunno," replied Patience, absently. She was feeling disappointed at not seeing May.

"Well, it's Squire Willard, an' he's goin' to marry a widdier woman from Linebrook, with two grown-up daughters. What do you think of that?"

"I s'pose he's got a right to," said Patience defiantly, but her fingers were trem-

bling and she bent her head still lower over her work.

"For my part, I must say I think he's treatin' somebody else pretty mean," said Susan, "after all his comin' here so frequent the last year."

Patience held her head up proudly at this insinuation. "I'd have you understand, Susan," said she, "that Squire Willard's free to marry whoever he likes, it's nothin' to me."

"Well, you needn't get huffy 'bout it," muttered Susan, as she went out to resume her onslaught on the pans and kettles.

Poor Miss Patience! She had secretly admired Nat Willard all her life. As a handsome young man he had "kept company" with pretty Pattie Cummings, but when he had married his cousin, the old squire's ward, Pattie had tried to put all thought of him out of her heart. But

no other of her numerous beaux had found favor in her sight.

Now, Nat, who had succeeded to his father's title, had been a widower for several years, and if his renewed attentions to his old sweetheart had caused her to build some delightful air castles, who can wonder, or blame her, even if she had passed her thirty-sixth birthday, and was "old enough to know better."

So it is not surprising that Miss Patience worked buttonholes, and felled seams on little Jim's new suit with a heavy heart for the remainder of the day.

However, she comforted herself with the philosophic reflection that "nobody ever felt so bad that they didn't feel better sometime."

Christmas day passed uneventfully. There was the usual turkey and plum pudding, and little else to remind one that it was a holiday. The members of the family were serving themselves for evening, when they were going to Linebrook to attend a Christmas festival held in the church, the principal feature of which was a Christmas tree.

Patience had never seen one, and would have enjoyed going, but there wasn't room for her in the sleigh, and besides it never

seemed to occur to her brother or his wife that the "old maid" could be interested in any sort of amusement.

So she resigned herself to a lonely evening at home.

"Now, Patience Cummings there's no moppin' 'lowed," she soliloquized, trying to dispel the forlorn feeling that came over her, as he came back into the big empty sitting room, after seeing the rest of the family off.

"You're jest goin' to fetch some elder'n apples, an' pop some corn an' have a real good time."

Acting on this resolution, she brought in from the pantry a dish of rosy-cheeked apples and ears of yellow corn. She was just seating herself to shell the corn, when she started up with a smile on her face.

"Why shouldn't I?" she exclaimed, "Christmas don't come none too often!"

Lighting a candle she went up to her little room under the eaves. She put the light down on the old fashioned mahogany bureau, and opening her closet door, took down her two, and only highly prized silk gowns.

One a delicate dove color, had been her mother's wedding gown, and with slight alterations, from time to time, had served Patience on those rare occasions when something extraordinary in the way of dress was required. The other was a steadygoing black silk.

She regarded them lovingly, but critically withal.

"'Twould be more sensible to put on the black," she argued, smoothing the ruchings in neck and sleeves. "But the other's more dressy—an' I've a good mind to wear it, no knowin' when I'll get another chance. I believe I will."

And she resolutely replaced the black dress on its pegs, and hastily—for the room was cold—arrayed herself in the more pretentious garb of former days.

That done she arranged her still abundant fair hair high up on her head, and put in a high topped shell comb—also her mother's—and regarded herself approvingly in the small looking glass.

How her cheeks burned and her eyes shone! She smiled back at her own reflection.

"Patience Cummings," said she, "you're a very frivolous woman, but it's only for this once, you understand." And lifting her trail with one hand, she took the candle in the other and descended to the sitting room.

"Oughter have some flowers, I expect," said she, recklessly breaking off two of the finest blossoms from her favorite pink rose bush in the window.

One at her throat, the other in her hair. "Now I look something like," said she.

At that moment there came a loud knock at the door.

She started guiltily. "Who under the canopy can it be!" she ejaculated. "An'

what will they think of me! I daren't show my head."

Another knock, louder than before.

"S'pose I'll have to see who's there," and she looked around for something with which to cover up her finery. She spied Susan's waterproof hanging over a chair and enveloping herself in its ample folds, she opened the door a very little, and looked cautiously out.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Patience, it's only me," said a hearty voice.

"Oh, how do you do, Squire Willard, you give me an awful scare! Won't you come in?" she exclaimed opening the door wide.

"Well, I guess I will, seein' that's what I come over for," responded the visitor, reaching out a hand in friendly greeting.

Patience couldn't extend her very far, on account of that old waterproof, but did the best she could under the circumstances.

"The folks have all gone away," she informed him, rather stiffly. She wasn't at all sure that she didn't wish her visitor away, too.

"Yes, I saw 'em go by," said the squire, who had been divesting himself of his overcoat, an' I noticed you wasn't along, so I thought I'd come over. But maybe you were goin' out," he added, regarding her with an expression of perplexity on his genial face.

He recollected with some embarrassment that she hadn't asked him to take off his overcoat—or sit down—and somehow she didn't look very cordial, standing there with that long black thing hanging around her.

"I don't want to hinder you," he continued.



"WHY PATTIE!" CRIED THE SQUIRE.

"I wasn't thinkin' of goin' out," replied Patience, and then she laughed.

"Now, what's the joke?" asked the squire, looking somewhat relieved at this sudden change in demeanor on her part.

"I guess I don't seem over'n above polite," said Patience, apologetically, "but I couldn't keep from laughin' to think of goin' out in this rig," and she threw off the cloak, and stood smiling and blushing before the squire.

"Why, Pattie!" cried the squire, using the old familiar name unconsciously. "You look pretty's a picture."

"I guess you'll think I'm a fool," said she.

"I guess not," he returned. "Seems to me I've seen you wear that dress before."

"I didn't s'pose you'd remember," murmured she.

"Don't seem's though 'twas more'n a week since you wore it to that party over to our house," he continued in reminiscent tones.

"Don't it?" she returned faintly, her eyes downcast.

"Pattie," said he, regarding her tenderly. "I made a mistake a great many years ago—we won't talk 'bout that, though. But I always thought a sight of you, an' I've been thinkin' considerable 'bout old times lately—an' wonderin' if you didn't—that is if you wouldn't give me another chance."

Would she! Did she understand it! It all seemed like a dream.

She raised her eyes inquiringly. The squire's face was very near her.

"I want you for my wife, Pattie," said he softly.

"Oh, Squire Willard, do you really mean it?" she exclaimed tremulously.

"Mean it! Why, Pattie!" said the squire reproachfully.

And his arguments in the affirmative were so very conclusive and convincing that Patience felt her doubts gradually melt away, and speedily believed herself to be the happiest woman in the world.

In fact they both sailed up into the seventh heaven of bliss, where they doubtless would have remained indefinitely but for Patience's unfortunate memory. She suddenly withdrew from her lover's encircling arms.

"Squire Willard," said she seriously, "I just forgot myself."

"That's all right, I hope you'll forget yourself again," returned he. "You'd better forget to call me squire, too."

"I ain't jokin'," said Patience with dignity, "an' I think I oughter know 'bout that widdier woman you're goin' to marry."

"Widdier woman!" cried the squire in astonishment. "I ain't going to marry any widdier, unless you're one."

"Don't you go regular to Linebrook to see a widdier with two grown up daughters?" demanded Patience.

"Yes, I do," answered the squire, his eyes twinkling, "but I dunno's I'm 'bliged to marry her."

"No, I s'pose you can go around breakin' women's hearts," returned Patience, her voice trembling. She felt that her idol was shattered and her short lived happiness at an end.

"Now, Pattie," said the squire, repress-

ing an evident inclination to laugh. "I shouldn't thought you'd believe any such yarn. I s'posed you knew that I went over to Linebrook to see sister Ellen. She lost her husband six months ago, an' she'n her girls have come there to live."

"Well, if that don't beat all, I dunno's you'll ever forgive me," faltered Patience.

"Well, I'll try," returned he, "s'posed I begin now."

The squire never did anything by halves, and certainly the happy penitent could not complain that he was not very thorough in this matter of granting absolution.

He made one demand, however, which was not refused, and on New Year's day the wedding bells sang merrily for the squire and his bride.

"Well, I'll be switched," exclaimed sister-in-law Susan, "if Patience ain't a sly one!"

E. LOUISE L. DELLE.

## That Baby in the Well.

What, boys, you never heard of 'that baby? Why, that was a real live baby, a Georgia baby, akin to my kinfolks, and they knew him just as well. That baby is living today and is no story book baby at all. But he had real folks who loved him just as well as any story book folks ever loved their own mischievous darling.

Why, boys, I am surprised that you never heard of our little real Bobby Browning. I have been a hundred times more interested in him than I ever was in any manufactured book baby.

Let me tell you about him. Our little Bobby lived in northeast Georgia, a country that raises the finest babies in the world, and the finest men and women, too, as to that matter, for many of the grandest men and most beautiful women of our country have grown up by the foothills of the Blue Ridge in the eastern portion of our state. No region furnished more heroes to the confederacy during the late civil war. Indeed, during the close of that strife very few men were left at home and the grand women of those days were father and mother to the helpless children as well as brains and authority for the household and farm.

Our baby lived on one of these farms. He was only two years old and he was generally committed to the care of his brother, barely four years older. Of course little the little six-year-old scarcely appreciated the responsibility resting on his tender shoulders and, like some older boys, sometimes grew careless of his charge.

I am not sure that I remember the name of that older boy. Indeed, I do not know that any one should take the pains to remember the name of a careless boy—yes, I do love him also—but the name of little Bobby, the unfortunate, how could I forget him? Now Bobby, if not a mountain baby, was born just under the shadow of the mountains and was about as full of life and enterprise as any young creature you ever met.

No doubt you have heard of the frolics of baby foxes and of young pet coons which sprinkle each other from their master's secretary with the contents of open ink bottles, which pry into every imaginable hole and corner on the premises; but one healthy, live baby can think up more mischief than half a dozen foxes or twice as many young coons.

Now our little hero was always in mischief and his elder brother was hardly ever on hand at times to prevent the consequences. The baby had just learned to walk well; but the distances he could make in a day would astonish the road measurers. His mother would never tell how many of the young "biddies" the little rascal had killed, nor how often she had dragged him dripping from the duck trough, for to her he was always a darling, "just like his papa in the army."

As most babies are, he was a natural explorer. He had already found out where the cakes and preserves were kept and he now wanted to know where the well bucket went when it plunged down into the darkness and returned in a little while filled with cool water. The curbing happened to be low and the little fellow who had already learned to climb with a skill beyond his age had been more than once arrested in an enterprising venture on the well by his elder brother.

But one fatal day approaching noon, when the mother was engaged in preparing dinner for the farm hands and the brother was busy in his effort to construct a bird trap, a loud cry was heard at the mouth of the well, and the startled brother nurse almost instantly heard the plunge of some heavy body in the water deep below. He rushed screaming to the well and as he jumped to the curb he called, "Bobby's in the well! Bobby's in the well! Run, run, mother, quick! Let me down in the bucket or he will be drowned!"

Before the bucket could be swung into position the mother was there, for the mother's heart could brook no delay of adjustment or of descent by pulley and windlass. Bobby was in the dark waters and rapidly drowning. Only one thought, and that was to bring her baby's head above the stifling waters. She reckoned not of danger. She hesitated not a moment, but with a hasty command to "call the hands!" and a cheering note of "coming, baby!" she plunged down into that dark chasm little thinking whether she would save or crush the darling.

Fortunately she passed down by the side of the little floating ball of fat and dimples, and as she rose she bore it in triumph in her arms and again cried well up at the top, "Call the hands!" This, the frightened, wide-eyed youngster hastened to do as fast as his little feet could carry him, while the mother braced herself with feet and back against the wall of the well and at the same time emptied the water from the baby's mouth and coaxed it back to life. Soon both were brought by willing hands to the pure air above the curb, dry clothing was supplied for the mother and babe and the dinner and the mischief proceeded as usual. Not a paper in Georgia recorded that mother's heroic act, but the next day's journals were loaded with the grand deeds of her husband's captain and the courage displayed by his company on the field of battle.

All honors, grand honors, to the father of our baby for his noble deeds in the confederate army. He fought to the end and went to the grave unsung by the heralds of fame. He gave more than most whose names have gone to posterity. They fought for fame; he died for his country. Our baby certainly has noble blood in his veins. I heard from that baby a short time since. He is the father of a family in the west, but a true Georgian still, and if the grand old doctrine of Monroe and the patriotism of our fathers should call for new and more modern illustrations, the spirit of that baby will appear among the front ranks of Americans and it will be found that the blood which flowed so freely on the fields of Virginia has descended from sire to son and will prove again that—

"Freedom's battle once begun,

Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,

Though baffled oft is ever won!"

Yes, boys, that is a real baby and I believe I am glad that my kinfolks are kin to such a baby. What do you think of it, or rather what do you think of its mother?

JOHN H. H. H.



SHE BROUGHT IN A DISH OF ROSY-CHEEKED APPLES.

bling and she bent her head still lower over her work.

"For my part, I must say I think he's treatin' somebody else pretty mean," said Susan, "after all his comin' here so frequent the last year."

Patience held her head up proudly at this insinuation. "I'd have you understand, Susan," said she, "that Squire Willard's free to marry whoever he likes, it's nothin' to me."

"Well, you needn't get huffy 'bout it," muttered Susan, as she went out to resume her onslaught on the pans and kettles.

Poor Miss Patience! She had secretly admired Nat Willard all her life. As a handsome young man he had "kept company" with pretty Pattie Cummings, but when he had married his cousin, the old squire's ward, Pattie had tried to put all thought of him out of her heart. But











## Keely Company

Our Cloak Department has always been a success—succeeding more than ever now. That's the argument that comes close to you. Let your fancy play around Cloaks—quantity, variety, desirability of every sort, then look to realize it here.

Don't buy a Wrap off-hand. Look, study patiently and reach your own conclusions. There is hardly another line of merchandise concerning which the general public know so little about. We'll give you the actual facts relating to every garment and ample opportunity to discover their qualities. It is by efforts to serve you well, and so command your confidence that we hope to supply your Wrap.

Several racks hung with stylish goods are in distinct view directly you enter the Cloak quarter. If you think the whole assortment is shown you are mistaken. Not half, nor quarter. You can only learn the range of choice by long inspection.

Those handsome Paris Model Jackets that you have admired so much are now marked for rapid selling. Exquisite things sent by world-famous makers, and representing styles of the period.

**Women's Fine Coats.** All the fashionable smooth-faced Cloths, including Kerseys, Meltons and Beavers—the best colors and the most superb qualities—made up in the proper lengths, ripple back, box front, big sleeves, beautiful buttons. Coats that are thorough and above criticism in every respect.

75 Coats worth up to \$12.50; choice for..... \$5.98  
50 Coats worth up to \$15.00; choice for..... \$8.98  
45 Coats worth up to \$20.00; choice for..... \$10.98

**Handkerchiefs.** The Holiday flutter in Handkerchiefs has started. Increased counter space, denser, thicker crowds, richer bigger stocks.

Men's Colored Bordered Hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs, 5c., 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c. and 35c.  
Men's plain white Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 5c., 10c., 20c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.  
Men's very soft and sheer Hemstitched and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth 75c.; our price.. 50c  
Children's Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 15c. and 10c

from the snowstorm of sorts that fall and drift from counter to shelf, and shelf to counter. For the Christmas throngs, this department is extra attractive and popular.

**Neckwear.** During recent days we have helped the importers out of their mistakes. Of course we dictated prices. That's why these Neck-fixings are so very low and just when they are most needed. Seasonable bargains are the best of all.

Cocoon Feather Boas—the French ones, lustrous and shimmering, full length, the prices are \$1.00 and..... 75c  
Mink Scarfs—finished with natural head and claw clasps; prices begin at \$1.25 and end at..... \$7.50  
Ostrich Feather Boas—jet black, correct lengths, real African Ostrich, perfect color and curl, won't stain the neck; prices begin at \$9.00 and end at..... \$25.00

**Gloves....** Hundreds of people daily visit our Glove department. Huge heaps of empty boxes testify to the sales. They must come. The principle is reciprocal. They come because of the bargains. The bargains exist because they come.

Children's Kid Gloves, lace and button styles, all colors, 75c and..... 1.00  
Boys' Dogskin Gloves, very soft, patent clasps, worth \$1.50; our price..... 1.00

collection is now complete and charming.

**Every Item Is Value Great.. Buy Here.** Blundered again. The old, old story. His eyes were too big for the market. Hope, not judgment, controlled his manufacturing. Sorry for him, perhaps, but you cannot help him. His short-sightedness brings you Hosiery for men, women and children at one-third less than current retail prices. A veritable windfall for you. The story of these goods here will be very short. You'd better come early Monday and get your share of the money to be saved.

**Linens...** Lots of new Linens opened within the past few days. Pure Linens—the best of every grade. The display is right for you to see. No matter what flight your Linen fancy takes, it is here with freshness and fineness and flaxiness and pinched prices.

### Damask.

Cream Table Linens, the half bleached Scotch goods that wash white and grow mellow, 60 inches wide, worth 45c; our price..... 25c  
Turkey Red German Table Linens, genuine oil colors that can't fade, black-and-red and white-and-red, 60 inches wide, worth 45c; our price..... 25c  
Cream Table Linens, 68 inches, and White Table Linens, 60 inches, the best values ever offered anywhere, worth 75c; our price..... 50c

### Towels.

Hemstitched White Huckaback Towels, size by actual measurement 20x38 inches, almost no wear-out to them; worth 20c; our price..... 15c  
Hemstitched Devon Huckaback Towels, size 22x44 inches, red, blue and yellow borders; you'd better come quick; worth 30c; our price..... 20c

### Blankets.

Why we are selling such worthy Blankets at prices that give sixty cents the potency of a dollar has been told you o'er and o'er. The argument is past, the fact remains. Also the sequel; you are buying, buying big. Therefore you and we are agreed. These Blanket bargains bring sweet repose and pleasant dreams.

The "Wellington" Blankets, size 10x4, clean, pure wool, held together by spool cotton warp, a boon for boarding houses; worth \$2.25, at..... \$1.00

### CAPEs . . . .

Light shades of tan and medium brown Capes of French Broadcloth, extra sweep velvet collar, some elaborately stitched and piped with velvet, others appliqued, worth \$9.50; our price..... 5.00

Black Boucle Cloth Capes, inlaid silk velvet collar, straps of fine Broadcloth down back and on shoulders, trimmed with pearl buttons. This Cape has never been equaled anywhere under \$11.50; our price..... 7.50

A grand assortment of bright, tight-curl Boucle, Kersey, Melton, Venetian, Beaver and Shaggy Astrakhan Cloth Capes, full sweep and variously trimmed, worth from \$13.50 up to \$16.50; your choice at..... 10.00

Persian Brocette Capes, embossed Oriental designs in old gold and goblin blue; collar, front and bottom edged with fine Thibet fur, lined throughout with illuminated silk, worth \$20.00; our price..... 12.50

Crefeld Plush Capes, medium sweep, silk lined, edged with Thibet fur. The plush alone is worth more than we ask for the completed garment. They will hardly last tomorrow's selling; regular price, \$12.50; our price..... 8.50

Lyons Plush Capes, conventional sweep, lined with striped Taffeta silk, collar and front trimmed with Marten fur. In the height of fashion and only a limited number on hand, worth \$15.00; price..... 10.00

Electrified Plush Capes, very full sweep, richly braided and beaded, lined throughout with French silk, storm collar, extra high; collar and front edged with Thibet fur, worth \$16.50; our price..... 12.50

Women's as Embroidered Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, scalloped edge, many pretty designs, worth up to 25c; our price 15c. and..... 10c

Women's pure Linen Embroidered Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, scalloped edges, dainty and elaborate designs, all prices up to \$1.50, beginning at..... 25c

Women's sheer Linen Handkerchiefs, edged all around with fine-meshed imitation Valenciennes lace, worth up to \$1.50; our price \$1.00, 75c and..... 50c

Women's Thread Cambric Handkerchiefs with real Valenciennes lace edge and inserting, very delicate and rich, \$2.50 and..... 1.75

### Ribbon...

Ribbons are the foliage of dress—the grace of dress; delicately touched by deft fingers, the art of dress. Boucle and Cashmere, Silk and Mohair, equally need the help of Ribbons to fulfill their destiny. They are but one remove from the beauties of Nature just now—in cost.

Satin Ribbon, No. 7, in all the prevailing colors..... 8c  
Satin Ribbon, No. 9, in all the prevailing colors..... 10c  
Satin Ribbon, No. 12, in all the prevailing colors..... 12c

The foregoing are dainty for Holiday fancy work. If there is a gift you want to embellish and brighten, see these low-priced Ribbons.

Women's 4-button length Glazed Kid Gloves, in red, brown and tan, pearl buttons, black embroidery, worth \$1.00; our price..... 75c

Women's 4-button length Glazed Kid Gloves three styles of embroidery on back, metal or pearl buttons, all colors..... 98c

Women's 4-button length Lambskin Gloves, heavy plush embroidery on back, darkish shades for fall. Right for driving or walking..... 98c

Women's 16-button French Suede Kid Gloves, the colors are pink, blue, lilac, corn, tan, rose, cream and white 1.98

### Furnishings.

Men's Unlaundered white Dress Shirts, reinforced back and front, good linen bosom, worth 60c; our price..... 33c

Men's Unlaundered White Shirts, pure linen bosom, reinforced back and front, patent inserted sleeves, continuous facings..... 48c

Men's plain white and figured Dress Shirts, bosom of Eton, Pique and skirt of heavy Muslin, worth \$1.25, at..... 98c

Men's Derby Ribbed Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, sold all over town at 75c; our price only..... 49c

Men's cream and gray colored Shirts and Drawers, made out of fine selected wool, worth \$1.00; our price..... 72c

### Special for the Holidays.

Figured Damask Tray Covers, two exceptionally pretty patterns, nicely fringed..... 12c

Hemstitched Tray Covers, exquisite qualities, many designs, 50c up to..... 2.00

Plain Linen Tray Covers, double borders of intricate Mexican drawn work..... 1.25

Double Damask Fringed Tea Cloths, 36 in. square, 70c; 30 in. square..... 50c

Fringed Damask Tea Cloths, white centres, red, blue and salmon borders, twelve-quarter, \$2.50; ten-quarter, \$2.00; our price..... 1.75

Immense variety Hemstitched Damask Sets just imported from Paris and Belfast, artistic patterns and loveliest qualities, \$10.00 up to..... 30.00

A beautiful assortment of novelties for domestic use and decoration. Dainty Dotted and Applique Swiss Toilet Sets, Imported and Ideal Bureau Sets, rare effects in hand-made Pillow Shams.....

**Comforts.** Bed Comfortables, full size, filled with soft cotton, covered with fast colored standard calico, worth up to 75c; our price..... 50c

Bed Comfortables, full size, filled with carded cotton, covered with French Sateen, Chintz and Silkaline, worth \$2.00; our price..... 1.25

Eiderdown Comfortables, full size, filled with selected German down, covered with figured China Silk, worth \$12.00; our price..... \$8.25

## ATLANTA'S MOST IMPORTANT DISPLAY

## HOLIDAY GOODS!

THE SURPRISE STORE. **J. REGENSTEIN** THE SURPRISE STORE.

40 WHITEHALL STREET.

## A Great Money-Saving Sale

Of CLOAKS suitable for Holiday Gifts—Presents you want—at prices you like to pay Read every item carefully.

### REGENSTEIN'S Cape Bargains

No. 30 is a lady's fine Double Cape, made from Lisane seal plush, satin lined throughout, well worth \$15.

\$7.98.

A genuine pool cone Cape, extra full sweep, silk lined; others are asking \$15; a great bargain at \$6.48.

\$6.48.

Lot No. 200, ladies' heavy gray double beaver Capes, trimmed with Hercules braid, worth \$15.50, at

\$1.75.

Lot No. 509, ladies' black, brown and navy Double Capes, inlaid velvet collar, made from a good quality of cloth, regulation length and full sweep, well worth \$1.50, at

\$3.48.

Lot No. 546, ladies' black double all-wool boucle Cape, fine satin lined, well worth \$7.50, at

\$4.50.

Lot No. 462, ladies' double Beaver Capes, trimmed with one-inch braid and electric seal fur, fully worth \$8, at

\$4.00.

Lot No. 464, ladies' tan and dark brown heavy all-wool double Cape, trimmed with fine fur, well worth \$10, at

\$6.00.

Lot No. 532, ladies' black and English melton Cape—the top and bottom cape elegantly trimmed with satin—would be splendid value for \$10, at

\$6.00.

A fine black English melton, all-wool Cape, strap trimmed, edged with satin, regular price \$12.50,

\$7.48.

No. 1919, ladies' black beaver Capes, 30 inches long, with 125 inch sweep, elegantly trimmed with braid and lined with fine Thibet fur; a \$15 cape,

\$6.98.

Ladies' navy double boucle Capes, prettily trimmed with pearl buttons, well worth \$5,

\$2.98.

### Children's Reefers

Not in years has Holiday Time known such Prices in Children's Reefers. A Special Lot of Reefers

at \$1.98 each, Well worth \$3 to \$4.

### WRAPPERS —AND— TEA GOWNS.

are always acceptable for Christmas presents. We quote the very lowest prices on Wrappers.

New ideas in Morning Wrappers, Tea Gowns, Flannel Negligees and Elderdown Lounging Robes, in flannel, cashmere and striped flannel—all the pretty colorings; capes puffed, yokes finished in fancy braid and ribbon.

Wrappers in navy, fancy or mourning calicoes, latest styles, from 50c up.

Fancy striped flannellette, embroidered ruffle and collar, Watteau back, lined waist, full, deep sleeves. Regular price \$1.75, our price \$1.

On Monday we will place on sale an entire new line of fine all-wool elderdown Wrappers at prices that are about half the usual price charged for these goods.

**Ready-Made Dresses and Suits.**

We have 100 tailor and dressmaker-made in nobby Scotch mixtures, black and navy homespun, chevrons and serges, some taffeta silk lined all through, made in the latest two-button reefer style; other styles. We were going to say \$15, but we will move them sure Monday at

At \$7.98 Each.

### Ostrich Capes and Boas

For Christmas Presents.

We have the only complete line of ostrich Capes and Boas in the city. All the correct dressers are wearing "ostrich" this season. Capes from \$10.50 up.

Boas at all prices. No matter at what prices are quoted elsewhere, you can always save money here.

Ostrich feather collars, made from 14 "head" tips. These are beauties, from \$2.98 each.

SPECIAL—Fifty real ostrich feather Boas, very full and fluffy a yard long, worth every cent of \$12.50.

For \$6.98 Monday.

### MILLINERY

A Mammoth Clearing Sale of all the latest Fall and Winter Designs in up-to-date Millinery.

Trimmed hats, were \$3.25 up to \$4.48 For \$2.00.

Trimmed hats were \$4.50 up to \$6 For \$3.00.

Trimmed hats were \$6 and up to \$7.50 For \$4.00.

A Special Sale of Trimmed Sailors and Walking Hats in all the New "Blocks," in Felt, Silk Beaver Tops, Bell Crowns and Sloping Crowns as well as the "Lillian Russell" Style in all colors and black, well worth 75c to \$1.25 each. Choice at..... 59c

### HANDKERCHIEFS FOR CHRISTMAS!

Our prices are unquestionably the most reasonable in the city.

At 5 cents—Ladies' Hemstitched, neat fast color and black border Handkerchiefs, made from sheer imported cloths, the kind you usually pay 10 cents for, 5c.

At 10 cents—Effective styles in Ladies' St. Gall Embroidered Handkerchiefs and all pure linen embroidered Handkerchiefs, such qualities and such varieties as you have not known before under 20c, 10c.

At 15 cents—Ladies' and Misses' plain linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, all widths of hems, sheer lawn hand-embroidered, plain drawn work, lace bordered, silk hemstitched, fancy embroidered and mourning handkerchiefs that are good value at 25c, 15c.

At 25 cents—An endless variety of ladies' hemstitched, reversed, plain narrow hem, all linen, lace edge, and 50 other styles of Handkerchiefs, 1,000 dozens in this lot. We declare with all confidence that such values have never been seen in Atlanta at 25c.

### GLOVES FOR CHRISTMAS!

Gloves always prove welcome gifts because even if the present is duplicated the recipient can make use of all the gloves that fall to her happy lot.

Gloves bought of us can be exchanged after Christmas for other sizes or other shades of the same quality.

Ladies' real French 4-button Kid Gloves, black and colors, bearing the stamp of \$1 value, 75c.

Our \$1 Kid Glove is the best that money can buy for the price. You can look all over Atlanta and you will not find its equal for the money.

\$1.00.

One lot of \$1 and \$1.50 Gloves, slightly damaged, also Mousquetaire Gloves in all colors on Monday only 50c.

### Half Price on Jackets.

Special Prices for Monday.

Lot No. 162, ladies' heavy cheviot Jackets in black only, reefer front and reefer back worth \$5.50, at

\$2.50

Lot No. 800, ladies' wide wale black Jackets, extra large sleeves; a \$7 Jacket, for

\$3.50.

Lot No. 69, 300 Jackets, every one new, every one correct, every one perfect, every one worth double the price; the lot includes boucle Jackets, ripple-back Jackets, chevrons and fine English meltons, lined throughout with fancy or changeable silk, worth from \$15 to \$20 each, at

\$7.98 for Choice.

### Misses' Gretchens

at your OWN PRICE MONDAY.

Lot No. 252, Misses' Gretchens, made from Scotch plaid mixture cloth with double cape, velvet piped on collar and cape, large mandarin sleeves.

Sizes 4, 6 and 8 years, \$4.  
Sizes 10, 12 and 14 years, \$4.50.

Lot No. 152, 300 misses' plaid cloth Gretchens, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years; cannot be duplicated for less than \$3.50, for \$1.48.

Lot No. 16, misses' brown and black Scotch mixture Gretchens, with large cape, trimmed with Hercules braid and inlaid velvet collar; sizes 8 to 12 years; worth \$3.50, for \$1.

Size 4, \$2.50; size 6, \$2.75; size 8, \$3; size 10, \$3.25; size 12, \$3.50.

**Children's SHORT CLOAKS.**

In all the new ideas. These goods came late and we made a claim for tardy delivery; got the claim, and the price is all in your favor.

Elderdown Cloaks, For 75c Up.

J. REGENSTEIN, J. REGENSTEIN, J. REGENSTEIN, 40 Whitehall St. 40 Whitehall St. 40 Whitehall St.



## IF HE MADE JUDGE

Who Will Succeed Mr. W. H. Felton as  
Solicitor General?

**QUIET ELECTION IN MACON**  
No Opposition Ticket—"Daisy" Price  
Will Take Charge as Mayor  
Wednesday Night.

Macon, Ga., December 14.—(Special.)—The Constitution's correspondent is reliably informed that Judge John T. Ross, of the city court, might not be the applicant for appointment by Governor Atkinson to the superior court bench of the Macon circuit, vice John L. Hardeman, resigned. Solicitor General William H. Felton will, therefore, not be opposed for the position. Not only have the lawyers of the circuit endorsed Mr. Felton, but all elements of citizens, especially the business, heartily approve of his appointment.

It now being accepted as a fact that Mr. Felton will be judge the question is who will succeed Mr. Felton as solicitor general of the Macon circuit. The circuit is composed of the counties of Bibb, Houston and Crawford. The Constitution has mentioned several gentlemen as possible and certain candidates, but one name has not been published in the papers, to-wit: Ex-State Senator Robert Smith, of Crawford. Some of his friends say they intend to press his name before the governor.

**The Municipal Election.**  
The election for mayor and aldermen was quiet and uneventful today. What at one time promised to be a hot and fierce campaign ended with the election of the following ticket without opposition: Mayor—Sylvester B. Price. Aldermen—First ward, Dwight McCarty; second ward, Alexander Proudfoot; third ward, John T. Moore; fourth ward, William Morgan; fifth ward, Fortson W. Jones; sixth ward, Henry Jordan.

On next Wednesday night "Daisy" Price will be re-inaugurated into the mayor's office, which he left two years ago to accept the postmastership at Macon. He has already served as mayor nine years and when he completed his term in 1900, he has just been elected, he will have held the position longer than any other man who has ever been the incumbent.

At the election today the people also voted for the issuance of \$50,000 of bonds, for the purpose of meeting a deficiency and paying certain amounts to the bond commission and the city of Macon.

**Edgar Ross Resigned.**  
Mr. Edgar A. Ross has resigned the position of soliciting freight agent of the Central railroad at Macon, an office which he has efficiently and satisfactorily held for many years. Mr. Ross has resigned to engage in other and more lucrative business in Macon. His place will be most valuable to fill for he has been a very valuable official, but the Central has made an admirable selection for his successor in the person of Mr. L. Vandiver, who has been soliciting freight agent of the Central at Montgomery for some time. Mr. Vandiver is expected to arrive in Macon on the 15th instant to enter upon his duties here. Mr. Vandiver is about thirty-two years old, a married man, with a good man and a first-class railroad. His family resides in Atlanta at present.

**A Shooting Affray.**  
Tonight Fortune Leavie, of the Georgia Elevator Company, shot and perhaps fatally wounded Phil Godwin in a difficulty. Both are well-known men.

**\$30,000 Factory.**  
It is possible that a \$30,000 factory will be located in Macon soon to manufacture machines to make the city of Cincinnati, has been in Macon several days soliciting local subscriptions to the capital stock, and is said to have met with good success. This ice machine is said to be the best thing of the kind ever invented.

**Hotel Electric Lights.**  
Three hundred electric lights will be put in the Brown house. Every room in the hotel will be lighted by electricity. It is said that the Central railroad, Brown house and one or two other neighboring parties contemplate jointly establishing their own dynamo to furnish their electric light power.

**News Notes.**  
On Monday Grand Chancellor W. H. Schattman, Supreme Representative T. J. Carling, and East Supreme Grand Chancellor D. B. Woodruff will go to Rome on Knights of Pythias business.

Mr. M. Frank, of Atlanta, vice president of the American Cotton Seed and Oil Company, is in Macon on business.

Mr. John W. Markham, the genial and popular clerk of the Brown house, has returned from a delightful visit to Atlanta.

One of the largest and most imposing funerals ever held in Macon was that of Rev. T. M. Robinson, pastor of the Cotton Avenue Baptist church. The services commenced at 10 o'clock this morning and continued until 9 o'clock this afternoon.

The superior court today Elie Stuart, the abortionist, was found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary for eight years.

The ordinance of starting the school of public school children will not become operative until September, 1896. The first session of the school will be held on the 1st day of next month.

**MURDER NEAR HARLEM.**  
DEAD BODY OF HENRY WILLIAMSON FOUND IN THE WOODS.  
Wounds in the Back of His Head—His Gun Missing—A Verdict Rendered by the Coroner.

Harlem, Ga., December 14.—(Special.)—A shocking crime was brought to light at this place this afternoon. A gentleman walking on the outskirts of the town found the dead body of Mr. Henry Williamson, a well-known man, with a gunshot wound in the back of his head just at the base of the brain.

A post mortem examination revealed the fact that the wound was made by a load of mixed shot and fired on a level with the head.

Mr. Williamson was last seen Thursday afternoon when he borrowed a gun from Mr. Hubert, the railroad agent of our town, for the purpose of taking a hunt. The gun which he carried could not be found, which would point out robbery as the motive for the killing, but on the other hand, there was some change in his pockets and no evidence about his person that he had been gone through.

Mr. Williamson was not thought to have an enemy and it is hard to find a plausible reason for the deed. The coroner's verdict was that he came to his death from a gunshot wound in the hands of some unknown person.

**Good News for Nashville.**  
Augusta, Ga., December 14.—The Daily Sun, Nashville's new paper, will issue its first number Tuesday. Hon. B. A. Enloe, ex-congressman, will be the editor. The Sun will take the Southern Associated Press report.

**No Lynching Yet.**  
Titusville, Fla., December 1.—Owing to the strong guard maintained about the jail no attempt has been made to lynch Hambrick and Gester, accused of starting the fire which destroyed about forty buildings at this place and resulted in Sam O'Brien being cremated. The preliminary hearing of Hambrick and Gester was begun today, but was not concluded.

## BLACK JESSE JAMES

With Pistol Flarely Buckled a Negro  
Steals a Horse.

**BROTHER ABDUCTS BROTHER**  
Curious Story of Two Runaways Near  
Athens—Other News and Gossip  
from the Classic City.

Athens, Ga., December 14.—(Special.)—A regular Jesse James right here in Athens! That is the state of affairs developed by the stealing of Mr. Sol Levy's horse yesterday.

At first it was not known who had carried the horse off, but this morning Mr. Tom Oliver said that yesterday afternoon he saw Albert Walker, colored boy twelve years old, riding up Prince avenue horseback.

His attention was specially attracted to the negro boy by the fact that he had buckled around his waist a big belt and in the belt was a big pistol.

The negro had every appearance of a youthful bandit and Mr. Oliver stopped him and asked him where he was going. The boy replied that he was going with the horse up to Mr. Bob Reaves's. He passed on and Mr. Oliver thought no more of the incident until this morning when he read in The Banner the story of the theft of Mr. Levy's horse.

This morning Mr. J. S. Cheney received a telegram from St. Anthony, Ga., asking if he had any more horses to sell. One of his horses to sell, as there was then in Hatcher a little negro boy who had a horse which he said he had been commissioned to sell by Mr. Cheney.

Mr. Cheney at once telegraphed the telegram to Chief Oliver, who telegraphed to Hatcher that the boy had stolen the horse and to hold him; that if he had left Hatcher to follow him, arrest him and hold for Athens authorities.

Albert Walker, although only twelve years old, is well known here. When he was only eight years old he stole \$30 from Mr. Tom Oliver's store, when his aunt, who was Mr. Oliver's cook, grabbed him by the throat and seized a butcher knife threatened to cut off his head if he did not stop.

Last year an old deserted house in East Athens was fired and this boy was arrested on the charge of arson. He admitted setting fire to the house, but claimed it was accidental and was threatened with and turned loose.

A few days since he got into a fight with a negro boy at Dr. John Lee's establishment and was nearly killed by a knife. The police think he was trying to get away from them when he stole Mr. Levy's horse and ran away with it.

**Genuine Sorrow Here.**  
The news of Captain Harry Jackson's death, a gloom over the city. It comes here where he was so well known and so highly admired. His funeral here tomorrow will be attended by hundreds of citizens who knew and admired the knightly Georgian who had been in the city for many years.

**Brother Abducts Brother.**  
Joel Shed, a farmer living in Clarksboro district, Jackson county, was in the city yesterday.

He was accompanied by his wife, and both were very much excited and were in a sorrowful mood.

They had lost their sixteen-year-old son and were hunting for him, and came to Athens in the hope of getting some information as to his whereabouts.

Mr. Shed was at police headquarters and related the story of his son's disappearance from home. His son, William Shed, had been away from home and had been living in New York. A few days since he returned home and remained there until Wednesday, when he disappeared without giving any notice of his departure.

At the same time a younger son, Adolph Shed, sixteen years of age, disappeared from home. He was last seen by his parents. They believe he has been enticed away from home by his brother and are anxious that he be brought back to them.

They came to Athens for the purpose of securing the aid of the officers in apprehending the man and boy.

The following notice has been sent out to various cities, giving descriptions of the two parties:

**"APPREHEND"**  
"Adolph Shed, a minor, the son of Joel Shed, sixteen years of age, and a half feet high, fair complexion, dark hair, blue eyes, large nose, large upper lip, small scar under chin, weighs about 135 pounds; has on a cutaway coat with dark buttons, and is said to have met with good success. This ice machine is said to be the best thing of the kind ever invented."

One of the largest and most imposing funerals ever held in Macon was that of Rev. T. M. Robinson, pastor of the Cotton Avenue Baptist church. The services commenced at 10 o'clock this morning and continued until 9 o'clock this afternoon.

The superior court today Elie Stuart, the abortionist, was found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary for eight years.

The ordinance of starting the school of public school children will not become operative until September, 1896. The first session of the school will be held on the 1st day of next month.

**MURDER NEAR HARLEM.**  
DEAD BODY OF HENRY WILLIAMSON FOUND IN THE WOODS.  
Wounds in the Back of His Head—His Gun Missing—A Verdict Rendered by the Coroner.

Harlem, Ga., December 14.—(Special.)—A shocking crime was brought to light at this place this afternoon. A gentleman walking on the outskirts of the town found the dead body of Mr. Henry Williamson, a well-known man, with a gunshot wound in the back of his head just at the base of the brain.

A post mortem examination revealed the fact that the wound was made by a load of mixed shot and fired on a level with the head.

Mr. Williamson was last seen Thursday afternoon when he borrowed a gun from Mr. Hubert, the railroad agent of our town, for the purpose of taking a hunt. The gun which he carried could not be found, which would point out robbery as the motive for the killing, but on the other hand, there was some change in his pockets and no evidence about his person that he had been gone through.

Mr. Williamson was not thought to have an enemy and it is hard to find a plausible reason for the deed. The coroner's verdict was that he came to his death from a gunshot wound in the hands of some unknown person.

**Good News for Nashville.**  
Augusta, Ga., December 14.—The Daily Sun, Nashville's new paper, will issue its first number Tuesday. Hon. B. A. Enloe, ex-congressman, will be the editor. The Sun will take the Southern Associated Press report.

**No Lynching Yet.**  
Titusville, Fla., December 1.—Owing to the strong guard maintained about the jail no attempt has been made to lynch Hambrick and Gester, accused of starting the fire which destroyed about forty buildings at this place and resulted in Sam O'Brien being cremated. The preliminary hearing of Hambrick and Gester was begun today, but was not concluded.

## CAPT. NEVIN'S DEATH

He Was Stricken with Apoplexy in  
the Opera House.

**HIS DEATH A SHOCK TO ROME**  
Apparently in the Best of Health He  
Appeared in a Performance for a  
Church Benefit Friday Night.

Rome, Ga., December 14.—(Special.)—A few minutes after 3 o'clock this afternoon the people of Rome were shocked by the intelligence that Captain M. A. Nevin had been stricken with apoplexy in his opera house.

He was discovered in an unconscious condition by a negro boy, who gave the alarm, and Drs. Ivy, Garlington and McCall were hastily summoned. They could give him no relief, and in thirty minutes he expired without ever regaining consciousness.

**A Profound Sensation.**  
The news of his sudden death created a profound sensation, because of his usual splendid health and physique.

Captain Nevin was born in 1842, in Augusta, of South Carolina, and came to Rome in 1865, where he started life as a school teacher. He taught several years and became very popular, when he decided to embark in the newspaper business.

**As a Newspaper Man.**  
When Henry W. Gray left the old Rome Commercial and went to Atlanta Captain Nevin purchased the Southern Enterprise and managed its affairs very successfully. He sold out and tried school teaching again. He afterwards left the opera house and has managed it for a number of years, and in spite of the fact that Rome has not been as successful as it was in the theatrical town, he was very successful.

**A Leading Citizen.**  
Captain Nevin was one of the most prominent citizens of Rome. He has lived here for twenty years, and has been a leading figure in every enterprise looking toward the upbuilding of the city.

He was elected mayor of Rome in 1878, but was not re-elected. He was also a member of the city council. He had recently been prominently mentioned for the position of superior judge of the county, but would have been elected easily.

**His Public Spirit.**  
He was a man of the broadest and most liberal public spirit, and since the death of his wife, he has been devoting his time to the work of the church. He has been a member of the First Methodist church, of which he was a leading member.

**His Home Life.**  
Captain Nevin married a daughter of Judge John W. H. Underwood, a most accomplished woman, and his home life was most happy. His wife was a devoted mother and a most efficient manager of his household.

His wife and one son, James B. Nevin, and two daughters, Mrs. W. A. Patton and Miss Pat Nevin, were left behind. His son was one of the leading young lawyers of Rome and has recently begun the publication of The Evening Commercial, in which Captain Nevin was also interested.

**The Night Before.**  
To add a deeper pathos to the circumstances surrounding his death, last night he took a leading part in the old folks' concert at the opera house.

Dressed in continental costume with a cocked hat and powdered queue, he was one of the most striking figures among the performers.

Many remarks were made upon his distinguished appearance and he entered into the spirit of the play with all the enthusiasm of a boy, seeming to be in the best of health and spirits.

He was a man of fine appearance, although he had lost a leg in his younger days, and instead of resorting to an artificial limb, depended on his own strength.

**Caused Universal Sorrow.**  
The news of the death of Captain Nevin has caused universal sorrow in the city, where he was greatly beloved by all classes.

His funeral will occur Monday morning at the First Methodist church, of which he had been an active and useful member.

His death removes another of the landmarks from Rome's history, and sorrow is being felt by the friends and neighbors to whom they were tenderly devoted.

Mrs. Porter was a woman of many noble and beautiful traits of character. She lived in the faith of the gospel and used her life as the interpreter of her creed. Gentle, refined, charity-loving and patient, unselfish and devoted to the service of her fellow men, she was a true and noble woman.

Her death is a great loss to the community, and her influence exalted wherever she went. In her death the world is bereaved of a bright and noble woman, and the saints thereby have gained a lovely companion to their radiant company. Mrs. Porter was a faithful and consistent member of the First Methodist church, and her remains will be taken to Auburn, N. Y., for interment in Fort Hill cemetery.

**FLAMES AT CORDELE.**  
Commercial Hotel Nearly Destroyed by Fire.

Cordele, Ga., December 14.—(Special.)—At 4 o'clock this morning fire broke out in a two-story negro tenement house near the Commercial hotel, and for a time a large conflagration was threatened. By prompt work on the part of the firemen and others the loss was restricted to about \$500. The house and the house on the entrance of the hotel were destroyed, together with three or four hundred dollars' worth of furniture.

The stores under the hotel were not damaged except by water. Part of the roof will have to be replaced and the partitions and the entire inside will have to be rebuilt. The walls and lower floor remain intact. The hotel building was owned by Judge G. M. Byne, and is insured for \$4,000. One of the negro houses belonged to Sam Huling, colored; the other to the Alkens estate. There was no insurance on either of them.

**KILLED AN INFORMER.**  
John Kennedy Assassinated by Unknown Parties in Tennessee.

Newville, Tenn., December 14.—(Special.)—News was received here today that John Kennedy was assassinated near Red Sulphur Springs, in Hardin county, yesterday, by unknown parties. Kennedy was guide of the party which was sent to locate the remains of the bodies of the two men who were killed in the battle of the Clouds, one of the Thomas boys betrayed George Davis, another notorious moonshiner, to the revenue officers and he was given five years in the penitentiary. Kennedy was Davis's brother-in-law and in revenge he led the way to the Thomas boys' stills and lost his life.

**ELECTION IN COLUMBUS.**  
Citizens' Ticket Elected and Water Bonds Defeated.

Columbus, Ga., December 14.—(Special.)—In the city election today the citizens' ticket, headed by ex-Mayor Cliff B. Grimes, won by a large majority. The proposed issue of bonds for the construction of waterworks was defeated.

**Rockmart, Ga.**  
Rockmart, Ga., is a prosperous town, doing a considerable business in the sale of hardware and building materials. It is generally predicted that a rate of 1 cent will be adopted by both companies.

**Cheap Riding at Knoxville.**  
Knoxville, Tenn., December 14.—(Special.)—The Citizen Railway Company cuts the fare, beginning Monday, to 3 cents and it is believed the Knoxville Street railway, which is competing with it, will cut to 2 cents. It is generally predicted that a rate of 1 cent will be adopted by both companies.

## DUBIGNON AT WAYCROSS.

INAUGURATES HIS CANDIDACY  
FOR THE SENATE.

Speaks Three Hours in the Opera  
House to a Large Audience—In-  
troduced by Senator Wilson.

Waycross, Ga., December 14.—(Special.)—Hon. Fleming Dubignon, the able and eloquent young statesman of whom south Georgia is so proud and who numbers his friends in the thousands all over the state, formally inaugurated his candidacy for the United States senate by a speech here in the opera house today.

The audience was large and was thoroughly representative of the city and of this section. There were present a number of gentlemen from surrounding counties and Mr. Dubignon was given a most hearty welcome.

Mr. Dubignon introduced Mr. DuBignon in a happy speech in which he predicted that the next legislature would send the man from Chatham to the United States senate. This announcement was greeted with hearty applause.

Mr. Dubignon made a three hours' speech which was received with much enthusiasm by his friends and adherents. His remarks on the financial question were almost entirely devoted to the subject of the single gold standard policy in this part of the state are enthusiastic over it.

At the conclusion of his remarks Mr. Dubignon was surrounded by a host of admiring friends and many prominent gentlemen called on him at the Southern hotel. The single standard men of this part of the state are enthusiastic for Mr. Dubignon and believe he is the man to send to the senate. He has many warm friends who do not agree with him on this issue, but who would be glad to see him, for personal reasons, chosen to the high office to which he aspires. Mr. Dubignon is so far ahead of the state in his knowledge of the state of Georgia's most popular public men. His speech was universally considered here the best speech that has been made in Georgia in support of the gold standard.

**MRS. PORTER'S DEATH.**  
AN AGED CHRISTIAN LADY CALLED TO HER REWARD.

She Was Visiting Her Daughter in  
This City—Her Remains Will Be  
Taken to Auburn, N. Y.

Yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, after a brief illness, died peacefully at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Dr. H. N. Payne, No. 138 E. Fair street, in this city. She was 82 years of age, and had been suffering from pneumonia. Less than a week ago, in the midst of a joyful visit, she was suddenly taken ill. No one dreamed, however, that her malady would prove so fatal. She was a devoted and cheerful. The display of these peculiar traits of her character was a source of certain joy to the nature of her sufferings and gave rise to the hope that she might speedily regain her usual health. Indeed this hope was further justified by the marked improvement in her symptoms, which continued to encourage the watchers about her bedside until only a few hours prior to her death.

With the early dawn yesterday morning a change for the worse was noted in her condition. It then became apparent that her life was slowly ebbing away and that the death of this gentle spirit would be at rest forever. Surrounded by her aged husband, who had been her life's companion for more than fifty years, and her faithful daughter, who held her in the dearest filial devotion, the sufferer closed her eyes in death and passed without a murmur into the joy of her salvation.

Mrs. Porter was born in Auburn, N. Y., in 1822. Twenty-two years later she became the wife of Rev. Lansing Porter, a young minister of Rockford, Ill., and journeyed with her husband to the west after spending several years in that section of the country she returned with her husband to Auburn, N. Y., to spend the remainder of her life among her friends and her childhood. Last August the aged couple celebrated the golden anniversary of their wedding, and among those who participated in the joyous occasion were Dr. and Mrs. Payne, of this city.

About a month ago Dr. and Mrs. Porter came to Atlanta for the purpose of spending the winter months with their daughter. Their visit had been a most delightful one and no thought of separation or of the happiness of the future was in their minds. The source of very deep interest to them, but the fountain spring of their pleasures was in the household of their daughter, and surrounded by the loved ones, and to whom they were tenderly devoted.

Mrs. Porter was a woman of many noble and beautiful traits of character. She lived in the faith of the gospel and used her life as the interpreter of her creed. Gentle, refined, charity-loving and patient, unselfish and devoted to the service of her fellow men, she was a true and noble woman.

Her death is a great loss to the community, and her influence exalted wherever she went. In her death the world is bereaved of a bright and noble woman, and the saints thereby have gained a lovely companion to their radiant company. Mrs. Porter was a faithful and consistent member of the First Methodist church, and her remains will be taken to Auburn, N. Y., for interment in Fort Hill cemetery.

**FLAMES AT CORDELE.**  
Commercial Hotel Nearly Destroyed by Fire.

Cordele, Ga., December 14.—(Special.)—At 4 o'clock this morning fire broke out in a two-story negro tenement house near the Commercial hotel, and for a time a large conflagration was threatened. By prompt work on the part of the firemen and others the loss was restricted to about \$500. The house and the house on the entrance of the hotel were destroyed, together with three or four hundred dollars' worth of furniture.

The stores under the hotel were not damaged except by water. Part of the roof will have to be replaced and the partitions and the entire inside will have to be rebuilt. The walls and lower floor remain intact. The hotel building was owned by Judge G. M. Byne, and is insured for \$4,000. One of the negro houses belonged to Sam Huling, colored; the other to the Alkens estate. There was no insurance on either of them.

**KILLED AN INFORMER.**  
John Kennedy Assassinated by Unknown Parties in Tennessee.

Newville, Tenn., December 14.—(Special.)—News was received here today that John Kennedy was assassinated near Red Sulphur Springs, in Hardin county, yesterday, by unknown parties. Kennedy was guide of the party which was sent to locate the remains of the bodies of the two men who were killed in the battle of the Clouds, one of the Thomas boys betrayed George Davis, another notorious moonshiner, to the revenue officers and he was given five years in the penitentiary. Kennedy was Davis's brother-in-law and in revenge he led the way to the Thomas boys' stills and lost his life.

**ELECTION IN COLUMBUS.**  
Citizens' Ticket Elected and Water Bonds Defeated.

Columbus, Ga., December 14.—(Special.)—In the city election today the citizens' ticket, headed by ex-Mayor Cliff B. Grimes, won by a large majority. The proposed issue of bonds for the construction of waterworks was defeated.

**Rockmart, Ga.**  
Rockmart, Ga., is a prosperous town, doing a considerable business in the sale of hardware and building materials. It is generally predicted that a rate of 1 cent will be adopted by both companies.

**Cheap Riding at Knoxville.**  
Knoxville, Tenn., December 14.—(Special.)—The Citizen Railway Company cuts the fare, beginning Monday, to 3 cents and it is believed the Knoxville Street railway, which is competing with it, will cut to 2 cents. It is generally predicted that a rate of 1 cent will be adopted by both companies.

## DENVER ED SMITH

MADE A GOOD SHOWING IN BIRMINGHAM LAST NIGHT.

He Is Now Asking for Another Chance  
To Meet Pete Maher, to Whom  
Corbett Gives the Belt.

Birmingham, Ala., December 14.—(Special.)—Denver Ed Smith, the champion heavy weight pugilist, gave a boxing exhibition here tonight in the Winnie Davis wigwam before 400 people, including the chief, two captains and ten police officers. Smith met Mike Quinlan, of Chicago, and knocked him out in a few seconds.

He encountered next Jere Slattery, of Nevada. During this contest Slattery got mad and exclaimed: "I didn't come here to fight," when Chief McDonald jumped in the ring and chastised the men.

After some talking the police allowed the contest to proceed. The next man to stand before Smith was Eugene McElroy, a local celebrity, and he was handled like a toy by the heavy weight.

Smith, in a conversation here tonight, stated that he is ready to make a match with Peter Maher for the world's championship. Charged with Conspiracy.

Birmingham, Ala., December 14.—(Special.)—Before United States Commissioner I. Green, at Tuscaloosa, on Monday, thirteen men will be tried on warrants charging them with conspiracy against a government witness. It is alleged that the men were part of a conspiracy to kidnap a witness named James Redding, one night in April, 1894, and almost killed him.

It seems that Redding was a witness in an illicit distilling case and knew more than was good for some men in the neighborhood of the line dividing the counties of Tuscaloosa and Pickens. One night a band of masked men, some masked and others not called at his house and after getting him out of doors commenced beating him unmercifully with long sticks.

After Redding had fallen to the ground in a stupor for some time, he was taken to the home of the men who had beaten him. Redding was left unconscious, and he was picked up next morning more dead than alive. He lingered between life and death for some time, but finally recovered enough to drag himself about, a mere skeleton. Warrants were taken out for twenty men living within ten miles of Redding's home. Marshals Tom Cowart, L. C. Hudgins and W. I. Love, for three days this week, made arrest after arrest, and yesterday morning had the following names of the men who were to appear before the commissioner on Monday: Robert, Andrew, John, John H. Morris, Canady and Jacob Pace, J. J. Walker, Jess Daniels, Will Cotten, Edgar Strickland and Sidney Parker. There are seven more warrants to be served. A large number of witnesses have been summoned to prove alibi, and the case will take up considerable time in the preliminary trial.

**Will See the Exposition.**  
There will be quite a number of people from this section of the country over to see the exposition before the closing day of the season. The parties are now being formed to make the trip and the news that extra low rates were to be made in the next few days was received with considerable interest. A large crowd will go over to Atlanta on the 22d instant, and the holidays will be spent in the Gate City.

The cotton mill is fast assuming shape and will be in running order shortly after the first of the year. The company has enough orders on hand for the years which will be spun to keep them running for months. Mr. Will F. Wynne, formerly of Atlanta, is in charge of the engine room of the plant. The last of the machinery has been received and is now being placed in position.

**Baseball Gossip.**  
Great efforts are being brought out endeavoring to get a local street railway company to take hold of the Birmingham franchise for the next season and give the fans here baseball. It is believed that the game will pay next season. The money is being raised by the sale of tickets. The last of the season will be closely watched by the lovers of the game here. It is thought by local enthusiasts that the next league will be composed of eight clubs, as follows: Atlanta, Mobile, Memphis, Birmingham, Montgomery, Chattanooga, Nashville and New Orleans. A successful season could be enjoyed with those named in the league.

**LUMBER COMPANY ORGANIZED.**  
Twenty-Five of Alabama's Mills Have Adopted a Scale of Prices.

Montgomery, Ala., December 14.—The Alabama Lumber Company, limited, composed of about twenty-five of the largest mills in the state, completed its organization here today.

The adopted price list of the Arkansas, Missouri and Mississippi Association, which means that after the 1st of next year the price of lumber will be advanced to living prices. For these reasons the mills have been cutting their timber and selling at any price they could command. They have realized that the stumpage of the long leaf yellow pine is being reduced by a rapid and now quite of self-protection. This organization will control the output of all the mills.

**THIRD DAY'S SESSION.**  
Alabama Conference Had a Fine Day Yesterday.

Montgomery, Ala., December 14.—The third day's session of the Alabama conference in session at Troy, will long be remembered by those who were present. A class of eight candidates, who were received into full connection with the conference. The members present are in a liberal mood and give freely. An address on the subject of "The Christian's Duty" was given by Rev. J. H. Galloway, of the First Baptist church, of Troy. Reports made show all the claims under charge of the church are in a good condition.

**MAY RAIN BEFORE NIGHT.**  
Prospects for Falling Weather Were Good Yesterday.

The most noticeable feature of yesterday's weather was the almost total absence of precipitation in all parts of the country, except a trace in the extreme southwest, at Corpus Christi, Tex., which was the only case reported by any of the weather stations. The weather chart of last evening showed a slight barometric depression over Texas, with its center well off the southeast. Some clouds prevailed over the area covered by



## SHOULD REED WORRY

Only Two Hundred Republicans Want To Get on One Committee.

## WILL ANNOUNCE NAMES SOON

Sport Is the Only Thing Democrats Can Get Out of Congress.

## SENATOR BACON HAS AN APPOINTMENT

There Is To Be a Successor Named to Postmaster Price—A Free Coinage Wing.

Washington, December 14.—(Special).—Of the three hundred and thirty republican members of the house more than two hundred have requested Speaker Reed to be put on the river and harbor committee. Every congressman who has a harbor, a river, or a creek in his district wants to be on the committee. Reed has been asked to put on the river and harbor committee an economical one, and to make it so he is understood to have made up his mind to put on the committee a group of men who are not only economical, but who are also sportsmen. He wants the river and harbor bill held down to \$10,000,000, but he probably cannot keep it below \$20,000,000 under the log rolling plan which has been in vogue for several years.

Reed says he will cut down on sportsmen and public buildings in order to make this an economical committee.

Speaker Reed has been asked by his committee, which are not nearly completed yet, and will not be announced until next Friday, immediately after which congress will adjourn for the holidays.

Three Election Committees. Reed has given the democrats notice that a resolution will be put in Monday or Tuesday for immediate action providing for three election committees.

There are twenty-three contested seats, a number of which it is physically impossible for one committee to hear and decide properly and without error. Reed seems desirous of making amendments for his outrageous acts in unseating, without legal evidence or just cause, democrats in the 51st congress, and says he is determined this year to make up committees which will decide all cases purely upon merit and law.

The democrats will probably not oppose his plan for three committees, but they will take occasion to make a general motion to the acts of his former committee and bring out a public statement from the republican leaders that they will do the fair thing this time.

It will be a good opportunity for democratic debaters and they will take advantage of it to have some sport—sport is the only thing democrats can get out of this congress at Mr. Reed's expense.

Candidates for a Macon Plun. The election of Daisy Price as mayor of Macon today leaves a vacancy as postmaster of that city, which is already being hotly contested for.

There are a score of candidates. The fact that both Senator Bacon and Representative Bartlett came from Macon makes the fight an interesting one. As the senate must confirm postmaster general, Senator Bacon is usually allowed to name the man in his home town. This is known in Macon, and in consequence the new Georgia senator is overwhelmed with applications and petitions. Mr. Bartlett also has his full share of them.

Senator Bacon and Mr. Bartlett may reach an agreement upon a man and present his name to the postmaster general Monday. Neither seems to have any special choice, but both want the man who will be the most acceptable to the Macon people. However, it may be that a name will be set to the senate next week.

Our Sportsman President. Mr. Cleveland has not returned, but the sportsman president is expected to steam up the river tomorrow morning, bearing a string of ducks.

They will meet him with the Salisbury letter when he enters the white house, and Carlisle will follow with his report. Congress hopes to be favored with both these Monday, but congress has been disappointed before and congress may be disappointed again.

Until the statesmen get the Salisbury report they will have nothing to say about it. They want it. Speeches galore have already been prepared, and unless the letter is soon given to congress much valuable preparation will be lost.

Next week may be an interesting one in congress.

Will Fight for Bimetallism. Senator Harris, of Tennessee, the leader of the democratic party in congress, is offering an organization of the free coinage people within the democratic party. The object of the organization is to elect a majority of silver delegates to the next national convention and adopt a straight out free coinage platform.

The free coinage democrats in both houses of congress have been enrolled, and the fight will be made hot within the party.

## JUDGE LAWSON WITHDRAWS

Judge Lawson, of Georgia, has written Speaker Reed a note requesting that he be relieved from the election committee. In this congress, however, suggesting the name of Judge Bartlett to succeed him. Judge Bartlett will probably go on this committee and the position will be filled.

Colonel Sampson Provided For. Colonel E. L. Sampson, ex-lieutenant governor of Ohio, and for a term speaker of the house of representatives and a member of the state senate and president pro tem of that body, was today appointed reading clerk of the house. The position pays \$5,000 per annum.

Chattanooga Was Appointed. Mr. A. B. Hurt, of Chattanooga, who was doorkeeper of the house in the last congress, has been appointed superintendent of the post office delivery service in the postoffice department. E. W. B.

## STIRRED A HORNET'S NEST.

## SOUTHERN REPUBLICANS ARE RED-HOT.

McKinley's Followers Said That St. Louis Was a Good Place Because It Could Be Reached Cheaply.

Washington, December 14.—(Special).—The Tennessee republicans who are here and especially those on the delegation, are somewhat wrothy over the statement of the McKinley men that St. Louis is the best place for the convention because it is the cheapest place for southern republican delegates to reach. Such statements have been published and it is such statements which have so riled these republicans from Tennessee. Representative McCall says that he has been insulted to injury, and he is very tired of it.

southern men always being put in the cheap class," said he. "The southern republicans are no more to be bought, or no more to be fooled by cheap clap-trap than are those from the north. We are going to play a very important part in the next national convention and it will be the worse for the man or committee that attempts to make us play for the southern votes. We are just as able to pay our way to Pittsburgh, Chicago or New York as the northern delegates. And we are not in any haste to get out of regard by those with whom I have talked as insulting. I think for other reasons, however, that St. Louis is a wise choice."

## Brown Draws Diagrams.

Foster V. Brown says in regard to the McKinley statements: "The selection of St. Louis is the best possible selection and is not a victory for any candidate for the presidency, having been voted for by Reed, McKinley and Harrison men."

"The claim of the McKinley people that the south would be practically sold for McKinley is absolutely untrue. I am confident that Alabama will send a divided delegation, but the majority will be for Reed. Tennessee will also send a divided delegation, but the majority will be for Reed. The delegates from the 'man from Maine,' I am sure, however, our delegation will be re-elected. The thing which is calculated to reach southern republicans is the fact that the delegates to the national convention are for sale. Southern people are just as honest and patriotic as any other people in the south. They are only as loyal as republicans in Ohio and just as free from mercenary control."

## Thinks McKinley Has Fool Friends.

"In The Washington Post is a statement that McKinley's friends are gratified at the selection of St. Louis, principally because it will cost them less to get the southern delegates to St. Louis than to any other place which could have been selected. I can't see why we should have continually shown our contempt for this old worn-out, cheap control of southern delegates by choice of money. I think McKinley had better choke off some of his fool friends."

## Reed Seems To Have the Call.

It will be seen that these gentlemen have not forgotten that it was through the McKinley element that Tennessee and the south were shut out in the original selection of the house. These two gentlemen were not the only ones in the southern republican contingent who thus expressed themselves. There is a big Reed boom on among the southern people and there are only a few of the utterances which are being made.

## What Georgia Will Do.

The Georgia element, headed by Colonel A. E. Buck, who has been here this week. Mr. McKinley, though Buck is from Maine, has been here this week. Mr. McKinley, though Buck is from Maine, has been here this week. Mr. McKinley, though Buck is from Maine, has been here this week.

## THURMAN AT REST.

## THE BODY OF THE "OLD ROMAN" PLACED IN GREENLAWN.

The Ceremony Was Exceedingly Impressive—Dr. Grover Conducted the Last Rites.

Columbus, Ohio, December 14.—The brief and simple burial services of Allen G. Thurman were held at the family residence at Washington avenue and Rich street this morning. There were many more present than could be admitted to the house, notwithstanding the private character of the funeral.

A profusion of flowers covered the space about the coffin, which was placed in the arched way leading from the residence of the deceased had occupied to that occupied by his son, Allen W. Thurman. Among the early arrivals was Governor McKinley, accompanied by the state officials; ex-Gov. Campbell and Hon. L. T. Neal, of Chillicothe, were also present.

The service at the house were conducted by Rev. J. L. Grover, himself 89 years of age and at the close of the service Mr. Grover officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Thurman three years ago, and the service deeply impressed Judge Thurman, who at the time requested Rev. Grover to repeat it at his funeral.

The services consisted of the reading of the 90th psalm, the Lord's prayer, reading of the special funeral rite, reading from 15th chapter of the first Corinthians, "Now is Christ risen and become the first fruits of them that sleep," followed by the benediction.

All of those present had withdrawn and left the family alone with the dead Mr. Grover again offered prayer, and the family having withdrawn, the residence was thrown open and those who had not been able to enter the house were permitted to pass through the halls and view the remains.

Mr. Grover announced that the service would be conducted privately at the grave by Rev. E. L. Rexford, of the Universalist church. The remains were interred in Greenlawn cemetery by the side of his wife.

The pallbearers were: A. L. Thurman, Allen G. Thurman and Gwynne T. Jordan, of Urbana, grandsons; McElhiney Dun, of Bellefontaine, and John G. Dun, of Columbus, nephews, and the faithful colored body servant, Jody Matthews.

The casket was plain, but elegant, covered with black broadcloth, with oxidized extension bars running the entire length of the casket. The following inscription appeared on a plain silver plate on the casket:

"Allen Granberry Thurman, born November 18, 1818, died December 12, 1895. In this congress, however, suggesting the name of Judge Bartlett to succeed him. Judge Bartlett will probably go on this committee and the position will be filled."

Colonel Sampson Provided For. Colonel E. L. Sampson, ex-lieutenant governor of Ohio, and for a term speaker of the house of representatives and a member of the state senate and president pro tem of that body, was today appointed reading clerk of the house. The position pays \$5,000 per annum.

Chattanooga Was Appointed. Mr. A. B. Hurt, of Chattanooga, who was doorkeeper of the house in the last congress, has been appointed superintendent of the post office delivery service in the postoffice department. E. W. B.

## STIRRED A HORNET'S NEST.

## SOUTHERN REPUBLICANS ARE RED-HOT.

McKinley's Followers Said That St. Louis Was a Good Place Because It Could Be Reached Cheaply.

Washington, December 14.—(Special).—The Tennessee republicans who are here and especially those on the delegation, are somewhat wrothy over the statement of the McKinley men that St. Louis is the best place for the convention because it is the cheapest place for southern republican delegates to reach. Such statements have been published and it is such statements which have so riled these republicans from Tennessee. Representative McCall says that he has been insulted to injury, and he is very tired of it.

## AND THE ROCK FELL

Six Men Were Under It, and Five of Them Are Dead.

## ONE WAS FATALLY INJURED

Accident Occurred at Big Stone Gap in Virginia.

## THE WORKMEN HAD NO WARNING WHATSOEVER

Suddenly Released, the Huge Mass of Stone Tumbled—The Foreman Had a Lucky Escape.

Middleboro, Ky., December 14.—Six section men in the employ of the Virginia Coal and Iron Company met their death near Big Stone Gap shortly after noon today. They were working on the Virginia Coal and Iron Company's road that runs from Appalachia to Pioneer and had stopped at the side of the road under an overhanging stratum of rock to eat their dinners when they had a fire built.

The section foreman, Mercer, stepped from under the cliff to get a drink of water. He had been gone but an instant when the rocks overhead gave way, falling on the remaining five men, instantly killing five and fatally injuring. The names of the men killed, as far as can be learned, are as follows: PHILIP HUFFMAN, Hickory, N. C. GEORGE BELTON, Lexington, Va. WILLIAM HARDING, Gosport, Va. It is believed that the fire which had been burning under the cliff all morning softened the surrounding earth and caused it to give way.

USED DYNAMITE. Desperate Attempt at Escape Made by Prisoners. Springfield, Ill., December 14.—At 6:30 o'clock yesterday evening a desperate attempt at jail-breaking was made by the prisoners in the county jail.

James Conway, alias Connors, alias Seckler, a desperate criminal who has been indicted by the United States grand jury for robbing the post office at Rikington, Ill., and John Rogers, known as Blacky, a criminal who is being held pending the action of the United States grand jury for robbing the postoffice at Rockport, Ill., sawed an iron railing which joins the south wall of the jail, charged it with dynamite and then ignited the fuse.

The explosion was terrific and was heard about a mile away. After the explosion they snatched up the iron pipe and began beating against the wall to knock out the masonry. The dynamite failed to do its work. None of the prisoners escaped. The damage to the jail will be very heavy, as almost every bar, brick and stone was loosened by the explosion.

GULLED BY GIBSON. Convicted Once, He Makes a Second Try at Crooked Work. Richmond, Va., December 14.—G. F. Gibson, who was recently convicted in the United States court of using the mails for fraudulent purposes, but upon whom sentence was not passed at the time, was arrested tonight on a charge of attempting to defraud a typewriter agency by use of a fraudulent draft.

The arrest was made at the instance of a deputy United States marshal in order that Gibson might be held until sentenced. The man representing himself to be an agent of Rowell & Co., of New York, has been advertising here for stenographers and reporters and has been giving money or negotiable notes as security.

Rowell & Co. denied that he was their agent and it was on investigation of these apparent irregularities that led to Gibson's arrest.

## DUCKS ARE ALL RIGHT.

TIRED OF GUNNING, THE PRESIDENT IS RETURNING. Today He Will Revise Secretary Carlisle's Report—He Will Soon Hear from Salisbury.

Norfolk, Va., December 14.—President Cleveland is tonight on Chesapeake bay on his way to Washington. With him are Dr. O'Reilly, Commander Wildes and Light-house Inspector Lamberton and four big strings of ducks.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

The president and his party left Hatteras early this morning on the Violet and arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., at 5 o'clock this evening. This route was selected owing to the fact that the Violet could not come through the canal, the water having gone down to a depth of only five feet. At Elizabeth City a special train was secured over the Norfolk and Southern railroad, and the party left at 7 o'clock, arriving in Washington at 10 o'clock.

Hearsey, through The States, denounced The News's charge as a cowardly lie. Colonel Boatner was in Washington then. He came home and on December 10th announced that he was the responsible editor of The News. On the same day he wrote to Major Hearsey, saying that he would demand satisfaction for the attacks made upon the editor of The News. On the following day he printed an article in The News on Major Hearsey, in which he used the terms "strutting braggart" and "liar," applying them to Major Hearsey and reiterating the printing contract charge.

Major Hearsey considered that Colonel Boatner, under the code, had no right to say that he was the responsible editor of The News, and he at once printed a demand for satisfaction. Thereupon The States printed yesterday its scathing denunciation of Colonel Boatner. Colonel Boatner, however, did not stop with President McAlaine, of one of the Monroe banks. He also called in President Crandell, of the Southern Telephone Company, and a note is understood to have been addressed to Major Hearsey, though naturally all parties to the affair are reticent. Both men are widely known in the state and friends are naturally hopeful that a hostile meeting will be averted. The present condition of affairs gives rise to the belief that there will be no street encounter.

An effort was made by an outsider to have both gentlemen arrested, but Judge Whitaker did not consider he ought to entertain the affidavit at this time.

MURDER WILL OUT. GEORGE KIRKE, ESCAPED GEORGIA PRISONER, FOUND. He Was Under Sentence in King's County Penitentiary for Running an Illicit Still.

New York, December 14.—George Kirke, a Georgia murderer who was serving a life sentence there in 1884, when he escaped, was found in Brooklyn this morning working in the bag factory of the Kings county penitentiary and was taken back to Georgia. B. H. Pierson, a sheriff of Georgia, came after him.

Kirke was convicted of having shot a negro. One day when the guard was sleeping Kirke walked away. He took refuge in the mountains of Alabama and for years lived in a camp that manufactured moonshine whiskey.

"I got in a quarrel with the boss," Kirke said, "because he wanted me to do all the work and violate the law and give him half the profits. When I would not he told the revenue officers."

They brought him to Brooklyn to serve a sentence for that crime. He had been in the Kings county penitentiary seven months and seven days. He confided to his cellmate who he was. The latter, hoping to gain favor with Warden Hayes, let out the secret.

Kirke was convicted of having shot a negro. One day when the guard was sleeping Kirke walked away. He took refuge in the mountains of Alabama and for years lived in a camp that manufactured moonshine whiskey.

"I got in a quarrel with the boss," Kirke said, "because he wanted me to do all the work and violate the law and give him half the profits. When I would not he told the revenue officers."

They brought him to Brooklyn to serve a sentence for that crime. He had been in the Kings county penitentiary seven months and seven days. He confided to his cellmate who he was. The latter, hoping to gain favor with Warden Hayes, let out the secret.

Kirke was convicted of having shot a negro. One day when the guard was sleeping Kirke walked away. He took refuge in the mountains of Alabama and for years lived in a camp that manufactured moonshine whiskey.

"I got in a quarrel with the boss," Kirke said, "because he wanted me to do all the work and violate the law and give him half the profits. When I would not he told the revenue officers."

They brought him to Brooklyn to serve a sentence for that crime. He had been in the Kings county penitentiary seven months and seven days. He confided to his cellmate who he was. The latter, hoping to gain favor with Warden Hayes, let out the secret.

Kirke was convicted of having shot a negro. One day when the guard was sleeping Kirke walked away. He took refuge in the mountains of Alabama and for years lived in a camp that manufactured moonshine whiskey.

"I got in a quarrel with the boss," Kirke said, "because he wanted me to do all the work and violate the law and give him half the profits. When I would not he told the revenue officers."

They brought him to Brooklyn to serve a sentence for that crime. He had been in the Kings county penitentiary seven months and seven days. He confided to his cellmate who he was. The latter, hoping to gain favor with Warden Hayes, let out the secret.

Kirke was convicted of having shot a negro. One day when the guard was sleeping Kirke walked away. He took refuge in the mountains of Alabama and for years lived in a camp that manufactured moonshine whiskey.

"I got in a quarrel with the boss," Kirke said, "because he wanted me to do all the work and violate the law and give him half the profits. When I would not he told the revenue officers."

They brought him to Brooklyn to serve a sentence for that crime. He had been in the Kings county penitentiary seven months and seven days. He confided to his cellmate who he was. The latter, hoping to gain favor with Warden Hayes, let out the secret.

Kirke was convicted of having shot a negro. One day when the guard was sleeping Kirke walked away. He took refuge in the mountains of Alabama and for years lived in a camp that manufactured moonshine whiskey.

"I got in a quarrel with the boss," Kirke said, "because he wanted me to do all the work and violate the law and give him half the profits. When I would not he told the revenue officers."

They brought him to Brooklyn to serve a sentence for that crime. He had been in the Kings county penitentiary seven months and seven days. He confided to his cellmate who he was. The latter, hoping to gain favor with Warden Hayes, let out the secret.

Kirke was convicted of having shot a negro. One day when the guard was sleeping Kirke walked away. He took refuge in the mountains of Alabama and for years lived in a camp that manufactured moonshine whiskey.

"I got in a quarrel with the boss," Kirke said, "because he wanted me to do all the work and violate the law and give him half the profits. When I would not he told the revenue officers."

They brought him to Brooklyn to serve a sentence for that crime. He had been in the Kings county penitentiary seven months and seven days. He confided to his cellmate who he was. The latter, hoping to gain favor with Warden Hayes, let out the secret.

Kirke was convicted of having shot a negro. One day when the guard was sleeping Kirke walked away. He took refuge in the mountains of Alabama and for years lived in a camp that manufactured moonshine whiskey.

## EFFORTS FOR AFRICA

Those Who Would Christianize It Confer Again Together.

## FORTUNE ON NATIONALIZATION

She Shall Stretch Forth Her Hand to God, in Good Time, He Says.

## MISS BACON'S STUDIES IN FOLK LORE

Mr. Cyrus C. Adams Tells of the Effect of the African Movement. Three Interesting Sessions.

One of the most conspicuous features of the African congress which began its second session at Loyd street Methodist Episcopal church yesterday morning was the large number of prominent white divines of eminence and learning from all sections of the country, who have traveled from such distances to attest by their presence deeply they were interested in the object for which the congress had been called.

Many of them have already addressed the meeting and others are to follow today and this evening and all the papers that have been read are unanimous in their expressions of hope for the benighted Africans and enthusiastic in behalf of the various movements that have been advanced for the alleviation of the people of the dark continent.

Take for instance the eloquent and masterful Bishop Joyce, of Chattanooga; the forcible and learned Dr. Hamilton, of Washington, D. C.; and the learned Dr. W. P. Thirkield, of Boston; the erudite and graceful Mr. Adams, of the New York Sun; the talented and zealous and philanthropic Dr. Roy, of the world's fair African congress, among the whites, and among the negroes John H. Smythe, the eloquent and deeply versed editor of Liberia; the forcible and learned Dr. Bowen, of Atlanta; the polished and sturdy Fortune, of the New York Age, and others who are eminent men of their race in more professions than one.

Such a group of men who have gathered here to voice their sentiments and use their efforts for the cause of the deluded and ignorant brother of Africa.

One of the most unusual features of a congress in which the negro has been in the past discussed is the great number of people high in the community of Atlanta and other cities who have attended by their interested manner how much they are in sympathy with the cause which is being pushed for the advancement of the negro, not only in the distant wilds of the dark continent, but in the United States, and more especially in the south. From the expressions of commendation and enthusiasm and greater education of the members of the congress it is certainly safe to assert that many movements will soon be put on foot that will have for their object progress and greater education of the negro and the guidance of his steps in the ways of righteousness and to help him onward to the end for which he has been created.

Dr. Thirkield, president of the Gammon Theological seminary, who is one of the most enthusiastic among those who are striving for the cause of the bettering of the condition of the negro, in the course of this present congress and upon him has fallen most of the burden of forming the congress. That he has succeeded one can see at a glance over the conditions presented and the guidance of his steps in the ways of righteousness and to help him onward to the end for which he has been created.

The second day's session was begun at 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning at Loyd street Methodist Episcopal church before an audience that filled every seat in the church and crowded all the aisles. There was a large attendance of whites than on the day before, which fact was extremely gratifying to those who had the affair in charge.

Bishop Duncan in the Chair. Bishop W. Duncan, of South Carolina, presided and opening prayer was offered by Rev. L. D. Dunton, D. D., president of Claflin university, of Orangeburg, S. C.

The first paper on the programme was read by Rev. Alexander Crummell, of Washington, D. C., who read a masterly document which was replete with facts and figures showing the advance of the negro since the time of his deliverance from slavery during the present day. He spoke at length upon the conditions surrounding the negroes of the dark continent and closed his paper with a stirring appeal for the assistance of his benighted brethren on the other side.

On Occult Africa. Rev. J. W. Hamilton, of Boston, followed with one of the most forcible and masterful addresses that have been heard during the session, since the opening day. His subject, "Occult Africa," was one well adapted to bring out the best thoughts of his erudite mind and he handled it with a grace of style and effect of eloquence that thrilled his hearers and frequently caused deafening applause.

He said that Africa had been the world-long riddle of the races. It had puzzled the geographers no less than the historians; it had been the dark continent of geography and the dark forest of history, hence there could be no philosophy of its development or enlightenment, for its story had been only a charade in which the most important syllables of its word had been acted out alone.

Line of His Remarks. Far away, out of sight and out of hearing of the few persons who have been interested to study it, what had been known of it had been an enigma, parts of which had been guessed at by the curiosity of sight-seers like Mingo Park and other like travelers or the selfishness of traders and slaves like the Arabs and Portuguese or, indeed, Englishmen and Americans. It has been an occult continent occupied by a people no less than the historians; it had been the dark continent of geography and the dark forest of history, hence there could be no philosophy of its development or enlightenment, for its story had been only a charade in which the most important syllables of its word had been acted out alone.

Line of His Remarks. Far away, out of sight and out of hearing of the few persons who have been interested to study it, what had been known of it had been an enigma, parts of which had been guessed at by the curiosity of sight-seers like Mingo Park and other like travelers or the selfishness of traders and slaves like the Arabs and Portuguese or, indeed, Englishmen and Americans. It has been an occult continent occupied by a people no less than the historians; it had been the dark continent of geography and the dark forest of history, hence there could be no philosophy of its development or enlightenment, for its story had been only a charade in which the most important syllables of its word had been acted out alone.

Line of His Remarks. Far away, out of sight and out of hearing of the few persons who have been interested to study it, what had been known of it had been an enigma, parts of which had been guessed at by the curiosity of sight-seers like Mingo Park and other like travelers or the selfishness of traders and slaves like the Arabs and Portuguese or, indeed, Englishmen and Americans. It has been an occult continent occupied by a people no less than the historians; it had been the dark continent of geography and the dark forest of history, hence there could be no philosophy of its development or enlightenment, for its story had been only a charade in which the most important syllables of its word had been acted out alone.

Line of His Remarks. Far away, out of sight and out of hearing of the few persons who have been interested to study it, what had been known of it had been an enigma, parts of which had been guessed at by the curiosity of sight-seers like Mingo Park and other like travelers or the selfishness of traders and slaves like the Arabs and Portuguese or, indeed, Englishmen and Americans. It has been an occult continent occupied by a people no less than the historians; it had been the dark continent of geography and the dark forest of history, hence there could be no philosophy of its development or enlightenment, for its story had been only a charade in which the most important syllables of its word had been acted out alone.

Line of His Remarks. Far away, out of sight and out of hearing of the few persons who have been interested to study it, what had been known of it had been an enigma, parts of which had been guessed at by the curiosity of sight-seers like Mingo Park and other like travelers or the selfishness of traders and slaves like the Arabs and Portuguese or, indeed, Englishmen and Americans. It has been an occult continent occupied by a people no less than the historians; it had been the dark continent of geography and the dark forest of history, hence there could be no philosophy of its development or enlightenment, for its story had been only a charade in which the most important syllables of



## THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

Published Daily, Weekly, Sunday.

The Daily (with Sunday) per year... \$3.00  
 The Daily (without Sunday) per year... \$2.00  
 The Sunday Edition (30 to 35 pages)... 2.00  
 The Weekly... 1.00  
 Postage paid to all addresses.

At these reduced rates all subscriptions must be paid in advance.  
 We do not undertake to return rejected MSS., and will not do so unless accompanied by return postage.

## Where To Find The Constitution.

The Constitution can be found on sale at the following places:  
 WASHINGTON—Metropolitan Hotel.  
 JACKSONVILLE—H. Drew & Bro.  
 CINCINNATI—J. R. Hawley, 162 Vine St.  
 NEW YORK—Brentano's, corner Broadway and Sixth Street.  
 CHICAGO—P. O. News Company, 91 Adams Street; Great Northern Hotel.  
 DENVER—COL—Hamilton & Kendrick.  
 HOUSTON, TEX.—Butler Bros.  
 KANSAS CITY, MO.—Van Nooy Bros.  
 Do not pay the carriers. We have regular collectors.

## Short Time Rates in the City.

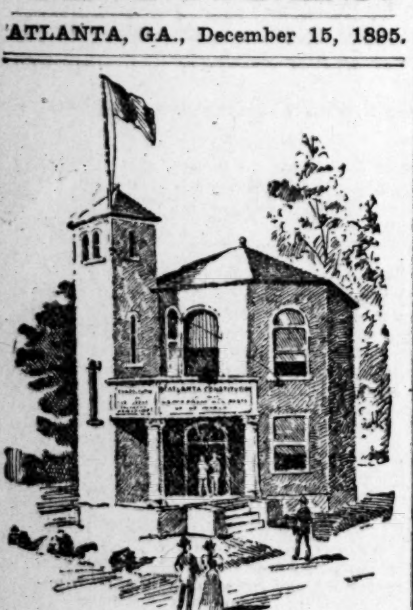
The Daily (without Sunday) 12 cents per week; 50 cents per month.  
 The Daily (with Sunday) 15 cents per week; 60 cents per month. Delivered to any address by carrier.

## Traveling Agents.

Messrs. William Kersh, W. F. Woodliffe, L. B. Wilcox and G. W. Woodliffe are the only authorized agents of The Constitution. Pay no others.

NICHOLS & HOLLIDAY, Constitution Building, sole advertising managers for all territory outside of Atlanta.

32 PAGES.  
 ATLANTA, GA., December 15, 1895.



The Constitution's Headquarters at the Exposition.

The Constitution is at home to its friends on the exposition grounds at its office on the north side of the grounds. It is located in front of the prettiest of trees which stands at the foot of the big terrace stairway that leads from the Government Building to the Manufacturers and Woman's Building. Representatives of both the business and news branches of the paper are constantly on duty in the building and will give a hearty welcome to all callers, whether on business or not. Telephone 518.

TO YOU.

ENDING WITH THE FIRST DAY OF JULY, 1896.

All the political conventions—state and national—will have acted, and upon that day we will know who is to contest for the presidency of the United States.

## FROM NOW UNTIL THEN THE BATTLE ROYAL.

Between factions and parties will be fought. Gold men and silver men, protectionists and free traders, republicans, democrats and populists will appeal to the masses, and upon their verdict will hang the fate of the country for years.

## THIS MEANS THAT THE FIRST HALF OF 1896.

Will be even more important than the last half, and that the intelligent citizen who wishes to keep informed must have some agency through which to do it.

## THE CONSTITUTION WILL LEAD AS USUAL.

In furnishing the news, it will have special representative at all the conventions. These will go down among the people; they will draw out the candidates in interviews; they will call the telegraph wires into play, and every feature, every development of the great campaign will be fully chronicled in its pages. To know what is going on you must.

## Take The Constitution.

FOR THE SIX MONTHS ending July 1, 1896, you can get THE DAILY CONSTITUTION for... 3.00 THE SUNDAY CONSTITUTION for... 1.00 Send in your orders at once, and join the grand army of Constitution readers.

## Before the Holidays.

Everybody in the south ought to visit the exposition during the time between now and the Christmas holidays—not that Christmas is not a good time to see the show, but there are many people who prefer to spend Christmas day at home.

Meanwhile, Christmas has not yet arrived. It must be prepared for. And there is no better way to prepare for it, than to get up the necessary amount of holiday enthusiasm, than by looking through the exposition and getting a glimpse of Atlanta in holiday attire. This would be a very appropriate method of ushering in the Christmas season and it is one that the people will find profitable in many ways.

The railroad rates are low—so low that those who have an opportunity to take advantage of them now cannot reasonably hope to have that opportunity (with all that it means) duplicated within a generation.

The New York Mall and Express, a paper that has never lost an opportunity to score the south, has given day's attention to the character and content of the great exposition. It decries the show as a marvel from beginning to end and the people are beginning to see that the day they take the Constitution is a day they

if they fail to see it. Now if The Mall and Express can say that to the people of New York and the north, what ought The Constitution to say to the people of the south who have not yet seen the exposition?

Our descriptions of the exposition and its various features have invariably been within bounds. There are so many wonderful, interesting and instructive things to be seen in the immense buildings—the whole scheme is so vast, so far beyond the reach of ordinary description—that it has been impossible to give more than a vague idea of the reality. And yet we have no doubt that many people, laboring under the mistaken idea that a newspaper must necessarily deal in extravagant phrases and magnify everything it touches, really have the impression that the exposition is much less significant than the newspapers have made it out to be. On the contrary, it is far greater and more impressive than the most glowing description has painted it.

There is another idea abroad and that is that as the time for the closing of the exposition draws near the process of dismantling has been or will be begun—just as a circus moves out its menageries at night while the people are listening to the clown. The fact is that at the hour of its permanent closing the exposition will be intact in all its parts down to the smallest detail. Articles that have been placed on exhibition cannot be moved. Displays cannot be touched for the purpose of removing them from the grounds. So that the visitor who enters the grounds on the afternoon of the last day will find every exhibit and every display in place just as it has been since the great show reached completion.

Those who come now will see precisely what those who came earlier saw, and those who come later will see the same.

## The Bayard Incident.

The New York Herald, which takes a remarkable and an abiding interest in foreign affairs, thinks that Mr. Bayard should be recalled and it bases its belief on the ground that an ambassador to a foreign court represents all the people and all parties in his country and cannot afford to give utterance to partisan views while he is clothed with the dignity of his office.

The Herald contends, moreover, that a diplomatic representative cannot afford to go about over a country to which he is accredited making political harangues and questioning the motives of large bodies of his fellow citizens who, although they may be wrong, are undoubtedly sincere.

There is a good deal of sound sense in this, but Mr. Bayard's remarks, to which exception have been taken by certain sensitive republicans, form as serious an attack on the democratic leaders in the last congress as on their political opponents. The democratic platform declared that protection is robbery, but the Wilson bill, in substance and essence, recognized protection and refused to recognize the fact that duties should be levied for the purpose of raising a sufficient amount of revenue to support the government. The Wilson bill, as framed by its author and completed by the ways and means committee, refused to recognize the efficiency of a revenue tariff, but was protection at one end and free trade at the other, actually entailing, as its author admitted, a deficiency in the revenue of \$40,000,000 annually.

When the bill went to the senate some of its features were modified and others were made still more objectionable. The sugar trust was given the right to rob the people to the extent of millions of dollars. This bill became a law. Mr. Cleveland refused to sign it, but he did not veto it. With the exception of the bonus to the sugar trust, which is a steal pure and simple, the law that is now on the statute books is about as fair a compromise as genuine tariff reformers can hope to secure until all the people can be convinced that free trade with foreign countries is a good thing, and that day is a long way off.

Therefore, if the language of Mr. Bayard is offensive to republicans it ought to be almost as offensive to the democratic leaders who made such a strong fight for protection and against a tariff for revenue only in the last house.

But, however offensive his remarks may be, they afford no ground for the silly attacks that have been made on him by the republicans in the house. What The Constitution objects to is Mr. Bayard's hypocritical attitude toward the British. Especially do we object to his characterization of Americans as "a violent people" who "need a strong man to govern them."

We do not object to this characterization because it is offensive, for it is not; but because it is weak, and silly, and absurd—because it is calculated to lower an American representative in the eyes of foreigners. It is such a grotesque spectacle to see a supposed diplomat slandering the people he represents that it is no wonder the leading British newspapers refer in contemptuous terms to Mr. Bayard.

We know that the American ambassador lacked those high intellectual qualities that make men at once simple and great, but it is a surprise to know that he so far lacks dignity as to be willing to play the part of Pantaloon to gain British applause.

## Campos and His Campaign.

There may be no truth in the report that Campos has resigned the command of the Spanish forces in Cuba, but there is good reason to believe that his conduct of the campaign is not altogether satisfactory to the home government.

Spain wants a general like Valmaceda—a fierce trooper who will spare neither age nor sex in his efforts to crush out the rebellion. General Campos is by no means mild in his methods, but he is too much of a gentleman and a soldier to suit the authorities at Madrid. The Cuban rebellion is dragging along and gathering strength. Occasionally

the Spaniards win a battle, but in the many skirmishes and raids which have occurred the revolutionists have gained the advantage.

Since the meeting of congress the Spaniards have grown still more impatient. They see the importance of gaining a few substantial victories, because if they can once get the rebels on the run the United States will not be likely to recognize their belligerency.

So, whether Campos resigns or not, the chances are that his mode of warfare will be materially changed. Some women and children will probably be slaughtered to terrify the insurgents, and the captured prisoners will be shot. This was Valmaceda's way of suppressing the last rebellion, and it is safe to say that it will be tried again. The Spaniards will make a mighty effort to gain the advantage in Cuba and thus convince congress that the insurrection or rebellion is on its last legs.

## What of the Weather.

For several years Atlanta has enjoyed delightful weather just before and through the Christmas holidays.

If we are favored in a similar way this season we may look for a tremendous tide of travel in this direction, embracing the visitors to the exposition and the northern tourists who are now preparing for their annual trip to Florida.

We have had such splendid weather, with the exception of a very few days, since the exposition opened that it seems to be hoping for too much when we anticipate sunny days from now on until the close of the year. But such conditions have occurred in the past, and why not this season? Atlanta's luck seems to keep pace with her luck, and it would not be much of a surprise to see a genial and springlike holiday season.

Our advice, however, is not to delay visiting the exposition. The big show is now at its best and if our friends postpone their contemplated trip they will be disappointed.

Don't wait until next week. Pack your grips and come right along while the railroad rates are at their lowest!

## Farmers' Day.

Farmers' Day at the exposition is fixed on the programme for the 20th, and it ought to be and will be one of the notable days in the history of the great show. The farmers constitute the great majority of the people of the south and, in this region at least, the true worth, dignity and importance of their occupation are felt and appreciated.

Their prosperity has been greatly interfered with by republican class legislation, and by the efforts of the present administration to promote and perpetuate the results of that legislation; but, in spite of these things, they still have their heads above water, and by the exercise of strict economy they have managed not only to survive the results of the British gold standard but to earn fairly comfortable livings.

Under these circumstances we look forward to the celebration of Farmers' Day with the liveliest interest and we hope that the farmers themselves will unite to make it worthy of the important place they occupy in the social, political and economical affairs of the country. The day has been fixed in the week preceding the Christmas season, so that all who may desire to take part in the exercises may make their visit to the exposition a part of the general plan of their holiday programme.

The rates on the railroads from all parts of the south are so low that the smallest purse can afford to strain upon it. Consequently there can be no cheaper or more profitable method of inaugurating the holiday season than by visiting Atlanta and the exposition and enjoying the wonderful displays to be found on the grounds. The farmers should bring their families, for there is hardly a display in all the vast collection that is not in the shape of an object lesson—that is not calculated to educate and broaden the mind.

As we have said before when referring to the educational features an individual would ordinarily be required to spend thousands of dollars to see what is here to be seen for a trifling sum; and hundreds of books would have to be read and studied in order for the mind to become familiar with facts that are here to be taken in at a glance.

We trust, therefore, that the farmers will gather in Atlanta in such numbers and with such enthusiasm as to make the day that is set apart for them something unique in the history of the exposition.

## Hayward and Others.

Since Hayward displayed such remarkable coolness and pliant disregard of death on the scaffold at Minneapolis, the experts are beginning to explain his conduct upon the theory that he was a "degenerate."

The doctors held an autopsy and they decided that Hayward was a "degenerate" because the arch of his palate was sharp and narrow and there was a marked symmetry of skull and brain and, and of the four stigmata mentioned by Lombroso in his work on degeneracy, three were found upon him. So it is taken for granted that he was a "degenerate."

The Chicago Inter Ocean is not satisfied with this theory, and it holds forth in the following erudite fashion:

Yet, degenerate from whom or from what? The oldest history tells us that the first man, Adam, was made "in the image and likeness of God." But in a few years—or it may have been months, for the lapses of time is not well fixed—he so degenerated as to become carnal, and one of his sons, the eldest, degenerated to a murderer. Were two or more of the "stigmata" afterward named by Cesare Lombroso, present in Adam, and all four in his yet more degenerate son, Cain? And was the virtuous Abel, son and brother of three degenerates, free from the marks of evil destiny? It is not sacred history that casts doubt upon the theory of "stigmata." Nearly every history opens with the story of a man made perfect by God, or by the gods, and corrupted by a mysterious source of evil.

The degenerate theory of latter days is amusing, and, perhaps, not without basis of fact; but we hold that Sallust, who lived when the civilization of Rome had many features in common with that of the London, Paris and Chicago of today and when there were hundreds of prototypes of the Haywards, Wildes, Mosts and other cranks and scoundrels of today to be found on the Appian road, or loitering under the shadow of the temple of Jupiter Stator, disapproved the human condition thoroughly in the opening passage of his history of the Catilinian conspiracy. "All men," says this great dissector of the human soul, "who desire to set themselves above the other animals, must strive with the utmost labor that they pass their lives in silence, like the beasts who are irreducible. But of man he says that his nature is two fold, animal in common with the beasts; rational, as the beasts are 'fixa proinde' etc. And he charges upon men that they 'strive with the utmost labor' that they raise themselves.

This is interesting reading and its classical flavor will be appreciated by the few who have the inclination to study the subject, but why waste time in spinning these five distinctions? If Hayward was a monster and a violator of the law, that was enough to justify his execution, and it does not matter whether he met his death courageously or in a cowardly manner. People are talking and writing too much nonsense about "degenerates" and the victims of hypnotism. There are only two questions to be considered when the evidence convicts a person of crime, and these questions deal with his sanity and with the justification which he might have had for committing the deed. When we find that a Hayward or a Barbara Aubson is both sane and guilty there is no reason why we should sympathize and theorize about their limitations and the pressure of their mental conditions.

Hayward was simply a brutal murderer with exceptional physical courage. He suffered the proper penalty of the gallows and it would have been a big mistake if he had been sent to an asylum.

## Facts About the South.

A recent pamphlet by Mr. R. H. Edmonds, of The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record, gives in a condensed shape so many interesting facts about the south that we would like to see it extensively circulated.

The south produces more than 60 per cent of the world's cotton, but this staple is exceeded in value by her grain crops, which aggregate about 650,000,000 bushels a year.

More than one-half of all the standing timber in the country is in the south. Iron and coal exist in unlimited quantities, and pig iron can be made here cheaper than anywhere else in the world. Pittsburg and Chicago are now using Alabama iron and basic steel making.

Nearly every southern state has an abundance of the best water power. The assessed value of southern real and personal property has leaped from \$2,913,436,095 in 1880 to \$4,588,928,626 in 1900. The true valuation would double these figures. Mr. Edmonds says:

In 1880 the south had \$257,244,561 invested in manufacturing; by 1890 this had increased to \$459,068,517, a gain of 78 per cent, while the gain in the entire country was 120.76 per cent. The value of the manufactured products of the south rose from \$457,454,777 in 1880 to \$275,589,045 in 1890, a gain of 160 per cent, against an increase of only 62.27 per cent in the whole country. The factory hands of the south received \$75,917,471 in wages in 1880 and in 1890 the sum was \$118,000,000. The south has been very large and the south is now turning out \$1,200,000,000 of manufactured products a year.

The south had \$3,182,500,000 invested in farm interests in 1880, and the total production were \$773,000,000, or a gross revenue of 24.1 per cent on the capital. All other sections combined had \$12,755,000,000 in farm interests and the product was \$1,874,000,000, or 13.1 per cent gross revenue, only a fraction more than one-half as much in percentage of production as the south's. The figures show how far ahead the south is in the gross product based on the capital invested. They show that for every dollar invested by northern farmers in the capital invested, southern farmers received nearly \$2.

These facts and figures are quoted from the census returns and are absolutely reliable. They furnish ample food for thought, and they should be studied by men of enterprise and capital everywhere.

The American Federation of Labor has made an unequivocal declaration in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Mr. Horace White will have to get out his mourning robes and order a new funeral for the silver question.

The Indiana democrats want to make Governor Matthews president. But first The New York Herald's third-term boom must be disposed of.

Now that congress is in session the news from Madrid shows that the Spaniards have run all the patriots into the sea. There is nothing like news from Madrid to show us how the world is getting along.

Mr. Bayard says he will not resign. The surprising thing is that anybody should have thought he would.

The invitation now is: "Let's go and shoot a couple of ducks."

"Where is the fool-killer?" asks The Washington Post. Dead-dead and buried long ago.

The Washington Post is cruel enough to refer to the fact that Editor Godkin once tried to bribe a policeman. The reference is delicate, but is not less cruel on that account.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A counterfeiting plant in the Arkansas state penitentiary was discovered by officials inspecting the institution last week. In the cell of one of the prisoners were found two plates of paraffin molds for making 25-cent pieces, a tin cup, iron spoon and other articles necessary to the business. The prisoner seemed to be carrying on successfully. About the man's body was a cloth belt containing a spurious quarter-dollar and a half dollar. Several similar coins were found on other convicts.

A dispatch from Cambridge, Mass., December 14, says: "Dave Morris, son of the late John A. Morris, known widely for his interest in the Louisiana lottery, and the young man who was married last summer to Miss Shepard, of New York, is on the list of Harvard seniors posted today. 'The degree with distinction' and entitled to the honor of Morris is the only married man in the class."

## A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

## The Lily and the Book.

In the pages of a volume of the martyrs of old,  
 When the roaring of the lions round the Coliseum rolled,  
 Is the semblance of a lily from the Roman fields afar,  
 And a stain of deepest crimson on its crest shines like a star!

I bought the book in London, but the dealer did not know  
 The story of that lily that had blossomed long ago;  
 And the mystery only deepens as I take the volume down;  
 But the white ghost of that lily is its glory and its crown!

For hark! I hear the roaring in the trampled Roman stalls—  
 I see the columns crumble while the thunder shakes the walls;  
 And a glorious Christian maiden—to her lips a cross is prest—  
 Lies dead before the lion with a lily on her breast!

—Frank L. Stanton.

## Literary News from Billville.

Our new volume of "War Reminiscences" is now in the hands of the sheriff. All our magazines pay on publication and, as a rule, we publish when the author dies, and can't sue.

We have unpublished Christmas poems on hand that are sixty years old, and the weather has changed so since they were written that they wouldn't be recognized now.

It is our belief that a southern magazine in this section would pay—the receivers. The Billville Literary Society has disbanded. It was discovered that six "postals" wouldn't go round at the annual banquet.

## Only in Georgia.

For summer we've no farewell words:  
 The rose is lost to view,  
 But, of a truth, the mockingbirds  
 Sing all the winter through!

Some verses published in this column recently, entitled: "When McKissick Came to Town," have been set to music by Victor Herbert, and so great has been the demand for the songs that Mr. E. P. McKissick, in whose honor it was written, has been obliged to go north in order to make arrangements with a number of firms for the immediate placing of a sufficient number of copies on the market. The copyright has been sold to an English house and the song will also appear "over the water." The air is a lively one and is destined to be popular, as the present demand indicates.

## An Impecunious Wagnerite.

I fear I shall not see the show—  
 Though one of Wagner's scholars;  
 I couldn't quite enjoy, you know,  
 The old man at four dollars!

In vain for me the basses blow—  
 The sky-born tenor "hollers";  
 I wouldn't feel at ease, you know,  
 With Wagner, at four dollars.

Pain would I brave the winter's snow  
 In heat of standing collar,  
 For Wagner is sublime; but, oh!  
 His front seats cost four dollars!

## Georgia Literary Notes.

R. Stewart Pigott, the Sweet Singer of North Carolina, is in Atlanta and will give a concert here as soon as a hall can be secured.

Charles J. Bayne's little poem, "The Nun," which recently appeared in Harper's Bazar, has been copied by an English periodical with complimentary comment.

The rumor that William Hamilton Hayne would spend the winter at the Harbor castle, in Russia, is denied by Mr. Hayne himself. His platform engagements will prevent his leaving this country just at this time.

Several new southern magazines were started on Thursday last. The advance sheets received up to this date have no mention of their obituary notices, which will doubtless appear later.

Five Georgia poets have taken a contract to grade a railroad in Newton county. There are those who will say that this is unpoetical employment, but the Georgia poet is obliged to live and pay house rent.

E. P. McKissick, of Asheville, is in the city, where he will spend some time revising the proofs of his forthcoming volume of poems, "The Mountain Muse." As is well known, Mr. McKissick is in charge of the Battery Park hotel, at Asheville, and with him poetry is merely a side issue.

## The New Dixie.

O Dixie land, is the land of honey,  
 Eight-cent cotton, an' silver money;  
 Work away,  
 Night an' day—  
 Work away down south in Dixie!

The sun-bright fields are green with clover,  
 Colonsels still, but the war is over;  
 Work away,  
 Night an' day—  
 Work away down south in Dixie!

The roses grow, an' the birds are singin',  
 Whistles blow, an' the bells are ringin';  
 Work away,  
 Night an' day—  
 Work away down south in Dixie!

The night was long, but the daylight's breakin';  
 Sugar in mine, an'—what are you takin'?  
 Work away,  
 Night an' day—  
 Work away down south in Dixie!

## An Exposition Episode.

"I think," said the Shabby Individual to the exposition visitor, "that we have met before?"

"Never!" replied the visitor.

"Surely, I think that friendly face?"

"Yes, do not, sir!"

"And these kindly eyes?"

"Look here, my friend," said the visitor, "I know you're so hungry that you don't know where you're going to lodge tonight, and that you don't want the money for whisky, but as I have only a car ticket in my pocket and am two miles from my hotel I must leave you to further refresh your memory and await the result until you publish your memoirs!"

## DR. MURRAY'S SISTER BURNED.

Dr. P. E. Murray, well known throughout Atlanta by his long and prominent connection with the medical profession of Atlanta, received a telegram yesterday from Roanoke, Va., of the home of his sister, Mrs. Foster, wife of Dr. J. B. Foster, one of the most prominent dentists of that city, notifying him of a serious accident to Mrs. Foster.

Night before last in passing too close to a grate in which there was a large fire Mrs. Foster's clothing caught and she was severely burned. Dr. Foster was home at the time and in extinguishing the flames

was severely and painfully burned himself. Late yesterday afternoon Dr. Murray received a telegram from Miss Maggie Murray, his sister, stating that Dr. Foster and Mrs. Foster's conditions were favorable, but yet very serious.

Dr. Murray will leave for Roanoke tomorrow unless a decided change for the better is soon reported.

## ETCHED AND SKETCHED.

Mr. George L. Forman, general manager of sales, and Mr. L. R. Allberger, of the Henry R. Worthington Steam Pump Company, of New York, are at the Aragon. These gentlemen are in the city taking in the exposition, with which they are much pleased, and will establish a branch house in the city while here.

Mr. Charles T. Bayne, editor of The Augusta Herald, one of the brightest dailies in the state, returned to his home yesterday afternoon, after a two days' stay here. Editor Bayne came up to attend the opera, and was charmed with it. He was spending several weeks in New York editorial page, while the news columns of The Herald went with the happenings of the day. He is one of the young men in Georgia journalism who has made a splendid name for himself, both for ability in executive lines and for the production of beautiful verse.

Speaker W. H. Fleming intended to return to his home in Augusta yesterday, but found that the work of signing bills would keep him here until Monday. He will go home Monday, and will enter actively into the practice of law. He will not run for representative again, but will devote himself to the practice of law.

That was a beautiful sentiment which prompted Colonel John Milledge to send a floral harp to the bier of Captain Harry Jackson yesterday, wrought on the same frame of wire as was a beautiful floral offering sent to the bier of Mrs. Milledge by Captain Jackson only a few months ago. Captain Jackson was always a devoted friend of Colonel Milledge, and when the latter died he sent a lovely offering of flowers, designed as a harp. This offering of flowers was placed upon the grave of Mrs. Milledge, where it has rested since. Yesterday Colonel Milledge had the frame covered anew with a fresh setting of flowers and sent to the bier of his friend.

Mr. Henry P. Waugh, Jr., of the staff of The Knoxville Sentinel, is at the Kimball house. Mr. Waugh is one of the youngest men in southern journalism, but he has won substantial recognition in his profession, and has before him a future full of good things.

Mr. Albert Wrenn, of Memphis, is visiting his mother, Mrs. B. W. Wrenn, at the Aragon.

Mr. Henry Rightor, the clever staff correspondent of The New Orleans Times-Democrat, who has been in Atlanta writing exposition news for his paper since the opening of the fair, has returned to New Orleans. Some of the brightest letters written about the fair were from the pen of Mr. Rightor.

## MODEL OF THE POET'S HOME.

## It Will Be Removed by the Ladies.

## When the Fair Ends.

A piece of information that will be received with much rejoicing by the ladies of the Atlanta chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was conveyed in a telegram received from Professor John Brown Goode, of Virginia, Friday night, containing the news that the committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which had been organized at the exposition grounds to the ladies of the Atlanta chapter and that a commissioner from the governor was now on his way to formally make the building over to them.

A movement has been on foot ever since the return of Governor Greenhalge from his trip to Atlanta to persuade him to donate the building to the Daughters of the American Revolution, and several prominent ladies and gentlemen of this and other cities had enlisted their services in the matter. Several of them were personal friends of Governor Greenhalge, and brought the strongest pressure to bear upon him. The result was a most satisfactory one indeed.

The building will be used as a home for the members of the present chapter and any other chapters that may be organized in the future. It will no doubt be furnished in the most comfortable and attractive manner, and its appointment will be such that only Atlanta ladies know how to arrange.

It was a graceful act on the part of Governor Greenhalge, and one that will not soon be forgotten by the ladies of the Atlanta chapter.

The building will have to be removed at the expiration of the exposition period, and to do this a lot must be



## A CLIMAX OF EVENTS

The Great Exposition Has Now Reached Its Zenith.

## NOTABLE FEATURES THIS WEEK

A Brilliant Programme Has Been Arranged for Wednesday.

## RAILROADS AND FARMERS NEXT FRIDAY

The Past Six Days Have Been Remarkable in Point of Attendance. Big Crowds Next Week.

The directors of the exposition left their offices last night well pleased with the work of the week.

Chief Fielder, of the department of admissions, finished a long list of figures, smiled triumphantly and handed the sheet of paper to President Collier. The sum total of the attendance for the week was startling and there were more tickets dropped into the registers of the turnstiles than for any week since the opening of the fair.

The crowds that have been daily in attendance have been the largest of all weeks and new life has been infused into the exposition. It means that the last days of the great fair are to be its best and the crowds are to be the largest. The features for the next few days are the most ever offered by any amusement company and the people are coming from all sections of the country.

The railroads have cut the rates in two and the cheapest transportation ever offered in the south will be in effect on the 15th. Special trains will be run over all the roads south of Washington and the number that is coming cannot be estimated. Never before has an exposition been so thoroughly advertised and in every station and over all the ticket windows of every railroad shed in the United States has been hung a poster giving the rates and naming the attractions to be seen on the exposition grounds.

The week beginning Monday will be illustrious and many notable events will occur. There will be no more state days and but few days on which there will be any special ceremonies. But every day is to be made special and the crowds will be entertained on the plaza and in the buildings. Christmas week will be the greatest week of the fair and every day during that week there will be free entertainments on the plaza. The best trapeze performers in the world have been engaged and they will give a daily programme on the grounds and every actor will be given the opportunity to see the wonderful performances of the acrobats.

The first special day of the week is Wednesday. This is to be the occasion of the celebration of the Christmas tree and thousands of school children will participate in the exercises of the day. An immense tree will be erected in the center of the plaza and presents for the orphans of the city and state will be placed on the tree and will be handed down to the eager children by old Santa Claus. Wednesday afternoon there will be a display of daylight fireworks and at 8:30 a clock the evening Pain will give one of the most elaborate and extensive displays of pyrotechnics ever seen before in the south.

The Rates Have Been Slashed. The railroads have made a cut in rates that eclipses anything that has ever been done in the matter of cheap transportation. From all points the rates have been cut all to pieces and people can now come to the exposition and spend the holidays cheaper than they can stay at home.

From every point in the south the rates have been made so cheap that all can come and the purchasing of a ticket has been made as pleasant as a journey. From South Carolina, Alabama and all southern states can come to Atlanta, spend several days and return with the expenditure of but a few dollars.

Children's Day Is Wednesday. Wednesday will be one of the greatest days of the fair. The keys to the grounds will be turned over to the children by President Collier and they will storm the gates and flood the grounds. Children will surround the Midway, fill the buildings and there will scarcely be standing room on the plaza. The school children will gather about the huge Christmas tree and cheer old Santa Claus as he reaches up to the top of the tree and drops the gifts to the children.

A delegation of children from all the public schools of the city will represent all nations and will be dressed in fancy costumes. The manner in which they will be dressed will be very attractive and each child will carry the colors of different nations and will wave tiny little flags.

The children who are to participate in the tree exercises will be given a special parade around the grounds. The children will be transported to the exposition grounds free of charge by the Southern and they will take trains at the terminal at 12 o'clock. The trains will only be for the accommodation of the children.

Programme for Children's Day. The programme arranged for children's day is very elaborate and many special features will be given. The children will form a parade around the grounds. The festival at the Christmas tree. Distribution of the gifts to the orphans and poor children.

Grand display of Japanese daylight fireworks. Ascension of hundreds of balloons. Display of fireworks at 5:30 o'clock in the evening.

Fireworks Wednesday Afternoon. The exposition grounds will be ablaze with fireworks and the night will be one of the most brilliant of all programmes will be rendered.

The display will begin promptly at 5:30 o'clock, so that the children will have an opportunity to see the display before they leave the grounds for their homes.



features of the day. It is something new and novel and will cause many to go out.

Farmers' Day Friday. Friday the farmers of the state and south will be at the exposition.

The day was set apart several weeks ago and due publicity has been given to the fact and the farmers for a radius of several hundred miles are coming. The reduced rates will be in effect and the farmers will be able to secure rates that have never been arranged for the day and there will be a programme in the auditorium.

Friday Is Also Railroad Day. Friday is also railroad day and many railroad presidents and managers will be present. It is expected that there will be more private cars in Atlanta next Friday than have ever been here at one time before.

Not only are the chief officials of the roads coming, but every locomotive engineer and fireman, every flagman, switchman and conductor will be on the grounds. Many shops are to be closed and all who can possibly be spared from their regular duties will be at the exposition.

Open Air Performances. The amusement committee of the exposition has just closed a contract with some of the greatest of living high air performers. Some of the most marvelous artists of the country have been engaged and will be in Atlanta in a few days. The first performance will be given December 22nd. The performance will consist in high rope walking, trapeze flying and long, high jumps in mid air. The programme will take place on the plaza and will be given free of charge.

## MR. FRICK GOES HOME.

THE PITTSBURGH MAN PLEADED WITH THE EXPOSITION.

Was Impressed with the Display of Mineral Ores Which He Saw in the Alabama Building.

Mr. Henry C. Frick, who arrived with a party in this Pullman "holocaust" on Friday evening on a trip of sightseeing to the exposition left last evening at 4 o'clock, over the Southern, for Pittsburgh, where he was called on by a business errand. He was called on by a business errand. He expressed himself to a Constitution man as highly pleased with the exposition and said that the wonderful sight that met his eye amazed him greatly when he thought of the few years of progress that had been allowed the south since its desolation only thirty years ago. Mr. Frick was especially interested in the display of mineral ores and coal deposits that are so admirably shown in the mines and forestry building and the Alabama building, and spoke in the highest terms of the present quality of the ores produced in the section of the south from whence they came.

He was also deeply impressed with the exhibits in machinery hall, the government building, in fact, all of the buildings. "You have a great exposition," he said, "and I was surprised to find that you had made so grand a triumph in the exhibition."

The members composing the party with Mr. Frick were: Messrs. F. C. Knox, Harry Graham Brown, Andrew W. Mellon, Richard B. Mellon, Carter C. Beiges and G. A. Lehman, and every member of the party expressed himself as equally pleased with the exposition. They were entertained by the exposition, they were entertained by the exposition, they were entertained by the exposition.

Card From Dr. Murphy. Atlanta, Ga., December 12.—Editor Constitution: I see in your last issue that Mr. Welch, from the fifth ward, proposes to introduce an ordinance to make a change in the employment of city physicians.

He proposes to elect two to serve the city instead of seven, one in each ward as at present, and I am sure the present city council will find this statement to be a fact after a careful investigation.

In the monthly reports of the ward physician you will notice at certain seasons of the year that he makes six to ten visits a day to the city poor, which will amount to about thirty visits in one day. For instance, on the south side of the city, suppose a physician has a call to visit a patient in the city limits on Monday morning, a distance of fully two miles. Now it will make two visits, while a physician in any one ward can make four or five visits in the same day.

The present law requires a physician to have his office in the ward he represents. Why? In order that his office may be in the distance for his patients. The city physician treat hundreds of chronic cases as well as others who are able to visit his office, but if he is able to make two off a great many would not be able to get attention, besides many poor women have children who are unable to get attention. The present law requires a physician to have his office in the ward he represents. Why? In order that his office may be in the distance for his patients. The city physician treat hundreds of chronic cases as well as others who are able to visit his office, but if he is able to make two off a great many would not be able to get attention, besides many poor women have children who are unable to get attention.

We must remember that these two physicians will have to care for the stockade and the station house for three years, because of the murder of his dusky lover, Jesse Delmon, was landed in jail here today. His capture was effected in Birmingham by the police. Dixon's crime grew out of jealousy, and was one of the most atrocious murders ever committed.

A Murderer Captured. Chattanooga, Tenn., December 14.—(Special.)—W. Dixon, who has been a fugitive from justice for three years, because of the murder of his dusky lover, Jesse Delmon, was landed in jail here today. His capture was effected in Birmingham by the police. Dixon's crime grew out of jealousy, and was one of the most atrocious murders ever committed.

In Colored Pulpits Today. Rev. E. M. Clayton, D.D., president of Plak University, will preach at the First Congregational church this morning at 11 o'clock and Rev. Paduna tonight.

Rev. Alexander Cruikshank, D.D., of Washington, D.C., will preach this evening at St. Paul's mission on Auburn avenue.

## HAPPY CHILDREN.

Looking Forward to the Coming Visit of Santa Claus.

## WEDNESDAY'S REVELATION

The Christmas Tree Will Be Freighted with Good Things for the Poor.

## MEETING OF CITIZENS YESTERDAY AT NOON

A Committee Appointed To Solicit Contributions for the Christmas Tree.

The city schools will make a great display at the exposition Wednesday in the celebration of the children's Christmas tree.

From every school in the city there will be a company of twenty children who will represent the various nations of the world. They will be dressed in the costumes worn by the countrymen and will make a brilliant appearance.

The children will be carried to the exposition grounds free of cost by the Southern railway Wednesday at noon. They will meet at the terminals of the Southern near the Markham house and will be under the escort of their teachers.

The following lists have been prepared:

Walker Street School. Gertrude Quinn, Serena Poste, Lillian Nichols, Jimmie Ford, Miltie Stockman, Isabel Daly, Mary Smith, Florence Smith, Pearl Irwin, Josie Glover, Neeley Hood, Ida Watts, Mamie Simpson, David Curtis, Mattie Grammel, Byron Folsom, Ben Balgair, Manton Herndon, Maurice Pollock, Charlie Johnson, W. H. Lester, Ora Hubbard.

Edgewood Avenue School. Macy Adams, Orelia Brownlee, Alice Butler, Annie Tuglie, Ella Waddell, Fulton Douglas, John Waddell, Estelle Wilson, Willie Whitley, Dandon Borman, Tuglie, Raymond Hawley, Charles Webb.

Frazer Street School. Glenn Rafter, Newton Yancey, Harold Andrews, Neb Von der Leith, Arthur Latimer, David Dick, Brainerd Brantley, Irwin Armstrong, Edward King, Louis Stockton, Jessie Arnold, Susie Brantley, Nannie Catehling, Mary Christian, Ida Donohoe, Inez Moore, Hattie Stalling, Viola Parks, Marie Parks, Ethel Ramsey, Clara Langford, Inez Moon, Allie Mann, Margery Wood.

Formwalt Street School. Sam Coleman, Montecarlo Seig, Jimmie Schiff, Carroll Steele, Cohen Loeb, Reginald Bell, Monte Barwald, Zachary Collier, Felix Blumenthal, Milton Liebman, Essie Frank, L. Ella Griffin, Ollie May Kimball, Clara Birchhoff, Yetta Ruth Samuels, Eda Shulhafer, Nellie Shulhafer, Clara May Steinheimer, Jeanette Simmons, Willie King.

State Street School. Ralph Byers, Flynn Travis, Emory Hutchinson, Lemmie Strickland, J. G. Scutcheon, John Conn, John Leitch, Joe Street, John Furell, Sam Roberts, Dora Truitt, Alice Thomas, Ethel McCrary, Eda Masse, Lottie Dodge, Clara Wallace, Lulu Wiles, Enva Bridges, Beulah Ball, Alice Wedgott.

Williams Street School. Carthage Campbell, Chas. D. Smith, Garland Prior, Edward English, Mark Tolbert, Chester Luckie, Mary Pote, Maybelle Cook, Lettie Rhoads, Elan Roper, George Watta, Hazel Crutcher, Pearl Holbrook, Bessie Laird, Eda Cameron, Fred Probst, Robert Crutcher, Clara Wallace, Harry Anderson, Edward Lyett.

Ira Street School. Rosalind Mitchell, Essie Regenstien, Edgar Werner, Charles Wilson, Harry Little, Estelle Sault, Helen Liebman, Josie Liebman, Henry Combs, Estelle Wiesberg, Octavia Miller, Yvonne Cooke, Gus Burns, Elmer Thomas, Grace Wallace, Francis Hoyt, Edgar Greene, Herman Jordan, Bessie Bush, Ada Dierker.

Gray Street School. Emma Robinson, Fanny Stewart, Robie Clarke, May Hardin, Nina Thomas, Maud Gullatt, Ninetta Day, Thelma Loyless, Lucy Mason, Ben Hester, Edna Hester, Muse, Rob Gregg, Edward Fitzgerald, Willie Anderson, Ray Werner, Angier Estman, Carl Allen, Norwood Terrell.

Fair Street School. Aline Clayton, Mary, Mary Adams, Bertha Berry, Alma Brown, Georgia Seymour, Mattie Miller, Anna Hagan, Mary McKown, Fannie May, Hanna Allen, Lee Moffan, Ben Higgins, Carl Giles, Arthur Fischer, Oliver Herren, Fred Sutton, John Hall, Philip Bethea, Ernest Patterson, Mack Dyer.

Yesterday's Meeting. A meeting of citizens was held at the chamber of commerce yesterday at noon in the behalf of the children's Christmas festival which takes place at the exposition next Wednesday, December 18th.

The gathering was a representative one, and those present enthusiastically endorsed the feature of the festival which proposes to distribute from a gigantic Christmas tree presents for the children of the city.

After the passage of a resolution endorsing the festival, the following committee was appointed to receive donations to the Christmas tree: F. C. Hampton, chairman; W. A. Hemphill, J. H. Canabun, H. L. Schlesinger, Amos Fox, G. N. Hurler, H. W. Joyner, George Hillyer, James A. Anderson, Mrs. Dr. J. D. Turner, Mrs. Nellie Peters Black, Mrs. W. A. Hemphill.

This committee will meet at the council chamber on Monday morning at 9 o'clock. The donations for the Christmas tree are already coming in. Mr. Harry Schlesinger has promised to give all the candy wanted. Mr. William Fort, representing the Heinz Pickle Company at the exposition, will donate 500 bottles of pickles.

A number of citizens have signified a willingness to contribute cash for the purpose of buying the dolls and other toys. The exposition company has ordered the Japanese daylight fireworks and a grand display will take place during the festival display on the plaza.

Santa Claus and his brownies are on the way to Atlanta and will arrive at the exposition at 12 o'clock next Wednesday. The good old fellow will make a triumphant entry into the grounds and capture the children of the city. He will be preceded by the "Nations of the World," represented by 20 children from the schools.

Everything is ready for one of the grandest features of the exposition, and all now longing to be done is for the charity-loving and liberal citizens of Atlanta to load down the great Christmas tree. The good people of Atlanta have never yet failed when such a call was made, and it is expected that the donations will roll in next Monday and Tuesday.

## CUP OF PURE SILVER

Manhattan Men Send a Loving Cup to the Capital City Club.

## BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED BOWL

Artistic Inscriptions Wrought on the Two Sides of the Beautiful Emblem of Fraternal Feeling.

A loving cup is now at the Capital City Club where for years to come it will be observed by the members and guests of that social organization. And whenever seen it will cause to recur to the mind of those by whom it is seen the generous hospitable treatment of the New York people by the Capital City Club and the friendly social mingling of the Capital City Club members and their guest on Manhattan day and during the entire stay of the New Yorkers in Atlanta last month.

Unexpected the loving cup came Thursday morning, and within an hour after its arrival Mr. Seigel the superintendent of the club, had it placed where the directors and members of the club could see it.

On the other side of the cup are these names, names of gentlemen who were interested in the gift: George C. Clarke, George Clinton Bacheller, William T. Evans, J. C. Evans, Brent Good, H. B. Fletcher, F. D. Ward, Hastings E. Page, C. M. Allen, John Decker, J. T. Low, E. H. Titus, Walter L. Howell, E. A. McAlpin, Isadore Strauss, George E. Armstrong, J. Seaver Page Charles E. Hammond, C. Y. Wemple, M. H. Clyde, C. H. Webb, W. L. Boyce, John H. Bird, H. C. Bennett, F. L. Horton, W. L. Wellington, James Halliday.

IN THE COURTS. J. D. Kelley has filed a suit against the Atlanta Consolidated Street Railroad Company for \$1,500 damages for the breaking of a little finger; \$1,000 of the amount is asked for the intense suffering and pain consequent to the broken member.

Kelley alleges that the street car company

carelessly caused his finger to be broken by the servants of the company in charge of a car, causing the latter to give a sudden jerk forward while he was in the act of boarding it. The plaintiff alleges that the car failed to stop at the proper place and moved off before he had time to run across the street and board it, having time only to grasp the railing iron of the platform when the car leaped forward, catching his finger and breaking it before it could be extricated.

Anderson, Felder & Davis represent Kelley. The criminal branch of the superior court will begin work tomorrow morning. A large number of bond and jail cases have been docketed for call and among them are some important cases.

Solicitors Hill and Monaghan announce that about four o'clock are ready for trial so far as the state is concerned, and that every effort will be made to clear up many cases on the docket before the usual Christmas holiday adjournment.

A Peculiar Release. Charles Williams, colored, secured his release in the city criminal court yesterday morning in a peculiar manner. He was taken to the court to be tried on a charge of larceny. When he faced his prosecutor the latter failed to identify the negro. He was allowed to go and it was afterwards discovered that he was the wrong Charles Williams, another negro of the same name being in jail and the latter proved to be the one wanted for larceny.

The Williams was released after he had been taken to the court and when Charles Williams was called out at the jail yesterday morning the wrong negro answered and was taken to court.

Williams was captured by Ballist Green two hours after securing his liberty. He made no effort to get away, and was found standing on Marietta street when discovered by the officer.

Petition To Enjoin. A petition to enjoin several creditors of the Alhambra hotel from foreclosing liens held on the property pending an adjustment of the hotel's indebtedness by the court was filed before Judge Lumpkin yesterday morning. The petition was granted temporarily and set for a hearing next Saturday. About \$2,500 is involved.

No Court Yesterday. The civil and criminal superior courts adjourned yesterday in honor of Captain Jackson. The courts will adopt suitable memorial resolutions on the death of the distinguished lawyer.

THEATRE CHANGES HANDS. The Casino Passes Into Exclusive Management of Mr. Joseph W. Weise.

The Casino, the pretty little vaudeville theater on Broad street, changed management yesterday. Mr. Joseph W. Weise, a manager of twenty years' experience, who recently came from Chicago, takes charge. Manager Weise wired yesterday to New York and secured a full company of the finest vaudeville artists in the metropolis, who are now en route to Atlanta.

From Monday till December 18th Mr. Weise will donate 10 per cent of the entire receipts of the Casino to the poor children of Atlanta, to be invested in toys for distribution on Christmas morning. This will be quite a treat to the many poor children of the city and will make many happy that would otherwise miss the sweet pleasure of Santa Claus.

Largest and finest store in the south at Hawkes, optician, 12 Whitehall street.

Forecast for Today. South Carolina, Georgia and Eastern Florida—Generally fair; slightly warmer; variable winds.

North Carolina—Fair; warmer; westerly winds.

Western Florida—Fair; increasing cloudiness; southerly winds; warmer.

Alabama—Fair, probably cloudy in extreme southern portion; southeasterly winds; warmer.

Mississippi and Louisiana—Generally fair; southerly winds; warmer.

Arkansas—Fair, except possibly local showers on the coast; variable winds; slightly cooler in northern portion.

West Virginia. Shenandoah Junction... \$3.75

## DOWN BELOW ZERO

Rates to the Exposition the Lowest Ever Offered in the South.

## THOUSANDS ARE COMING

From All Points the Rates Have Been Knifed.

## THE VARIOUS RAILROADS HAVE ACTED NOBLY

The Exposition Will Be the Terminus of Half a Hundred Excursion Trains During the Holidays.

Railroad Rates to the exposition have been slashed unmercifully and tickets from points 500 miles away can now be purchased for the same money as tickets at regular rates could be bought from points 100 miles distant.

The rates have simply been cut all to pieces and the roads will handle the crowds for almost street car fare. The railroads of the south have determined to lend every encouragement to the exposition and they have nobly responded to the request of the directors.

It is the first time in the history of southern railroads that such phenomenal rates have been granted and the people will not be slow to seize upon the opportunity to visit Atlanta and the exposition during the term in which the rates will be good. The cut in rates has been advertised through all the southern states and thousands will come after December 15th.

The following are the rates that have been granted by the railroads and are good for five days from December 15th, with return coupons:

Ohio. Cincinnati... \$7.15 Indiana. Evansville... \$8.20 Louisiana. New Orleans... \$7.45 District of Columbia. Washington City... \$3.75

Alabama. Akron... \$5.30 Auburn... \$4.40 Birmingham... \$4.60 Blocton... \$3.90 Decatur... \$3.80 Eufaula... \$3.90 Gadsden... \$3.80 Huntsville... \$3.80

Florida. Apopka... \$7.25 Leesburg... \$6.90 Archer... \$5.50 Live Oak... \$4.30 Calhoun... \$4.50 Citra... \$5.90 Dade City... \$7.40 Gainesville... \$5.60 Hawthorne... \$5.60 Jasper... \$4.05 Jacksonville... \$7.20 Lakeland... \$7.20 Ybor City... \$8.40

Georgia. Albany... \$3.30 Gainesville... \$1.05 Americus... \$2.65 Griffin... \$3.85 Augusta... \$3.10 Lawrenceville... \$7.00 Brunswick... \$4.20 Macon... \$4.15 Darlington... \$3.20 Columbus... \$2.25 Newnan... \$1.80 Dalton... \$3.15 Rome... \$4.20 Elberton... \$1.95 Tennille... \$2.60 Elberton... \$1.95 Valdosta... \$2.60

Kentucky. Berea... \$5.50 Mayfield... \$6.25 Henderson... \$6.25 Louisville... \$6.25 Lexington... \$6.25

Mississippi. Columbus... \$4.35 Meridian... \$4.80 Corinth... \$5.25 Vicksburg... \$6.50 Jackson... \$6.25

North Carolina. Asheville... \$4.30 Newton... \$4.05 Charlotte... \$6.80 Raleigh... \$6.80 Fayetteville... \$6.20 Sanford... \$6.10 Henderson... \$5.90 Greensboro... \$5.90 Hamlet... \$6.25 Wadesboro... \$4.85 Maxton... \$6.20 Winston-Salem... \$6.35 Monroe... \$4.40

Tennessee. Bristol... \$3.10 McKenzie... \$6.05 Chattanooga... \$2.45 Memphis... \$6.25 Grand Junction... \$5.25 Milan... \$6.25 Hickman... \$3.90 Morristown... \$3.80 Humboldt... \$5.25 Nashville... \$4.20 Jellico... \$4.15 Paris... \$6.25 Knoxville... \$6.25 Paducah... \$6.00 Martin... \$6.25 Union City... \$6.00

South Carolina. Abbeville... \$5.25 Denmark... \$4.45 Anderson... \$5.25 Greenville... \$5.08 Carlisle... \$4.05 Greenwood... \$2.35 Charleston... \$5.65 Prosperity... \$3.80 Columbia... \$5.25 Sumter... \$4.25 Columbia... \$3.80

Virginia. Alexandria... \$3.10 Norfolk... \$7.50 Bedford... \$7.75 Petersburg... \$7.75 Buena Vista... \$7.75 Charlottesville... \$7.75 Richmond... \$7.75 Danville... \$7.75 Lynchburg... \$7.75

West Virginia. Shenandoah Junction... \$3.75

Forecast for Today. South Carolina, Georgia and Eastern Florida—Generally fair; slightly warmer; variable winds.

North Carolina—Fair; warmer; westerly winds.

Western Florida—Fair; increasing cloudiness; southerly winds; warmer.

Alabama—Fair, probably cloudy in extreme southern portion; southeasterly winds; warmer.

Mississippi and Louisiana—Generally fair; southerly winds; warmer.

Arkansas—Fair, except possibly local showers on the coast; variable winds; slightly cooler in northern portion.

West Virginia. Shenandoah Junction... \$3.75

## DOWN BELOW ZERO

Rates to the Exposition the Lowest Ever Offered in the South.

## THOUSANDS ARE COMING

From All Points the Rates Have Been Knifed.

## THE VARIOUS RAILROADS HAVE ACTED NOBLY

The Exposition Will Be the Terminus of Half a Hundred Excursion Trains During the Holidays.

Railroad Rates to the exposition have been slashed unmercifully and tickets from points 500 miles away can now be purchased for the same money as tickets at regular rates could be bought from points 100 miles distant.

The rates have simply been cut all to pieces and the roads will handle the crowds for almost street car fare. The railroads of the south have determined to lend every encouragement to the exposition and they have nobly responded to the request of the directors.

It is the first time in the history of southern railroads that such phenomenal rates have been granted and the people will not be slow to seize upon the opportunity to visit Atlanta and the exposition during the term in which the rates will be good. The cut in rates has been advertised through all the southern states and thousands will come after December 15th.

The following are the rates that have been granted by the railroads and are good for five days from December 15th, with return coupons:

Ohio. Cincinnati... \$7.15 Indiana. Evansville... \$8.20 Louisiana. New Orleans... \$7.45 District of Columbia. Washington City... \$3.75

Alabama. Akron... \$5.30 Auburn... \$4.40 Birmingham... \$4.60 Blocton... \$3.90 Decatur... \$3.80 Eufaula... \$3.90 Gadsden... \$3.80 Huntsville... \$3.80

Florida. Apopka... \$7.25 Leesburg... \$6.90 Archer... \$5.50 Live Oak... \$4.30 Calhoun... \$4.50 Citra... \$5.90 Dade City... \$7.40 Gainesville... \$5.60 Hawthorne... \$5.60 Jasper... \$4.05 Jacksonville... \$7.20 Lakeland... \$7.20 Ybor City... \$8.40

Georgia. Albany... \$3.30 Gainesville... \$1.05 Americus... \$2.65 Griffin... \$3.85 Augusta... \$3.10 Lawrenceville... \$7.00 Brunswick... \$4.20 Macon... \$4.15 Darlington... \$3.20 Columbus... \$2.25 Newnan... \$1.80 Dalton... \$3.15 Rome... \$4.20 Elberton... \$1.95 Tennille... \$2.60 Elberton... \$1.95 Valdosta... \$2.60

Kentucky. Berea... \$5.50 Mayfield... \$6.25 Henderson... \$6.25 Louisville... \$6.25 Lexington... \$6.25

Mississippi. Columbus... \$4.35 Meridian... \$4.80 Corinth... \$5.25 Vicksburg... \$6.50 Jackson... \$6.25

North Carolina. Asheville... \$4.30 Newton... \$4.05 Charlotte... \$6.80 Raleigh... \$6.80 Fayetteville... \$6.20 Sanford... \$6.10 Henderson... \$5.90 Greensboro... \$5.90 Hamlet... \$6.25 Wadesboro... \$4.85 Maxton... \$6.20 Winston-Salem... \$6.35 Monroe... \$4.40

Tennessee. Bristol... \$3.10 McKenzie... \$6.05 Chattanooga... \$2.45 Memphis... \$6.25 Grand Junction... \$5.25 Milan... \$6.25 Hickman... \$3.90 Morristown... \$3.80 Humboldt... \$5.25 Nashville...



## LIGHTNING RODS UP

Some of the Men Who Hope for the Presidential Variety.

## PROPHETS ARE ALL AT SEA

There Is Much Doubt About the Republican Selection.

## AND MUCH MORE ABOUT THE DEMOCRATIC

Leading Candidates for the Republican Nomination—Characteristics of the Aspirants.

We are nearing another presidential campaign. The races for the white house will soon be under way. Already the proposed starters in the preliminary heats are jockeying for position, and the great American public, which dearly loves a free field and no favor, is looking on and enjoying to the limit the spectacle before it shall be narrowed down to the final contestants.

The republicans have chosen their course, and the entries for the presidential sweepstakes are grooming for the race. Books on the event have not yet opened, but there will be some lively betting before the meeting next June.

The uncertainty which surrounds the present contest for the nomination has not been paralleled very often in the history of parties. Four years ago one convention was all for or against Harrison, the other divided for and against Cleveland.

Four years before Mr. Cleveland was nominated by acclamation, but there was a very pretty fight in the republican convention, and the dark horse won.

Four years before that one convention was split between Blaine and anti-Blaine, and Mr. Cleveland, under the careful management of Daniel Manning and with the support of the New York delegation, had things his own way from the time the democratic convention met.

Grant's first and second nominations were without opposition, and when he was a candidate for another nomination the convention was divided between the 30 who followed his fortunes to the end and all the other delegates, who were willing to do "anything to beat Grant." In this instance the scattered forces of the opposition got together. In the cases of Cleveland, of Blaine and of Harrison they failed.

But there is no dominating name in the republican anteconvention canvass now. Candidates there are in plenty, and all men have their own views of the relative strength of these, but there is no positive leader, no man to whose name all the factions of the party can point with the belief that he will go into the convention with the greatest strength or possibly with a half certainty of being nominated. So many sections of the country present so many names of such even strength that no political prophet can do more than guess what the result will be.

### Thomas B. Reed's Chances.

And, first, taking them as they lie geographically and beginning in the east, there is Mr. Reed. He is exceptionally well placed for keeping his name before the country and especially before his party. With the exception of Mr. Allison, he is the only one of the very big candidates who is now in public life. Mr. Harrison is engaged in the practice of his profession, and the composition of essays on government. Mr. McKinley is preparing to return from the governor's mansion in Columbus January 5th to return to the practice of law. Mr. Allison, the other of the big four, is in the senate.

Mr. Reed has the advantage of Mr. Allison in several particulars. In the first place, Mr. Reed is of the majority in the house. Mr. Allison's party is not dominant in the senate. Mr. Reed, too, is the leader of the republicans in the house, while the honor of leadership is divided in the senate. Besides, as Mr. Lodge expressed it in conversation last summer, Mr. Reed as speaker holds the highest office.



Harrison. McKinley. Reed. Allison.

THE REPUBLICAN LINE-UP.

Mr. Reed is really more of a national figure now than any of the other candidates, than even the ex-president himself. I say "the" ex-president because, strangely enough, there is only one ex-president on earth today and I believe only one ex-vice president.

To be sure, this prominence of Mr. Reed cuts both ways. Every word and every act of the speaker is watched by the country; every one of them is likely to arouse criticism. Mr. Reed has refrained all through the summer not alone from uttering his views on public questions for publication, but from writing on any topic for the magazines. He says that the reason he did this was that whatever he said or wrote was susceptible of misconstruction at the hands of his political enemies, and perhaps he meant not alone the democracy, but his enemies in his own party. So this present publicity which is Mr. Reed's strength is also his weakness.

Outside his position as speaker of the house Mr. Reed's strength lies in his reputation for intelligence and political sagacity and in his personal popularity. He is not a man of magnetism, like that other son of Maine who came so near the presidency, but there is no man of magnetism now before the republican party.

The question which arises inevitably in connection with Mr. Reed's candidacy is, is Mr. Reed too positive, too aggressive a man to be elected president of the United States? The popular belief is that the best candidate for the presidency is a negative man. The democrats seem to have disproved this in recent years, but the impression holds good. Mr. Reed's aggressiveness is of the kind that solidifies a party; Mr. Cleveland's is of the sort that makes the personality of the candidate a deciding factor in the contest.

### McKinley, of Ohio.

Next in order in the big four is Major McKinley, of Ohio. His friends believe his candidacy was strengthened greatly by the overwhelming success of the republican party in his state in November last. He was not a candidate before the people, but he helped to engineer the republican canvass.

Like Mr. Reed, Mr. McKinley has been

an acquiescent candidate for the presidency for a number of years. He became conspicuous first as a champion of extreme protection for American industries, and he came to the front as a presidential possibility when the tariff measure known as the McKinley bill became a law. The election which followed brought such disastrous defeat to the republicans that their ill fortune was charged to the McKinley bill, and certainly those who had much to do in framing the measure admit that it was in part responsible for republican defeat. But they claim and still claim that the law did not have a fair trial.

Mr. McKinley, like Mr. Reed, occupies a positive, aggressive position which is both a help and a hurt to him. The friends of extreme protection find in McKinley their ideal candidate, while the moderate protectionists in the republican party are a little afraid of the Ohio man. Mr. McKinley's overwhelming majorities for governor in a doubtful state give him a strong claim on the convention. Mr. Reed's weakness lies partly in the fact that his state is pledged to the republican party beyond all reasonable doubt, and that even the section from which he comes is almost irredeemably republican.

Major McKinley has more than his protection record to commend him to the convention, however. He has a long and honorable record as a public man. The both years of his life have been given to the public service without reward except the honor and dignity of holding high office.

### Harrison, a Waiting Candidate.

Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, is the third in the list geographically. He is a "waiting" candidate. There is no doubt in the mind of any one who knows him that he would be deeply gratified if the republican party offered him a third nomination—not that he has any ambition for holding office again, but because he would consider this an endorsement of his course as president and a recognition of him as the leader of his party.

Mr. Harrison has a clean record in the White House to show, but while he made friends for his public policy while there he made no friends for himself. In fact, he made many enemies. These enemies were not able to compass his defeat at Minneapolis, but their opposition to him is no less today than it was four years ago. In fact, their vigorous campaign against his renomination before has placed them in a position with the ex-president which makes them desire still more fervently his defeat before the next republican convention.

Mr. Harrison lives in a doubtful state, and under normal conditions there is little doubt among his friends that he can carry it for the republican ticket.

Fourth in the list is Senator Allison, of Iowa. Mr. Allison's chief weakness seems to lie in the fact that he does not come from a doubtful state, for although Iowa has gone over to the democracy on state issues it has given invariable majorities for the republican national ticket. Mr. Allison's great strength lies in his conservatism.

A democratic senator, speaking of Mr. Allison's chances of getting the nomination, said the only criticism he could pass on him, leaving party prejudice aside, was that he would never give a direct answer to any question. This peculiarity is a source of strength to Mr. Allison as a candidate. It has saved him from making enemies and creating antagonisms.

It is even said of him that while his financial views are eminently satisfying to eastern financiers they come nearer tolerance among the bimetallicists than those of any other republican candidate. Yet Senator Tully said recently that even Mr. Allison would not be accepted to the silver men in the coming campaign.

Mr. Allison has a splendid record of public service. He will be sixty-seven years old before the convention meets, and he is dangerously near the age limit. John Sherman was sixty-nine when the last convention met, and he was regarded then as

virtually shut out of the competition because of his age.

### Mr. Morton and Others.

There are other candidates whose names will go before the convention and first among these is Governor Morton, who doubtless will have the vote of New York—no inconsiderable backing—in the first ballot.

Mr. Morton, like Mr. Allison, is an aggressive candidate of great personal popularity, and he has the advantage of com-



Stevenson. Cleveland. Hill. Olney.

ing from a state on which the presidential contest has hinged many times. But Mr. Morton's age is used as a frequent argument against his nomination.

Mr. Cullom is a favorite son of Illinois who is built on the physical lines of President Lincoln and who is well equipped mentally. He seldom does anything positive in politics, and he has been conspicuous chiefly as the father of the interstate commerce act. He is counted only as a dark horse, and there are many of these. Robert T. Lincoln is considered another Illinois possibility, though he protested recently that he would not think of attaining the honor and would rather the convention pass him by. The magic of his father's name gives him even greater strength than his record as secretary of war and minister to England.

Chauncey M. Depew is another dark horse, though the prominence of Mr. Morton lessens his chance of being considered. He was the candidate of New York once, but was withdrawn because of the prejudice among the delegates to the convention against a railroad man.

Senator M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, is credited with being a candidate, but it is not at all likely he is trying to get the nomination. He is probably the best politician in the republican party, and he conducted the winning campaign for Harrison eight years ago.

Mr. Foraker, of Ohio, is a dark horse which will remain in the shadow until it is seen that Mr. McKinley's chances of nomination have disappeared. His case might be like that of Garfield, though with this exception: Mr. McKinley has no faith whatever in the support of Mr. Foraker.

Altogether it is a badly tangled situation, and even the long list of available men which are named here may not contain the future candidate of the republican party for the presidency. But it probably does.

### Democratic Possibilities.

Eight years ago there was only one candidate. Whatever their personal feelings toward Mr. Cleveland, democrats every-

where recognized the necessity of endorsing the first democratic administration of the post bellum period by renominating the president. The convention at St. Louis was only a ratification meeting.

Four years ago affairs were different. Mr. Cleveland was in private life. There was no question of endorsing his policy. Hence many candidates were discussed before the convention met. There were Gray, of Iowa; both Stevenson and Morrison, of Illinois; Campbell, of Ohio, and finally the man endorsed by the New York state democratic convention, David B. Hill, of New York.

To be sure, it developed before the meeting of the convention that the battle was between Mr. Cleveland and all comers. Mr. Cleveland was nominated easily on the first ballot. But a great many people had grave doubts of Mr. Cleveland's success, and there was at least the show of a contest.

Now the democracy is in an extraordinary position. A few newspapers are advocating the renomination of Mr. Cleveland; many others, republican and democratic, are denouncing bitterly the suggestion of a third term. Meanwhile Mr. Cleveland is making an authoritative statement of his position either directly or through his friends. Those who are closest to him say they believe he is not a candidate but most of them temper this statement by saying they are for him if his name is proposed to the convention. Others say he will accept the nomination, but only in case it is "forced on him by the people."

### Hill Retired Apparently.

One prominent factor of the campaign of four years ago has been eliminated from the present contest. Mr. Hill, of New York, who has not hesitated to declare his ambition to be the democratic nominee ever since he was elevated to the position of governor of New York, has retired for the present apparently.

His repudiation by the democratic convention when he was presented as the candidate of New York in 1892 threw him into shadow. When the exigencies of the state campaign of 1894 made it necessary for him to take the nomination for governor in the face of certain defeat, he sacrificed a good share of his presidential hopes in the interest of party organization and took the worst drubbing a New York democrat has ever had. In the campaign of 1895 he failed again to hold the state for the democratic party, and that, in the minds of many people, eliminated him as a presidential possibility in 1896.

Possibly Mr. Hill sees the disability under which he is resting and proposes to lose another four years without danger of being ruled out of future contests for age.

Hill's chances are not the only ones which have suffered through recent election results. In the opinion of a great many people the victory of the republican party in Ohio has eliminated Mr. Campbell as a factor in the coming convention. A man who cannot carry his own state for governor one year is not likely to be trusted by a national convention to carry it the next year for the presidential ticket.

Then there is Carlisle, secretary of the treasury, who was considered very recently the candidate of Mr. Cleveland in case the president was not a candidate for a fourth nomination. When Mr. Gresham entered the Cleveland cabinet, it was generally supposed that he would be Mr. Cleveland's legate. His death left room for speculation, which finally settled on Mr. Carlisle. But the democrats of Kentucky and of the country as well credit Mr. Carlisle with the defeat of the democratic party in his state this fall. If he had not interfered in the state campaign, it is conceded the democratic candidate for governor would have been elected.

As for Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, the result of the November contest in his state has settled without question his chances of getting the democratic nomination this time. The friends of Mr. Hill, of New York state, bear him a grudge for what

they thought was a breach of faith when he withdrew from the contest against Cleveland in 1892 at a time when they were preparing to spring him on the convention as a compromise candidate.

But that handicap would be trivial compared with the one which the voters of Maryland gave him in November last. For the first time since he became a power in state politics he has been defeated in a state contest. His defeat meant a republican governor and a republican senator from Maryland, and it meant at the same time the temporary repudiation of Mr. Gorman in state politics. A man repudiated by his own state has a poor chance in a national convention.

Mr. Gorman may recover some of his lost ground and gain control of the delegation from Maryland in the next democratic convention, but he will not control the convention.

The democratic party has been busy eliminating candidates instead of creating them. Yet there are some strong men whose names are being discussed behind that of Mr. Cleveland. Beginning in the east, there is Mr. Olney, Mr. Cleveland's secretary of state. Mr. Olney is from Massachusetts, where only one democrat has been successful in carrying a state election of recent years, and that democrat, himself considered a possibility in the last convention, has come out strongly in a published magazine article for Mr. Cleveland and a third term. Mr. Olney was not known to the country before Mr. Cleveland put him in the department of justice, and his "boom" is based on the recent foreign policy of the administration.

No other New England state has a candidate to offer, and New York's one possibility, William C. Whitney, has declared his refusal to be a candidate. Pennsylvania's recent republican majority has made him a possibility in the convention. Illinois has two candidates, both of whom have received votes in past conventions. One is William R. Morrison, now member of the interstate commerce commission, author of a famous tariff bill intended to bring about a horizontal reduction in duties at the time he was chairman of the ways and means committee in the house. He is handicapped by age.

The other is Adlai E. Stevenson, now vice president of the United States. Mr. Morrison is said to be the candidate of Senator Hill, though of this there are grave doubts. Mr. Stevenson is the candidate of a branch of the democratic party which remembers the liberal way he divided the fourth class postoffice when he was assistant postmaster general in Cleveland's first administration and has the friendship of all factions.

### Some Dark Horses.

Missouri's governor, W. J. Stone, is a presidential candidate. He is a strong silver

Kansas has no candidate, but Mr. Morton, of Nebraska, threatens to put himself out. There is no doubt Mr. Morton will be a candidate if his chief is not, but the same delicacy which prompted the members of the Harrison cabinet not to enter the Minneapolis convention against the president of the year ago will control the members of the Cleveland cabinet until the president withdraws from the contest for the nomination.

In Iowa there is one candidate only, Mr. Boies, who twice carried the state for governor. He had the backing of the Iowa delegation four years ago and four years before that. His name may not be presented to the convention by his state, but he will be a dark horse if there is a contest.

Up in the northwest there are two possible candidates, both members of Mr. Cleveland's first cabinet. One is Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin, who has been the mouthpiece of the administration and its

defender at times on the floor of the senate. The other is Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan. Of the two Mr. Vilas is the greater strength, for there is an anti-Dickinson faction in Michigan, and the ex-postmaster general might not be able to take an undivided delegation to the convention.

Altogether the condition of the democratic party in sight of a national convention is about as puzzling as it can be.

### GIVEN AWAY.

An Illustrated Medical Book of Sixty-Four Pages.

Chronic Catarrh is a disease frightfully common, so dreadful in its consequences, and so difficult to cure, that it is no wonder the medical profession is making frantic efforts to check this ravage. Foremost among the writers on chronic catarrh is Dr. Hartman, of Columbus, O. The doctor writes for the people, and not for the profession only. Many of the books written by Dr. Hartman are for sale, but he also writes many for free distribution to the afflicted only. His latest free book on chronic catarrh is very instructively illustrated and has sixty-four pages of interesting information on catarrh, cough, colds, la grippe and other diseases of winter. Sent free to any address. The medicine upon which Dr. Hartman chiefly relies to cure catarrh is Pe-ru-na. He has used this remedy for the treatment of catarrh for nearly forty years. There can be no doubt that Pe-ru-na is the greatest catarrh remedy of the age. Pe-ru-na cures permanently.

Catching cold, which is the bane of this season, and is the starting point of all catarrhal diseases, can be prevented by taking Pe-ru-na at the first symptom or exposure. If you cough or sneeze, or hawk, or wheeze, or snuffle you ought to take Pe-ru-na; it is sure to save you much suffering and exposure, if not indeed your life. Letters answered free. Address The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, O.

### Mr. Harrison Quite Sick.

The many friends of Colonel George W. Harrison will regret to learn that he has been sick ever since he accompanied the joint committee of the exposition company to the Chamber of Commerce to receive the people of Chicago. As a director of the exposition company he has rendered valuable and efficient service. His continued sickness is a keen disappointment to him and a source of regret to all who know him. The Constitution sincerely wishes him a speedy recovery of health.

### To New Orleans.

The old reliable route and the Short Line is via West Point and Montgomery. The only line running dining cars. Through Pullman vestibuled sleepers. Passengers handed at foot of Canal street, New Orleans. For tickets and sleeping car accommodations apply to George W. Allen, T. P. A., Atlanta and West Point railroad, 12 Kimball house. John A. Gee, general passenger agent, Atlanta, Ga. dec15-2w

### PERSONAL.

The M. M. Mauck Co., wallpaper, paints, shades, glass, picture frames, Atlanta.

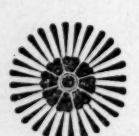
C. J. Daniel, wall paper, window shades, furniture and room remodeling, 40 Marietta street. Send for samples.

When you visit New York stop at the new Hotel Empire, Boulevard and Sixty-third street. (American and European plan). Most accessible, best appointed and most liberally managed hotel in the metropolis. Rates very reasonable. Address W. Johnson Quinn, manager.

### Second-Hand School Books.

At reduced prices at John M. Miller's, 23 Marietta street. sep14-1t

# THE EYES OF THE WORLD ON THE GREAT EVENT



## THE WORLD REALIZES



The People's eyes opened to the magnificence of the Great Cotton States and International Exposition.

## ONLY TWO WEEKS MORE

To see the Great, Grand, Glorious and Magnificent Achievement, eclipsing any event of the present century.

## REALIZE THE RAILROAD RATES.

Lowest Ever Known, and Lower Than Ever Contemplated. See List in Local Story.

## GREAT EVENTS ANNOUNCED:

Wednesday, December 18th, School Children's Xmas Tree and Santa Claus Carnival Day. Fireworks and Santa Claus at 12.

## PAIN'S GRAND PYROTECHNICS AT 5:30.

Friday, December 20th, Farmers' Day. Friday, December 20th, Railroad Day. December 25th, Collier Day. Unparalleled arrangements are being made for this day. December 26th, Colored Day.

Railroad Rates From All Points at One-half Less Than Ever Known.

## PHENOMENA AND UNPRECEDENTED.







## SHALL I WRITE A PLAY

Answer by the Secretary of the American Dramatists' Club.

## SAYS NO TO MOST ASPIRANTS

The Playwright's Art Is Most Difficult—Few Who Essay It Earn Even a Living.

There are in the United States and British provinces 6,000 theaters, opera houses and halls used, in whole or in part, for the production of theatrical entertainments. There are in active operation each season about 300 dramatic and musical companies and each of these has from one to six plays or operas that it presents throughout the country. There are also about 1,000 single performers who give sketches, scenes, "acts" or dramatic monologues that are, in this way, little plays. Besides there are hundreds of amateur players who occasionally give dramatic entertainments.

The American Dramatists' Club publishes a list of 1,000 plays and operas on which royalties are claimed or that are owned and used by the managers of theaters and traveling companies. Being the first publication of its kind, it is necessarily imperfect and it is believed that there are about 2,000 plays and operas in use or that have been used within the past few years. About 100 new plays are produced each year in the two countries. Besides others are printed and sold to amateur performers. The largest play publishing house in the United States uses about 150 new plays each year and its shelves contain 3,000 printed plays. Each of the other houses also print many new plays each year and carries a large stock of old plays. The manager of a theater or opera house, traveling company and every wandering "star" receives each year a great number of manuscript plays for inspection and possible production. One manager is said to have read 1,200 new plays in one year and the sales of every publisher and play agent are always overflowing with unproduced and unpublished manuscripts.

The American Dramatists' Club numbers ninety men who are writers of many successful plays and operas. There are also about fifty other dramatists, including thirty women, who have had their work produced. Each of these has on hand one play, many have two or more, several have twenty. When The New York Herald a few years ago offered a prize for a play, 700 manuscripts were submitted and it is reasonable to believe that there are today in this country several thousand people who have tried to write plays. There are no doubt even more in Europe and all the plays believed to be good there are quickly translated and thrown on the American market. An almost infinitely small number of this multitude of writers will see their work produced or even printed. The vast majority are simply writing and waiting, hoping on and on, year after year, that some night the footlights will shine on their work.

"Shall I join this great company? Shall I write a play?"

No—and for the following good and sufficient reasons:

The writing of the smallest dramatic sketch or one-act play demands years of study, training, observation and experience. Successful play writing requires an almost universal education. Not a university education—the play writer's qualifications must be wider than that. Besides there must be a gift. Not one in half a million is born with the common sense of a dramatist that makes the successful dramatist. Population, 60,000,000—successful dramatists, about fifty.

## Not a Well-Paid Occupation.

Moreover, the number of plays on the market far exceeds any possible demand. The spirit of playful exaggeration that appears to be characteristic of the theatrical mind has led many to imagine that play writing is an exceedingly profitable occupation. Many playwrights delight to give an impression that enormous prices are paid for all sorts and kinds of plays. But this is not wise, because it is not so. From the statement made to the writer by a leading manager in New York it appears that the average price for a first-class, successful play is about \$300 a week for six weeks. After that the royalties drop and drop until they amount to nothing at all. This would make the value to the author of such a play less than \$2,000. The extra successful plays that have paid twice or three times this are few; so rare, indeed, that they are quoted exceptionally. An occasional writer, like Sardou in France, it is said, has received a moderate fortune for a few plays (about ten) for which he is really meant by this is difficult to decide, since foreign newspaper reporters interested in such subjects are often persons of lively and soaring imagination. The prices paid for certain plays are also very deceptive, since no account appears to be taken of failures. Because a dramatist may receive \$20,000 or even three times that, it is not surprising that he is growing rich. The whole of his receipts may be absorbed by mortgages laid on plays that have never paid a cent. The proportion of plays produced or that are failures is huge. Besides the average "stars" and small companies producing "stars" and small companies producing "on the road" cannot and do not pay more than a few thousand (often half) for a play. Twenty-five dollars a week is about the limit such companies can pay. Fifty dollars a week is practically beyond their means. Yet such companies absorb the majority of all the new plays produced and the dramatist's only consolation lies in the fact that after the lapse of years these little royalties may touch the thousands. Nearly all small companies prefer to pay cash down and then the price may be as low as \$500.

A statement of the actual earnings of a certain dramatist in this country has been kindly shown to the writer. The first play produced (the seventh written) was sold for \$250. The dramatist then wrote two more that were not produced, then a third which was produced and brought \$50. He then wrote one that was sold for \$2,500 and then three more, one of which brought \$800. Then he wrote one that brought \$8,000. Two more brought nothing and one more brought \$1,500. One dramatic sketch brought \$25—total earnings in thirteen years, \$11,525—less than the living expenses of his family.

## Have You a Message?

"Shall I write a play?"

Yes—if you can answer the following questions that are here asked in all earnestness and sincerity.

Have you anything to say that should be said or that, when said, will in any degree make human beings wiser, better or happier?

It is, in the language of the Friends, borne in upon you that you must do this thing? Have you "a call" to write a play? Does the spirit move you to speak aught to your fellowmen through this, the greatest mode of expression and style of play? Are you prepared to spend years of hard study in the dramatist's difficult art? Are you willing to learn? Are you willing to admit that it is quite possible the stage carpenter, the gas man, the actor and stage manager may each be your friend and instructor?

Are you prepared to work for a whole year without any return? Can you live for a year or five years or ten years without recompense for your labor?

Finally, do you respect the theater as a means of reaching the hearts and minds of men and women?

In brief, are you in earnest?

There are many who tell us that a play is only intended to amuse, and that it cannot be taken seriously and that the people in a theater do not think, do not want to

think. Yet as a matter of fact, every play makes an impression on the minds and hearts of all who see it—it uplifts or it degrades. On this is founded much of the just criticism made by good and decent people against so many plays. Their authors intend no evil. But they work almost infinite harm from simple lack of intention. Every play written and produced without conscience, every foolish and vulgar play, every play written by men of perverted or deficient moral sense, every play holding up false views of life and duty is an injury to all who see it, a lasting damage to every child, a serious dramatist and a serious commercial injury to every theater and every actor in the country. In regard to the statement that the people in a theater do not think, it should be observed that the skillful dramatist gives them no time to think—they should be too busy receiving impressions. Impressions received in a theater may last a life time. The people who come out of a theater are never the same who entered it two hours before. If the play is a good one they are generally better, more cheerful, more hopeful, wiser, more charitable, kinder, happier. So immense is the power of expression, so effective in impressions is the drama, that the play writer may well assume at the stage door and examine himself and his message.

"Who am I that I dare use this tremendous power over the hearts of men? What of my message to the people? Is it worthy the magnificent art of the dramatist; worthy the grand art of the actor, worthy to be set in the splendid picture-frame we call the stage?"

## Successful Dramatists Have Troubles.

By a curious perversion of the moral sense many people in this country have come to believe that the dramatist has no rights that any one is bound to respect. Any one can in a few days perform the actual work of writing a play. More than one very successful play is said to have been written in less than a month. What seems so easy to make cannot be worth much and this has led many persons of limited moral sense to think it entirely proper to steal, sell and produce any and every play that seems to be worth stealing.

So serious has this condition become that it is believed that every new play at present in this country is stolen within a few weeks of its production. It is not difficult to sit in a theater and memorize a play or take it all down in shorthand. It can be proved that many successful plays may be purchased in Chicago for a few dollars apiece. To the lasting shame and disgrace of that city the authorities permit the open sale and advertisement of copies of plays that are not the property of the reported play dealer. Any thief stealing the manuscript of a book would soon land in jail. But the sellers, buyers and producers of stolen plays are calmly defiant of all the legal and moral rights of the dramatist, manager and play owner. Many owners of theaters in which stolen plays have been produced have pleaded that they did not know the plays were stolen. This excuse can no longer be offered, since the publications of the American Dramatists' Club, placed as they are without cost, on the desk of every theater owner in the United States and Canada, plainly indicate the authorship and ownership of every important play and opera produced on this side of the water. The laws do indeed attempt to protect the dramatist, but for various reasons this alleged protection is practically worthless. Whole states and great districts in every state are now practically ruined for the respectable manager by reason of the wholesale performance of stolen plays. So serious has this matter become that the dramatist may well hesitate a long time before attempting to create a play that may be purloined in defiance of the law.

There is another thing that greatly injures the business of play producing and lowers the commercial value of all dramatic work. A young person, for reasons best known to herself, wishes to become a "star." She consults a play agent and within a week fifty plays, perhaps more, are examined. It is not difficult to find one that will suit or can be made to suit. Then if the dramatist will kindly present the piece to the "star" the honor of seeing her act in it, all is well. But if he fancies that, possibly, he may be worthy of his hire, the negotiations may fall through and her starship will proceed to get a play in another and cheaper way.

## How Some Plays Are Manufactured.

A sketch, novel, story or some old play is begged, borrowed or otherwise obtained and a stage manager is secured. The "star" assisted perhaps by her husband, some young person with a little money to lose, her friends and the stage manager, maps out the ideas into acts, each of which leaves the "star" in the center of the stage. A company is engaged and some one with an eye for bright "lines" removes the illusive jokes of the comic papers. The thousand traditions and memories of the stage, "good bits," "acts" and "business," are brought out and dovetailed together. If invention fails, bring in a song; if there is a lone spot in the antique story, put in a march. The leading lady can "do a turn," the leading man has a "great act." Give them a chance. Try to think of something good in some dead play. If it was once good it must be good now. A little childlike confidence in the sweet forgetfulness of the public, a good deal of printer's ink and the "play" is launched. Sometimes such a production makes a great deal of money. Were it not that this method of producing a theatrical entertainment has been gravely announced as the correct and proper way to "make a play," the matter might be dismissed in silence. It actually does a great deal of harm, because it gives an impression that such entertainments are really plays—which they are not, and that, in point of fact, the dramatist is of no particular consequence to either actor, manager or the public. It fosters the belief that the manager can "organize success," that the actor can "create a character," all of which is not true. The actor portrays—he never creates. It is the author alone who creates. Without the dramatist the drama cannot exist. For him is the theater built, for him the actor learns his art.

"Is it then worth while to try to write a play?"

Yes, the people of this country are not dishonest. Some day congress will listen to the repeated demands of the dramatist and the play thief will land in jail. The future of the theater in this country is in the hands of the dramatists of the world. The craft knows no nationality, it is wider than boundaries and seas. The duty of the press, the dramatic profession, the managers and the public is to encourage and welcome the dramatist, to accord a respectful and friendly hearing, to listen patiently to the new and to welcome the sincere and honest, even if they do defy dusty traditions. The true dramatist does not write for the theater owner or the actor, but for the people. He should be given every reasonable and proper opportunity to speak the message that is in his heart. No man can decide from the reading of a manuscript that the message the people wish to hear. Performance is the only test. The public has no means of expressing any preference for any untried play or even style of play. It can only approve or condemn that which is placed before it. The duty of the manager, the actor, the stage manager is to help in every possible way with advice and encouragement to the dramatist in the difficult task of learning his great art. Fortunately they do this; fortunately they are the dramatist's best friends.

Finally, it is the duty of the dramatist to believe in himself, to believe in his mission, to respect the great and honorable company of actors who are the interpreters of his message and to speak the truth as he sees it, regardless of the traditions and precedents of the past. The manuscript that seems so strange, "so unusual," you know, may be the pearl of great price the public wishes to buy. May not novelty speak success? May not the dead be really not dead after all?

"Shall I write a play?"

Yes—if you have been called.

CHARLES BARNARD.

## Lyceum Theater--Special.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, DECEMBER 24th 25th 26th

The Fashionable Event of the Year. The First Appearance in Atlanta of the Queen of Opera Comique.

**Lillian Russell**

And a Superb Opera Company, Directed by Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, in Repertory of Superbly-Staged Productions of Opera Bouffe and Opera Comique.

TUESDAY EVENING THE GRAND DUCHESS. WEDNESDAY EVENING THE LITTLE DUKE. THURSDAY EVENING LA PERICHOLE.

100 People in Each Production. PRICES—\$2.00; \$1.50; \$1.00; 75c; 50c. Sale of seats and boxes opens Thursday morning at Harry Silverman's, corner Peachtree and Decatur streets, and at Theater.

TONIGHT SUNDAY

The Renowned Spiritual Medium, In Conjunction with the Great European Telepathist.

**EVA EDDY** **NORA BELMONTE**

IN A RELIGIOUS ILLUSTRATED LECTURE ON SPIRITUALISM AND THEOLOGY IN FULL GASLIGHT ON THE STAGE.

POSITIVELY ONLY ONE APPEARANCE.

These ladies have just returned from an extensive tour of Europe, and will on this occasion present an entirely new line of manifestations, in the broad daylight, on the open stage. They are positively the only ladies who have the full endorsement of the Royal Society of London, England. Such scientists as Professors William Crookes, Huxley, Vandyke, Tyndall, Sargent, Cox and others—some claimed Odic force, some electricity or magnetism, and still others supernatural powers. Forms, hands and faces will be seen so plainly as to be recognized by persons in the audience. Tables will float in mid-air. The spirit hand will answer all questions. Twenty to thirty communications will be received from people in the audience. Beautiful flowers will be materialized and passed to the ladies by hands plainly seen and many other tests of this remarkable power never before witnessed in any séance in this country.

Admission 25 and 50 Cents. Doors Open at 7, Commences at 8 O'Clock.

**CITY TROGADERO** OPPOSITE POST OFFICE. ATTRACTIONS WED. HOLPIN MGR. THIS WEEK

**MEERS BROS.** Kings of the Wire. This act has never been seen, or anything like it. **VAN AUKEN, MCPHEE & HILL.** The World's Phenomenal Triple Bar Performance. **THE MCNULTY SISTERS.** America's Greatest Clog Dancers. **THE DEVERE FAMILY.** Four people—3 ladies, 1 gent. One of the greatest acrobatic teams in the world. **ZELLA CLAYTON.** New York's Most Fascinating Sourette. **THE NAWNS.** In Irish Character Sketch—A Touch of Nature. **PETE SHAW.** The Prince of Female Impersonators. "There is Only One." Don't Miss Him. **DAN QUINLAN & BILLY HOLPIN.** In their one-act comedy, "The Actors." **PAPINTA.** Atlanta's Greatest Favorite, fully recovered and again doing her wonderful act.

**DRESS GOODS AT A PRICE---**

A very interesting price. So interesting that no woman however remotely interested can afford to pass them. Lot 1 will be 75c yard, including 50-inch Finetta Cloth. 52-inch Parmhurst Bourrette. 42-inch two-toned Mohair Diagonals. 40-inch Silk and Wool Bengaline. 44-inch Striped Boucle. 45-inch Cloaking Plaids. 50-inch Silk and Wool Satin Striped Plaids. 44-inch Mohair, Bombay Effects. Worth from 85c to \$1.25 every yard. On sale Monday. Special Counter 75c yard. Lot 2 at 45c, including 38-inch all wool Boucle, Striped effects. 40-inch Satin Striped Plaids. 46-inch all wool Plaids. 40-inch two-toned Wool and Mohair, all the choice shadings. 46-inch Storm Serges. 50-inch all wool Diagonals. 46-inch French Serges, all shades. Goods worth to 75c yard. On sale Monday and while the lot lasts, at 45c yard.

Store open evenings until after Christmas.

**DOUGLAS, THOMAS & DAVIDSON,** Half the Block on Broad. 61 Whitehall.

**LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S FINE**

**Shoes at Half Price!**

We wish to close out a great many broken lines by January 1st and will offer some real bargains in these goods.

**Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.**

## ONE WEEK BEGINNING Monday, Dec. 16.

MATINEES—Wednesday and Saturday.

**Wm. H. CRANE**

And His Admirable Company Under Direction of Joseph Brooks.

Monday and Friday Nights BROTHER JOHN. And Saturday Matinee THE SENATOR.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Nights HIS WIFE'S FATHER.

SEATS AT GRAND BOX OFFICE—CARRIAGES CALL NIGHTLY AT 10:45.

**COLUMBIA THEATRE** WEEK BEGINNING Monday, Dec. 16. Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. **J. M. WARD'S** High Class Farical Company. "Delmonico's At 6"

LOVELY MUSIC. BEAUTIFUL COSTUMES. UP-TO-DATE SPECIALTIES. A great company, presenting the merriest of farce comedies. Usual prices. Seats at Miller's, under Columbia theater.

**GRAND SACRED CONCERT** AT THE CASINO THEATER, 58 N. Broad St., On Sunday Evening, December 15, 8 P. M. Sharp, by the

**ROYAL HUNGARIAN GIPSY STUDENTS** The New York Aristocratic Orchestra.

ALSO: OTHER: SPECIALTIES. Don't Fail to Hear Them.

**Frank's Imperial Theater.**

GREATEST SURPRISE IN YEARS.

**Best Vaudeville Show Ever Seen South**

ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME AND SONGS.

**CAMPBELL and BEARD.** The World's Greatest Trick Musical Comedian.

**GROVINI and MURRIE.** Grotesque Dancers from "Folies Bergeres," Paris.

**MISS AGNES MILES.** Illustrated Pictures. First Appearance outside New York.

**CLIVETTE.** Direct from Empire Palace London. Assisted by MME. CLIVETTE. Most Marvelous Juggler in the World and SHAMPOONER Extraordinary.

Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Popular Prices: 25, 50, 75. Seats on Sale at Box Office and Beerman's Cigar Store.

**GRAND SACRED CONCERT TO-DAY** At 2:30 o'clock P. M. and 8 o'clock P. M., by the Celebrated

**Mexican Typical Orchestra,** Assisted by Coterie of Special Artists.

**Sensationalism**

VS. **Facts . . . . .**

We won't have it in our advertisement. You'll get the facts only from us. You know --everybody knows--the fine Overcoats gotten up here. There are others, just as good for their grade, but the grade isn't so high--nor is the price. It's an Overcoat store, you know, and ever good sort is kept in stock.

**\$10.00 Kersey.**

Blue, Black and Oxford Mixed, lined with Italian that will wear as long as the cloth, sleeves lined with "iron yarn," wears as its name implies.

**\$15.00 Kersey.**

Blue and Black, some satin lined throughout, others with body lining, satin yoke and sleeves. All wool and fast color. A new one if the color changes.

**The Social Season**

Suggests Furnishing Goods. Dressy men are coming here in throngs for all that is fashionable and rich. Prices surprisingly low.

**Suits.**

Impossible for those with clear judgment to pass this store when in the notion to buy a Suit. At \$10, \$12, \$15 and \$18 we show you marvels in all styles of Fancy Cheviots, Worsteds and Cassimeres.

**Lads-Neel Co.**

**AMUSEMENTS**

**H. GREENWALL'S LYCEUM THEATRE**

The Greenwall Theatrical Circuit Co. have the honor of announcing the first appearance at the Lyceum Theater of the Actor,

**M. R. JAMES**

**O'NEILL**

Direction of Wm. F. Connor. For one full week, Commencing Monday, DECEMBER 16,

With Saturday Matinee Only. Mr. O'Neill, Accompanied by His Own Company of Players, Will Present this Brilliant Repertoire:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday NIGHTS Alexander Dumas' Masterpiece, **MONTE CRISTO!**

Mr. O'Neill as Edmond Dantes. FRIDAY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE Sheridan Knowles' Masterpiece, **VIRGINIUS!**

Mr. O'Neill as Virgilius. SATURDAY NIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME HERE Romantic Drama by Messieurs Moreau, Siraudin and Delacour, Entitled **COURIER**

Mr. O'Neill in the Dual Role of Dubosc and Lesurques. Scenery for all three plays by Gill, of Boston. No Advance in Prices! Carriages may be ordered at 10:45 p. m.

**THE CASINO.** UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. JOSEPH W. WEISS, Manager. High Class Vaudeville. Strongest Company of **ARTISTS**

Yet Brought to Atlanta. Direct from New York's Leading Theaters.

From Monday, Dec. 16, to Dec. 24, 10 per cent. of the entire door receipts will be set aside to the **POOR CHILDREN OF ATLANTA,** to be invested in toys for distribution Christmas morning. Programme announced later.

**STILSON & COLLINS,** 55 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga. **DIAMONDS** Watches and Jewelry. Reliable Goods, Fair Dealers and Bottom Prices.

**Holiday Goods** We are showing handsome lines of smoking jackets, dressing gowns. Bath robes, umbrellas, walking canes, gloves, suspenders, handkerchiefs and a superb line of neckwear.

**A. M. Haydon** HATTERS AND HABERDASHERS, 11 WHITEHALL.





William H. Crane takes possession of the Grand present week and will spread before the residents of the city and the many visitors to the exposition several very tempting theatrical dishes. The first of these is "Brother John," one of the comedies presented by the actor during his visit to this city last winter. The hit it made at that time was emphatic and it proved to be all that was claimed for it—a pure, wholesome work, full of interest and rich in honest sentiment. The play was written by Miss Martha Morton, a young woman who is not unknown in the theatrical world, and in it she deftly blended humor and pathos. She endeavored to tell a simple story of the heart clearly and to point out to those who look beneath the surface a very good lesson. The story revolves around a little family of yankees. The woman suddenly takes a notion that their little country home is a dull and stupid place. Sophie, who has been to a boarding school in New York, wants to see "life" and go into society, and the women go to Long Branch, taking their little brother with them. There they hire a cottage, make the acquaintance of people of not enviable reputation, whom they entertain, and spend money lavishly. They are not fitted for the sphere in which they are moving and the people they are entertaining laugh at their many little mistakes in secret. Their brother visits them, is astounded at what he sees and orders the "children" home. They laugh at him. The expected trouble is not long in coming. The little brother, who has been under the tuition of a gambler, forges a check and is led to propose for the hand of the daughter of two of his sister's guests. John comes on the scene, saves the family from disgrace by declaring the check good and then drives the crowd of leeches and scoundrels from the house. The women are then only too glad to return to their old home, realizing that it is the foundation upon which all real happiness is based. Some of the scenes are clothed with poetic fancy and the sentiment in the play is sweet, but not nauseating. It has been arranged to give the play on Monday, Wednesday afternoon and Friday.

The offering on Tuesday night will be "The Senator," a comedy of which nearly every one has heard and many thousands have applauded. It is a work that is American in scene, action and plot, and its interest never flags for an instant. The plot deals with a claim which was before congress for seventy years. A newly-elected senator hears of the claim, sees its justice and determines that reparation shall be made the aged claimant. The senator is an honest, upright, conscientious man who, during his short stay in the senate, earned the dislike of some of his colleagues because he fought against bills of theirs which he did not think were for any one's good outside of the men who fathered them. These men, out of revenge, tried to block his efforts, but in the end he succeeded in having the claim allowed. Mr. Crane will be seen as the senator, and the play is sure to be artistically given. On Thursday night, Friday night the comedy will be repeated. A comedy of domestic life, entitled "His Wife's Father," will be presented on Wednesday night. It is a clever and entertaining comedy. New York enjoyed it for fourteen weeks and it was warmly endorsed. The theme of the play is an old man's affection for his only daughter. He makes the mistake of thinking that his daughter should be the same to him after her marriage as she was before it and "cannot understand why a clever and young man should come into his house and demand so much of the little woman's time and attention. He makes the couple live in his house, and the young man in all their affairs and rarely ever gives them an opportunity of enjoying one another's society alone and undisturbed. When the young man unwittingly causes them to quarrel and the husband leaves the country. The middle-aged father is made to see that he has been the cause of the trouble and he shortly brings about reconciliation, after which he takes to wife a buxom widow. Mr. Crane will be the father, Miss O'Neill his daughter, and Mr. Arden his son-in-law. The play is in four acts and contains fourteen characters.

Last week a lecture was delivered in Atlanta on "The Passion Play" in Oberammergau. The only time this great religious spectacle was ever produced in this country was fifteen years ago at the Baldwin theater, San Francisco. James O'Neill at that time was leading man of a stock company. It was James O'Neill's second visit to the coast, his first visit having been made as a member of the famous Hooley Comedy Company, in whose role were enlisted such names as William H. Crane, Harry Murdoch, Nellie McElroy and Nate Salisbury, besides many others. It was during Mr. O'Neill's third year of his second trip to the coast that he appeared as the Savior in Salimi Morse's "Passion Play." Tom Maguire was manager of the Baldwin at the time, and requested O'Neill to play the part of Christ. At first O'Neill refused, although, according to the terms of his contract, he was compelled to play any part assigned him by the manager. O'Neill learned, however, that Salimi Morse's play had been approved by Bishop Allen, of the Catholic church in California, and he then consented to impersonate the character. O'Neill knows among the members of the company as a good fellow, and one willing to "take a dive" in the war of jests and fun. On the evening of the first performance of the "Passion Play" one of the actors approached O'Neill as he came out of the dressing room for the first act and stuck a pin in his back. He thought he was in the presence of one of his friends, but it was O'Neill's make-up. That was all, however. O'Neill's eyes stood out with the heavenly light, so to speak. Evidently, even the rough stage hands, when in the presence of the actor, were struck by the holiness of his appearance. O'Neill that performance was in all due reverence to their as-



erred meaning, and the whole performance was in the nature of a great Biblical lesson. On the day after the tenth performance the whole company was arrested and taken before a magistrate. O'Neill was fined \$50, while the twelve apostles were fined only \$5 apiece, that being the mind of the magistrate. The difference between Christ and his disciples. After the play was taken off in San Francisco Mr. Abbey decided to produce it in New York at Booth's theater, but the sentiment of the pulpit and the press was against it, and the production was abandoned. After the production in San Francisco O'Neill exchanged pictures with Mayer, the German actor, who played the part in Oberammergau, and it was hardly possible to tell who was O'Neill and who was Mayer, so much did both resemble the pictures with which we are all familiar. The only authentic picture of the whole performance is the oil painting owned by Mr. O'Neill, which represents himself and the company in the scene of the Lord's supper. The painting now hangs in Mr. O'Neill's house in New London. During Mr. O'Neill's engagement at the Lyceum theater, commencing tomorrow evening he will appear the first four nights in the "Count of Monte Cristo," on Friday night and at the Saturday matinee he will repeat his triumph of last year in his grand presentation of "The Virginian," which on Saturday night only he will be seen here for the first time in the dual role of Deacon and Lesquies in the romantic play entitled "The Courier of Lyons," and played by Henry Irving under the name of "The Lyons Mail." Mr. O'Neill's company includes Florence Rockwell, Hallett Thompson, William Pascoe, Kate Fletcher, John E. Dixon, William Dixon, Albert Lockett, Walter McCullough, Percy Cooke, Thomas McLarny and Josephine Foy. Special scenery, painted by Gill, of the Tremont theater, Boston, is carried for each play.

No Wednesday matinee will be given during Mr. O'Neill's engagement. Glen McDonough's successful comedy, "Delmonico's at 6," will be seen all next week at the Columbia theater. The comedy has been entirely rewritten and brought up to date by the author. It has been transformed into a roving farce comedy and it is said to be funnier than ever before, and more clever people are afforded opportunities to display their talents.

"Delmonico's at 6" is a story of an attempt on the part of a husband to excite the jealousy of his wife by making a pretended appointment with an actress to dine at Delmonico's at 6 o'clock. The matter becomes involved because the actress happens to actually be at Delmonico's with another man. The excited wife, of course, thinks it is her husband who is entertaining the actress, and the complications which arise over these mistakes are laughable in the extreme. Manager J. M. Ward, who has the direction of the tour of this comedy this season, has engaged a first-class company of comedians. It is said, for the play, Miss Nellie Dunbar, formerly prima donna of the "Ship Ahoy," company, and last season's leading lady with "Paw Ticket No. 210," has one of the most prominent parts. Miss Olive Evans, an exceedingly clever comedienne, late of Peter Dally's "Country Sport" company, has the soubrette part. The Hart Sisters, a European importation; Charles Jerome, a comedian of great ability; Charles Bine, George F. Hall, who represents the part of the strong man, and others equally as well known make up the company. The comedy will be presented every night with malice Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

It is declared by the management of the City Trocadero that the bill for next week will emphatically be the greatest yet presented. The list of attractions certainly includes some prominent people on the vaudeville stage, and there is every assurance that the Trocadero will eclipse all of its past brilliant efforts in the programme for the coming week. Among the star attractions will be the

well-known triple-bar performers Van Auker, McPhee and Hill. They will introduce a number of new acts, such as double somersaults with the giant, spring, removing the middle bar and doing a long somersault, as well as many other daring feats. Masius and Abasco come direct from Koster & Bial, after a five weeks' run. They stand among the most famous comedy acrobats, and will introduce their specialty in farcical impersonations of the tramp and brakeman. Another star attraction for this week will be the two McNulty sisters, in their varied clog medleys and novelty dances

roads. They had heard so much about them, you know. One chappie whose trousers turned up with his nose, and who was a checked coat and a monocle, was the only one who did not ask any questions. He only looked wise, and was silent. Finally he broke in upon the conversation, saying: "Oh, dear me! You make me so ruffled asking those silly questions. Why don't you go to dean America and see for yourself. When I was there I saw the best run of all American bicyclists. I scaled Pike's Peak on my wheel, a distance of 5,000 feet."

"Where is Pike's Peak?" was asked. "Oh, don't you know? Only a few miles

from here. The opening of Harry Frank's new theater, The Imperial, was one of the features of the past week. It gives to Atlanta a permanent playhouse devoted to the vaudeville specialties, and it is a very pretty playhouse at that. While the finishing touches have not yet been put on, the theater is in good shape and it is a very pretty one. Mr. Frank has been wise in removing from the theater the bar, and there are no drinks for the patrons of the house unless they go outside. The result is that ladies and children can go there just as they could to any other house.

The bill for the past week has been one of the strongest that has ever been seen here. The specialties are uniformly excellent. In fact, it is pronounced by many as the strongest bill of specialties that Atlanta has ever seen, but that is a matter of taste. Certainly it is as strong as any, for the people are all clever, the acts are well balanced and there is not too much of any kind of entertainment.

The Imperial will put on a sacred concert this afternoon and tonight. The Mexican typical orchestra, which has proved a decided drawing card during its stay in Atlanta, will furnish the music. This week the same people remain but the bill will be considerably changed.

Roland Reed is up in Boston, but he takes a jump south in a few days and will be in Atlanta for Christmas week. Over in Cleveland the other day he had a funny experience. At the end of the first act of "The Politician" he was called in front of the curtain and his appearance was the signal for an onslaught from the first rows of the parquet. For a moment he had visions of eggs flying through the air which must have recalled the early days when he and Ed Jack, now his manager, were co-stars in a company of heavy tragedy. When one of the missiles struck him, however, he was delighted to find that, instead of back number hen fruit, chrysanthemums formed the substance of the bombardment. They came from the members of the Cleveland Grays, who had turned out that night in his honor. The Grays is the most famous company in Cleveland, and as soon as the boys got through bombarding the comedian, one of their number presented him with a handsome gold badge, studded with rubies and diamonds, which made him an honorary member of this company. Afterwards the soldiers gave him a banquet at their armory. It seems that down in New Orleans last spring during mardi gras Reed had piloted the Cleveland boys on the rounds of the town, a feat for which he was thoroughly equipped and this is the way they got square with him.

The delightful production of "The Merchant of Venice," by Otis Skinner, charmed everybody so fortunate as to see it. It is an interesting bit about the play in "Wingate's" "Shakespeare's Heroes," in which he tells the story of the first American production of the play in this country. With the American stage, "The Merchant of Venice" has an interesting connection, since it was the first play to be performed in this country by that company of players (Italians) which gave

on pedestals. They have recently achieved success in a long run at Tony Pastor's. Mae Lowrey, the charming New York comedienne, will be here. From advance notices of her act, she is certain to be a drawing card.

Pete Shaw, the female impersonator, has been engaged, after his long and almost phenomenal success with Hyde & Behman. He is the reputed rival of Richard Harlowe, Stuart, George Fortesque and all others in this line.

Among the newest European importations will be the first appearance in the south of the Nawas, who are Irish comedians. They were brought to this country for Keith's, after a long run at the Empire, London.

Papina, in her myriad mirror dances, after ten days' enforced absence, by reason of her unfortunate accident, will be a regular feature for this week.

Don Quilhan, the black-face comedian, has been retained for another week, and this insures something rich as an introductory part, especially in his sketch, entitled "The Two Actors."

The Meers brothers, kings of the wire, have been secured, and will be the leading star attraction of the week. They will, it is said, be the best of the programme, and come here direct from Russell Bros' show.

The story of how Crane, the comedian, came to accept "His Wife's Father" is not at all uninteresting. The actor had concluded his ten weeks' stay in New York, to present there "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and a new play by Paul M. Potter. During the second week of his engagement Miss Martha Morton, who had furnished Mr. Crane with "Brother John," one of his most successful pieces, ran over from New York to see him.

"I have got a new play that I think will just suit you," said she. "I couldn't do a thing with it this season," answered the actor. "I have six plays in my repertoire now, and most of them are new to the cities I am about to visit. No, it would be a waste of your time as well as of my own to bother with it now."

"I know all about that," replied Miss Morton, not one whit disturbed, "but all the same I want you to read my play right here if it is only to get your opinion of it."

Mr. Crane did not seem in any hurry to read the play; asked if tomorrow would not do as well, and he would write her his opinion, to all of which the young woman shook her head.

"Now, Mr. Crane," she went on, becoming animated, "I have written this play for you, with you in my mind to play its principal character, and you are going to produce it right away. Don't smile. You have got nothing to do just now, and I am not going to take the train home until you have at least begun the first act. Light a cigar, I don't mind, and start in."

Crane picked up the manuscript and began to read it, and as he read his interest began to increase. Long before he concluded the reading there was a glow of satisfaction on the young author's face, and before she left for home the comedy was Mr. Crane's property. The next day the play was read to the members of the company, and the day following it was presented in rehearsal. In three weeks it was presented in Washington, and its reception was such that the company immediately returned to New York, where it presented the play from February until June. Literary ability and sharp business tact do not, as a general thing, go together, but Mr. Crane says that Miss Morton possesses both to a very large extent.

James O'Neill's manager, William F. Connor, is a devoted, wheel-and-whisker. Last year he took his first trip abroad. In London he was introduced to many of the English cyclists, and they all seemed anxious to secure detailed information of New York and Boston and their famous bicycle

clubs. They had heard so much about them, you know. One chappie whose trousers turned up with his nose, and who was a checked coat and a monocle, was the only one who did not ask any questions. He only looked wise, and was silent. Finally he broke in upon the conversation, saying: "Oh, dear me! You make me so ruffled asking those silly questions. Why don't you go to dean America and see for yourself. When I was there I saw the best run of all American bicyclists. I scaled Pike's Peak on my wheel, a distance of 5,000 feet."

"Where is Pike's Peak?" was asked. "Oh, don't you know? Only a few miles from here. The opening of Harry Frank's new theater, The Imperial, was one of the features of the past week. It gives to Atlanta a permanent playhouse devoted to the vaudeville specialties, and it is a very pretty playhouse at that. While the finishing touches have not yet been put on, the theater is in good shape and it is a very pretty one. Mr. Frank has been wise in removing from the theater the bar, and there are no drinks for the patrons of the house unless they go outside. The result is that ladies and children can go there just as they could to any other house.

The bill for the past week has been one of the strongest that has ever been seen here. The specialties are uniformly excellent. In fact, it is pronounced by many as the strongest bill of specialties that Atlanta has ever seen, but that is a matter of taste. Certainly it is as strong as any, for the people are all clever, the acts are well balanced and there is not too much of any kind of entertainment.

The Imperial will put on a sacred concert this afternoon and tonight. The Mexican typical orchestra, which has proved a decided drawing card during its stay in Atlanta, will furnish the music. This week the same people remain but the bill will be considerably changed.

Roland Reed is up in Boston, but he takes a jump south in a few days and will be in Atlanta for Christmas week. Over in Cleveland the other day he had a funny experience. At the end of the first act of "The Politician" he was called in front of the curtain and his appearance was the signal for an onslaught from the first rows of the parquet. For a moment he had visions of eggs flying through the air which must have recalled the early days when he and Ed Jack, now his manager, were co-stars in a company of heavy tragedy. When one of the missiles struck him, however, he was delighted to find that, instead of back number hen fruit, chrysanthemums formed the substance of the bombardment. They came from the members of the Cleveland Grays, who had turned out that night in his honor. The Grays is the most famous company in Cleveland, and as soon as the boys got through bombarding the comedian, one of their number presented him with a handsome gold badge, studded with rubies and diamonds, which made him an honorary member of this company. Afterwards the soldiers gave him a banquet at their armory. It seems that down in New Orleans last spring during mardi gras Reed had piloted the Cleveland boys on the rounds of the town, a feat for which he was thoroughly equipped and this is the way they got square with him.

The delightful production of "The Merchant of Venice," by Otis Skinner, charmed everybody so fortunate as to see it. It is an interesting bit about the play in "Wingate's" "Shakespeare's Heroes," in which he tells the story of the first American production of the play in this country. With the American stage, "The Merchant of Venice" has an interesting connection, since it was the first play to be performed in this country by that company of players (Italians) which gave

outside of New York, right opposite Brooklyn; easy to reach by boat." And with that the distinguished actor tenderly lighted another cigarette and walked away with a satisfied air.

The members of The Patriots Opera Company left Atlanta for Philadelphia yesterday afternoon in a special train. With them went Comptroller Adler, Librettist Carter, Treasurer Thompson and Stage Manager Bell. The opera will be produced in Philadelphia next Monday night at the Grand opera house. Mr. Harry A. Lee, the business manager, who has been in Philadelphia several days, telegraphs that the Philadelphia next Monday night at the Grand opera house. The opera will be produced in Philadelphia next Monday night at the Grand opera house. The opera will be produced in Philadelphia next Monday night at the Grand opera house.

The company is one of the most respectable musical organizations that ever came to Atlanta. All who came in contact with them are ladies and gentlemen as well as comedians. They were brought to this country for Keith's, after a long run at the Empire, London.

Papina, in her myriad mirror dances, after ten days' enforced absence, by reason of her unfortunate accident, will be a regular feature for this week.

Don Quilhan, the black-face comedian, has been retained for another week, and this insures something rich as an introductory part, especially in his sketch, entitled "The Two Actors."

The Meers brothers, kings of the wire, have been secured, and will be the leading star attraction of the week. They will, it is said, be the best of the programme, and come here direct from Russell Bros' show.

The story of how Crane, the comedian, came to accept "His Wife's Father" is not at all uninteresting. The actor had concluded his ten weeks' stay in New York, to present there "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and a new play by Paul M. Potter. During the second week of his engagement Miss Martha Morton, who had furnished Mr. Crane with "Brother John," one of his most successful pieces, ran over from New York to see him.

"I have got a new play that I think will just suit you," said she. "I couldn't do a thing with it this season," answered the actor. "I have six plays in my repertoire now, and most of them are new to the cities I am about to visit. No, it would be a waste of your time as well as of my own to bother with it now."

"I know all about that," replied Miss Morton, not one whit disturbed, "but all the same I want you to read my play right here if it is only to get your opinion of it."

Mr. Crane did not seem in any hurry to read the play; asked if tomorrow would not do as well, and he would write her his opinion, to all of which the young woman shook her head.

"Now, Mr. Crane," she went on, becoming animated, "I have written this play for you, with you in my mind to play its principal character, and you are going to produce it right away. Don't smile. You have got nothing to do just now, and I am not going to take the train home until you have at least begun the first act. Light a cigar, I don't mind, and start in."

Crane picked up the manuscript and began to read it, and as he read his interest began to increase. Long before he concluded the reading there was a glow of satisfaction on the young author's face, and before she left for home the comedy was Mr. Crane's property. The next day the play was read to the members of the company, and the day following it was presented in rehearsal. In three weeks it was presented in Washington, and its reception was such that the company immediately returned to New York, where it presented the play from February until June. Literary ability and sharp business tact do not, as a general thing, go together, but Mr. Crane says that Miss Morton possesses both to a very large extent.

genius which made Clara Morris win, despite her physical drawbacks, and she has a beautiful face, a magnificent figure and youth besides.

John R. Rogers sprung a sensation when he produced "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" at the Standard, and all New York is laughing at this latest English comedy. John T. Sullivan, who has been playing heavy roles with his wife, Rose Coghlan, has the principal part, that of a cavalry officer who was to put on skirts and who becomes enrolled as a pupil at a young ladies' seminary. The fun is said to be delightful in quality and plentiful in quantity and without the broadness which would have characterized it, had the theme been handled by a Frenchman. Rogers pinned his faith to this production and it has proved a success.

The opening of Harry Frank's new theater, The Imperial, was one of the features of the past week. It gives to Atlanta a permanent playhouse devoted to the vaudeville specialties, and it is a very pretty playhouse at that. While the finishing touches have not yet been put on, the theater is in good shape and it is a very pretty one. Mr. Frank has been wise in removing from the theater the bar, and there are no drinks for the patrons of the house unless they go outside. The result is that ladies and children can go there just as they could to any other house.

The bill for the past week has been one of the strongest that has ever been seen here. The specialties are uniformly excellent. In fact, it is pronounced by many as the strongest bill of specialties that Atlanta has ever seen, but that is a matter of taste. Certainly it is as strong as any, for the people are all clever, the acts are well balanced and there is not too much of any kind of entertainment.

The Imperial will put on a sacred concert this afternoon and tonight. The Mexican typical orchestra, which has proved a decided drawing card during its stay in Atlanta, will furnish the music. This week the same people remain but the bill will be considerably changed.

Roland Reed is up in Boston, but he takes a jump south in a few days and will be in Atlanta for Christmas week. Over in Cleveland the other day he had a funny experience. At the end of the first act of "The Politician" he was called in front of the curtain and his appearance was the signal for an onslaught from the first rows of the parquet. For a moment he had visions of eggs flying through the air which must have recalled the early days when he and Ed Jack, now his manager, were co-stars in a company of heavy tragedy. When one of the missiles struck him, however, he was delighted to find that, instead of back number hen fruit, chrysanthemums formed the substance of the bombardment. They came from the members of the Cleveland Grays, who had turned out that night in his honor. The Grays is the most famous company in Cleveland, and as soon as the boys got through bombarding the comedian, one of their number presented him with a handsome gold badge, studded with rubies and diamonds, which made him an honorary member of this company. Afterwards the soldiers gave him a banquet at their armory. It seems that down in New Orleans last spring during mardi gras Reed had piloted the Cleveland boys on the rounds of the town, a feat for which he was thoroughly equipped and this is the way they got square with him.

The delightful production of "The Merchant of Venice," by Otis Skinner, charmed everybody so fortunate as to see it. It is an interesting bit about the play in "Wingate's" "Shakespeare's Heroes," in which he tells the story of the first American production of the play in this country. With the American stage, "The Merchant of Venice" has an interesting connection, since it was the first play to be performed in this country by that company of players (Italians) which gave

outside of New York, right opposite Brooklyn; easy to reach by boat." And with that the distinguished actor tenderly lighted another cigarette and walked away with a satisfied air.

The members of The Patriots Opera Company left Atlanta for Philadelphia yesterday afternoon in a special train. With them went Comptroller Adler, Librettist Carter, Treasurer Thompson and Stage Manager Bell. The opera will be produced in Philadelphia next Monday night at the Grand opera house. Mr. Harry A. Lee, the business manager, who has been in Philadelphia several days, telegraphs that the Philadelphia next Monday night at the Grand opera house. The opera will be produced in Philadelphia next Monday night at the Grand opera house.

The company is one of the most respectable musical organizations that ever came to Atlanta. All who came in contact with them are ladies and gentlemen as well as comedians. They were brought to this country for Keith's, after a long run at the Empire, London.

Papina, in her myriad mirror dances, after ten days' enforced absence, by reason of her unfortunate accident, will be a regular feature for this week.

Don Quilhan, the black-face comedian, has been retained for another week, and this insures something rich as an introductory part, especially in his sketch, entitled "The Two Actors."

The Meers brothers, kings of the wire, have been secured, and will be the leading star attraction of the week. They will, it is said, be the best of the programme, and come here direct from Russell Bros' show.

The story of how Crane, the comedian, came to accept "His Wife's Father" is not at all uninteresting. The actor had concluded his ten weeks' stay in New York, to present there "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and a new play by Paul M. Potter. During the second week of his engagement Miss Martha Morton, who had furnished Mr. Crane with "Brother John," one of his most successful pieces, ran over from New York to see him.

"I have got a new play that I think will just suit you," said she. "I couldn't do a thing with it this season," answered the actor. "I have six plays in my repertoire now, and most of them are new to the cities I am about to visit. No, it would be a waste of your time as well as of my own to bother with it now."

"I know all about that," replied Miss Morton, not one whit disturbed, "but all the same I want you to read my play right here if it is only to get your opinion of it."

Mr. Crane did not seem in any hurry to read the play; asked if tomorrow would not do as well, and he would write her his opinion, to all of which the young woman shook her head.

"Now, Mr. Crane," she went on, becoming animated, "I have written this play for you, with you in my mind to play its principal character, and you are going to produce it right away. Don't smile. You have got nothing to do just now, and I am not going to take the train home until you have at least begun the first act. Light a cigar, I don't mind, and start in."

Crane picked up the manuscript and began to read it, and as he read his interest began to increase. Long before he concluded the reading there was a glow of satisfaction on the young author's face, and before she left for home the comedy was Mr. Crane's property. The next day the play was read to the members of the company, and the day following it was presented in rehearsal. In three weeks it was presented in Washington, and its reception was such that the company immediately returned to New York, where it presented the play from February until June. Literary ability and sharp business tact do not, as a general thing, go together, but Mr. Crane says that Miss Morton possesses both to a very large extent.

James O'Neill's manager, William F. Connor, is a devoted, wheel-and-whisker. Last year he took his first trip abroad. In London he was introduced to many of the English cyclists, and they all seemed anxious to secure detailed information of New York and Boston and their famous bicycle

clubs. They had heard so much about them, you know. One chappie whose trousers turned up with his nose, and who was a checked coat and a monocle, was the only one who did not ask any questions. He only looked wise, and was silent. Finally he broke in upon the conversation, saying: "Oh, dear me! You make me so ruffled asking those silly questions. Why don't you go to dean America and see for yourself. When I was there I saw the best run of all American bicyclists. I scaled Pike's Peak on my wheel, a distance of 5,000 feet."

"Where is Pike's Peak?" was asked. "Oh, don't you know? Only a few miles from here. The opening of Harry Frank's new theater, The Imperial, was one of the features of the past week. It gives to Atlanta a permanent playhouse devoted to the vaudeville specialties, and it is a very pretty playhouse at that. While the finishing touches have not yet been put on, the theater is in good shape and it is a very pretty one. Mr. Frank has been wise in removing from the theater the bar, and there are no drinks for the patrons of the house unless they go outside. The result is that ladies and children can go there just as they could to any other house.

The bill for the past week has been one of the strongest that has ever been seen here. The specialties are uniformly excellent. In fact, it is pronounced by many as the strongest bill of specialties that Atlanta has ever seen, but that is a matter of taste. Certainly it is as strong as any, for the people are all clever, the acts are well balanced and there is not too much of any kind of entertainment.

The Imperial will put on a sacred concert this afternoon and tonight. The Mexican typical orchestra, which has proved a decided drawing card during its stay in Atlanta, will furnish the music. This week the same people remain but the bill will be considerably changed.

Roland Reed is up in Boston, but he takes a jump south in a few days and will be in Atlanta for Christmas week. Over in Cleveland the other day he had a funny experience. At the end of the first act of "The Politician" he was called in front of the curtain and his appearance was the signal for an onslaught from the first rows of the parquet. For a moment he had visions of eggs flying through the air which must have recalled the early days when he and Ed Jack, now his manager, were co-stars in a company of heavy tragedy. When one of the missiles struck him, however, he was delighted to find that, instead of back number hen fruit, chrysanthemums formed the substance of the bombardment. They came from the members of the Cleveland Grays, who had turned out that night in his honor. The Grays is the most famous company in Cleveland, and as soon as the boys got through bombarding the comedian, one of their number presented him with a handsome gold badge, studded with rubies and diamonds, which made him an honorary member of this company. Afterwards the soldiers gave him a banquet at their armory. It seems that down in New Orleans last spring during mardi gras Reed had piloted the Cleveland boys on the rounds of the town, a feat for which he was thoroughly equipped and this is the way they got square with him.

The delightful production of "The Merchant of Venice," by Otis Skinner, charmed everybody so fortunate as to see it. It is an interesting bit about the play in "Wingate's" "Shakespeare's Heroes," in which he tells the story of the first American production of the play in this country. With the American stage, "The Merchant of Venice" has an interesting connection, since it was the first play to be performed in this country by that company of players (Italians) which gave

outside of New York, right opposite Brooklyn; easy to reach by boat." And with that the distinguished actor tenderly lighted another cigarette and walked away with a satisfied air.

The members of The Patriots Opera Company left Atlanta for Philadelphia yesterday afternoon in a special train. With them went Comptroller Adler, Librettist Carter, Treasurer Thompson and Stage Manager Bell. The opera will be produced in Philadelphia next Monday night at the Grand opera house. Mr. Harry A. Lee, the business manager, who has been in Philadelphia several days, telegraphs that the Philadelphia next Monday night at the Grand opera house. The opera will be produced in Philadelphia next Monday night at the Grand opera house.

The company is one of the most respectable musical organizations that ever came to Atlanta. All who came in contact with them are ladies and gentlemen as well as comedians. They were brought to this country for Keith's, after a long run at the Empire, London.

Papina, in her myriad mirror dances, after ten days' enforced absence, by reason of her unfortunate accident, will be a regular feature for this week.

Don Quilhan, the black-face comedian, has been retained for another week, and this insures something rich as an introductory part, especially in his sketch, entitled "The Two Actors."

The Meers brothers, kings of the wire, have been secured, and will be the leading star attraction of the week. They will, it is said, be the best of the programme, and come here direct from Russell Bros' show.

The story of how Crane, the comedian, came to accept "His Wife's Father" is not at all uninteresting. The actor had concluded his ten weeks' stay in New York, to present there "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and a new play by Paul M. Potter. During the second week of his engagement Miss Martha Morton, who had furnished Mr. Crane with "Brother John," one of his most successful pieces, ran over from New York to see him.

"I have got a new play that I think will just suit you," said she. "I couldn't do a thing with it this season," answered the actor. "I have six plays in my repertoire now, and most of them are new to the cities I am about to visit. No, it would be a waste of your time as well as of my own to bother with it now."

"I know all about that," replied Miss Morton, not one whit disturbed, "but all the same I want you to read my play right here if it is only to get your opinion of it."

Mr. Crane did not seem in any hurry to read the play; asked if tomorrow would not do as well, and he would write her his opinion, to all of which the young woman shook her head.

**HAWKES GOLD SPECTACLES**

*"That's what I want for Christmas"*

Glasses exchanged after holidays - A fit guaranteed -

**A. K. HAWKES, OPTICIAN**

12 Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Georgia.

RETAIL STORE	FACTORY	RETAIL STORE
15-17 Whitehall St., ATLANTA.	213 W. German St., BALTIMORE.	Cor. 7th and E Sts., WASHINGTON.

**WOMEN NEVER FORGET**

What they learn with pleasure. For nearly thirty-three years wise women have learned that clothing for their husbands and sons and brothers is better bought from us than from any and all "others." Bought better, because made better; bought better, because unhampered by extra dealers' profits; bought better, because improved as the years roll on. Notably true is all this in the department devoted to

**MEN'S SUITS.**

Here, if anywhere, is shown the high skill of our designers, the honest handwork of our makers, and the extreme saving incident to our policy of selling direct from workroom to wearer. Other "dealers"—i. e., reliable dealers—may have equally good garments, but at prices at least a third higher. Unreliable "dealers"—but why even consider their goods?

Needn't be a small fortune any longer for

**RICHEST, MOST DISTINGUISHED CLOTHES.**

IF YOU WANT

**A FINE OVERCOAT,**

It's Here, and Quite Reasonable.

The Boys' Question—Warmth, Wear, Snuggness, Style, Low—all in our REEFERS.

**Young Fellows' Special Overcoats,**

Too. Our shapes are the ones that go. Clever, not costly.

**EISEMAN BROS.**

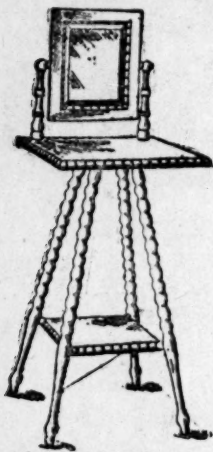
15



# RHODES, SNOOK & HAVERTY FURNITURE CO.

## Mistakes About Christmas Presents

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent in the purchase of trivial and perishable articles that are presented to friends and loved ones as Christmas Gifts—that are positively meaningless to the recipient—when the same amount of money will purchase at our Big Store a valuable and useful present that will last a lifetime and be a constant source of gratification and delight. Never before in the history of the world have pretty articles for the home been sold at so low a price—a dollar or five or ten dollars will do wonders today—and twenty-five or fifty dollars will give you handsome pieces of Furniture that would have cost double and treble the price a few years ago.



Shaving Stand or Dressing Table, mahogany or oak, polished, French mirror, \$3.25.



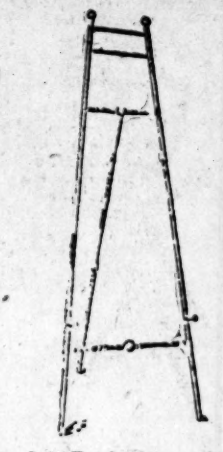
Palmetto Tree Stand, a souvenir of the south, \$1.25.



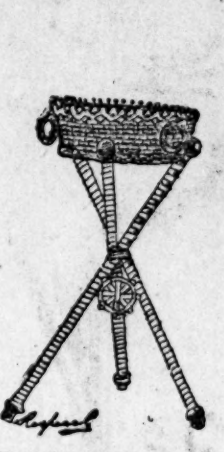
Indian work Clothes Basket, splendid assortment of colors, \$3.50.



Lovely Ladies' Reed Work-Basket, only \$1.50.



Oak Easel, for parlor picture, full size, 65c.



Fine Wicker Work Basket, silk lining, assorted colors, \$2.50.



Gentleman's Cheffonier, polished over, French glass, only \$6.00.



Parlor Table—Solid oak, antique finish—never mind what they are, neither our price is 24x24 inches, \$1.25.



This comfortable Rocker, gentleman's size, from \$7.50 to \$8.50.



Ladies' size Reed rocker only \$3.25.



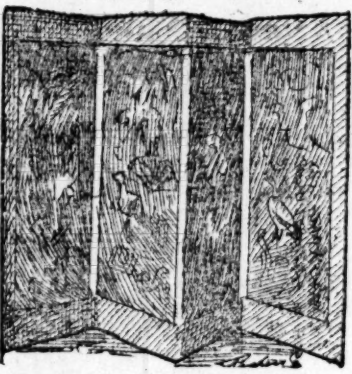
Fancy Reed Parlor Chairs, Divans and Center pieces from \$7.00 to \$12.50.



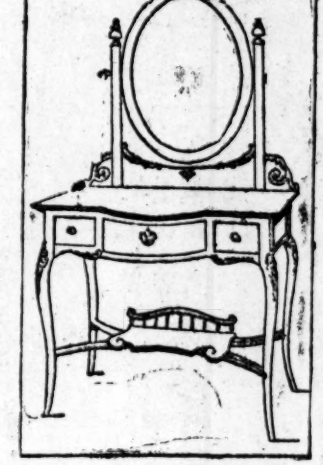
Lovely Music Cabinet—Polished mahogany, French plate glass, beveled—\$17.50.



Sideboards from \$12.50 upwards.



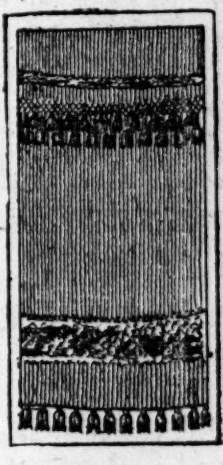
Jap Screens, 4 fold cloth, gold-embroidered, \$4.00.



Ladies' Dressing Table, Oak or Mahogany, \$2.50.



Ladies' Writing Desk, Oak, Mahogany or Light Birch, French Bevel Mirror, \$9.00.



Pair Chiffoniers, \$4.50.



Fur Rug, Gray or White, \$2.50.



This Large Size Rattan Rocker, worth only \$5.50.



Child's Rattan Chair, \$1.50 to \$3.00.



This Chair, \$1.00.



This Handsome Chair, \$1.00.



Solid Oak Child's Rocker, cane seat, \$1.50.



Child's Reed Rocker, full size, \$2.00.



Child's Reed Rocker, full roll, fancy back, \$2.00.



Misses' Reed Rocker, big enough for a child up to 12 years, \$1.50.



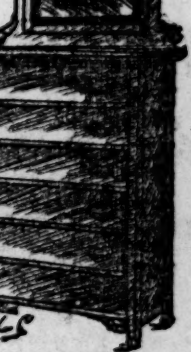
Fancy Reed Rockers—\$2.00 to \$3.75; children and misses' sizes.



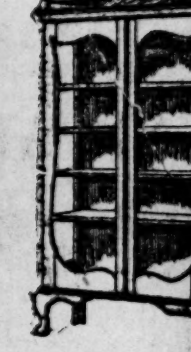
Polished Oak Combination Writing Desk and Book Case, \$15.00.



Oak Child's Rocker, French bevel glass, on rollers, \$15.00.



New and handsome China Cabinet, \$15.00.



New and handsome China Cabinet, \$15.00.

## RHODES, SNOOK & HAVERTY FURNITURE COMPANY, 6 PEACHTREE.

### AN HISTORIC SPOT

Where Once Stood the Home of Harman Blennerhassett.

### QUEER BIT OF HISTORY

It Was Here the Burr Conspiracy Was Planned—As the Isle Looks Today.

From The Cincinnati Tribune. Blennerhassett island is an out-of-the-way nook, as the world now goes. The romantic incidents connected with it always appeal to the imagination of the fanciful, while the serious investigator has a historical problem to solve which is ever presenting interesting phases. It is almost one hundred years since Harman Blennerhassett and his bride began to live in the great wilderness of the west. Blennerhassett was the son of an Irish gentleman, though his birthplace was at Hampshire, England. He was born in 1767, when his parents were on a visit to Hampshire.

The Blennerhassett family was among the most distinguished of the Irish gentry; it, indeed, it was not of the nobility itself. Harman enjoyed most excellent literary advantages. He was entered at Westminster school at an early age, and he seems to have won his way through with some credit. He then entered Trinity college, in Dublin, where he graduated in due time with credit to himself and his alma mater. After his college days were over he was placed by his father in the King's Inn as an entered apprentice in the study of law. He mastered the science of the law as then expounded and won the title of LL.D. In 1790 he was called to the bar, but he determined to make a tour of the continent before entering upon professional duties.

Wanted a Quiet Life. Upon his return he found himself the possessor of a considerable estate, partly inherited by the death of his father. He did not take as kindly to political life and intrigue as he seemed to in America, ten years after, for he determined to forego the pleasures to be attained by following up the political advantage that was then his by birth and ability, but rather to enter the quieter paths of literature. The excitement that was in the very air of Ireland led him to make up his mind to cast about for some quiet spot. He sought for his land in England, but he found it in America. He sought for his land in England, but he found it in America. He sought for his land in England, but he found it in America.

When he concluded to buy the beautiful island in the Ohio river, fourteen miles below here and two miles below the mouth of the Little Kanawha, where Parkersburg, W. Va., stands. This island was called Backus' island, from the name of the then owner, but it is now called Blennerhassett island. Blennerhassett purchased the upper end of this island for \$4,500. The new owner of this beautiful spot began energetically to erect a new home. Slaves were bought and the upper end of the island soon began to take on the appearance of a beautiful park. When the house was completed, together with the adornment of the grounds, the sum of \$50,000 had been expended by this young couple.

The house was two-story and white, with two white wings stretching out in either direction. The house was filled with the finest furniture that money could procure. The extensive library brought from the old country, together with the scientific instruments, added importance to the place, especially in the eyes of those neighbors who came to know the Blennerhassetts. The well, which was about six feet in diameter, was so well stoned up when first built that it is "as good as new" today. The water is sweet and cool, and notwithstanding its proximity to the river, this well produces hard water.

When the Blennerhassetts had finished their palace and began to live in earnest, if not in earnest, their home became the center of the fashionable set of the community. The 400 of Marietta, Belpre, hard by on the Ohio shore, and all of Wood county, in Virginia, made the Blennerhassett island and mansion the center about which all things in the fashionable world had to whirl.

### hating walked as many as twenty miles in a single day over the country.

Aaron Burr's Arrival. Such was the island home and such were its inhabitants when Aaron Burr entered upon the scene in the spring of 1805. It is not my purpose to follow in detail the intrigues and the intricacies of the dealings between Burr and Blennerhassett. Opinion is still divided in this part of the world as to whether Blennerhassett was really a part of the Burr conspiracy, which had for its ultimate object the setting up of a southwestern empire, or whether Burr simply ingratiated himself into the innocent mind of the Irishman simply to get hold of his wealth and credit and sell only the land scheme on the Washita as a bait.

In the next two years Blennerhassett lost his island home, in prison at Richmond waiting to be tried for treason, his home was pillaged by the militia of Wood county, and he found himself with a family upon his hands but with his riches all gone. In their place a mountain of debts for supplies for the expedition that brought himself and Burr so much trouble. However, he learned enough to write a book, in which he involved not only Burr in treasonable acts, but also Governor Alston, of South Carolina, Burr's son-in-law. Alston years after gave up \$10,000 rather than have the book published. Blennerhassett wrote the book while living in Mississippi, and he sent a long letter to Alston in which he set forth his losses by reason of Burr and Alston, and for which he demanded reimbursement. The book was therefore never published.

Blennerhassett failed to make a living in Mississippi. He went next to Canada, where he expected to get upon the bench through a friendly minister. Failing in that he went to England and tried to get hold of an estate upon which he thought he had a claim. Mrs. Blennerhassett remained in Montreal and New York and subsisted upon the income of a few shares of bank stock. Her heart was nearly broken because of the dissipation and final ruin of her husband, Harman. He disappeared in the Mississippi valley. Mrs. Blennerhassett returned to her husband's side, after no little suffering and hardship in this country. Every avenue of making a livelihood seemed to be shut off from the poor man, and his sister, a resident of the island of Guernsey, offered him a haven of rest. He accepted, and there, in 1813, he died. He was sixty-three years old, and the companion of thirty-four years of his life was with him to cheer him as best she could.

### left by Blennerhassett. One very cold night in 1811 some of the slaves were returning from a visit to Virginia friends. They attempted to cross on the ice and one of their number was drowned and they were all chilled and wet. They went to the wine room to get some stimulants to offset the effects of the cold and while passing under the hem, which was strung down from the ceiling, with their blazing lights, the building took fire and was burned to the ground. The other slave inmates of the building barely escaped with their lives. Thus ended the brief existence of a most noted house. Most of the furniture had been taken from the rooms before the fire.

Blennerhassett island, or at least the portion owned by Blennerhassett, is now owned by A. W. Gordon, of Parkersburg, W. Va., whose father-in-law purchased it at the time of its forced sale to satisfy Blennerhassett's creditors. It is used as a picnic ground in the summer time and it is kept planted in the ordinary crops. There is very little left to mark the site of the old mansion. A baseball diamond is laid out on the grounds, and the rounded lawn once held forth. The residents of this particular part of the world will always gaze at the Blennerhassett romance with no little pride and exultation. Nowhere else in the country can history be shown to take so queer a kink as it did right here with the Blennerhassetts.

### ATLANTA TRAIN SERVICE MEN

Will Have a Grand Union Meeting This Afternoon.

The train service men, who run into Atlanta on trains, passenger and freight, will have a grand union meeting this afternoon at the junction of Peachtree and Broad streets. The hall at that point is located in the Powell building, better known about the city as the Gun Book building. Colonel W. F. Hynes, the grand secretary of the order of railway firemen, is now in the city and it will be under his direction the meeting will be held. The order of railway firemen, one of the strongest of the many railroad orders in the city, and whenever the Atlanta division seeks a meeting it usually brings about a large and successful one.

Mr. Hynes, the grand secretary of the firemen, is now on an inspecting tour of the south and reached Atlanta yesterday morning. He was taken in charge by Mr. Teat, of the local committee, one of the best known firemen of the city, who issued the call for the union meeting. At the meeting will be members of the engineers and conductors and trainmen orders, as well as the firemen. Mr. Hynes, who is one of the best equipped railroad men of the union and is one of the best talkers in the order, will address the meeting while other good talkers will be heard.

### MAN WHO FLED HELD

Rothery, the Alleged Purloiner of Diamonds, Still in the Jug.

### HE HAD A GLASS DIAMOND

Officers Say They Believe Him To Be the Guilty Man—The Status of the Case at Present.

H. W. Rothery, the man said to be the partner of Frank Dale, who it is believed has several hundred dollars' worth of Freeman's jewelry, who escaped from the station house Thursday night and was captured in Marietta Friday afternoon and brought back to Atlanta, is still locked up at police headquarters, confined in a secure cell in the state department of the prison.

It is announced that Rothery will be vigorously prosecuted for his alleged connection with the big diamond robbery. Mr. Freeman is strongly convinced that Rothery is one of the men who cleverly increased their wealth by walking off with several hundred dollars' worth of sparkling gems and other jewelry.

Rothery has been the means of quite a shake-up at police headquarters. The circumstances surrounding his case have been very unusual and more than one peremptory order has been issued by the officials of the department in consequence of the irregular manner in which the arrest of Rothery was made, so far as the recording of his name goes.

Chief Connolly's New Order. The latest order is by Chief Connolly. It was made yesterday and read out to the members of the police department last night. By the terms of the order every officer is strictly instructed that in future the names of every person arrested must be given to the station house keeper and entered on the dockets in accordance with the rules of the department. In the case of Rothery he was detained in the office of the chief of detectives about eighteen hours without any record being made of his arrest, which fact brought about a complaint, the latter resulting in the issuance of the order on the subject.

## CARPETS

Grand Display of

# Tapestry Brussels

—AT—

## 60 Cents per Yard

SEE THEM IS ALL WE ASK.

### Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.

on of a serious charge sent for and secured the services of a well-known lawyer. The latter evidently demanded his fee in advance of the service rendered, as is usual in such cases, and the prisoner gave an order to one of the station house keepers to pay the amount to the attorney. The order was granted and the money turned over. It seems that the man is suspected of having obtained the money by crooked means and when it became known to the officials that the attorney's fee had been paid some investigations were made, resulting in the issuance of Chief Connolly's order.

Now that Rothery has been recaptured and locked up, the detectives have renewed their claims that they have a good case against him. They claim that he is crooked and that he was in collusion with Dale in the big diamond robbery.

**He Had No Gems.** So firmly did the officers believe that they had made a good capture in Rothery that they took the trouble to search him three or four times while under arrest, and more closely when he was brought back from Marietta. It was thought that when he returned from his little trip a part of the stolen diamonds would be found on his person, the detectives believing that the man had concealed the stolen valuables somewhere in or near the city, making it likely that Rothery would go to the place where the treasure was supposed to be hidden and get it. When the suspect was locked up Friday night, after being brought back from Marietta, half a dozen detectives literally rifled his clothing, every conceivable part of it being ironed out by the fingers of the eager officers looking for precious gems. They were disappointed in the search.

**He Dropped Something Shining.** One of the things connected with the case which it seems strengthened the belief of the detectives that he had a real diamond thief on the first night of his departure has been the subject of considerable merriment about the station house. While confined in the upstairs room of the building under guard, it is said that Rothery picked up his overcoat from a chair, turned it somewhat upside down. As the coat was moved something fell to the floor and rolled off several feet. The sound of the falling object was heard by the guard watching Rothery, who quickly glanced at a bright, shining little object about the size of a carat diamond rolling over the soft carpet. The object glittered not unlike a diamond, and the guard quickly surmised that Rothery pocketed contained many precious stones.

**Not a Diamond, but Glass.** At that time the prisoner had not been searched and the alarm was quickly given. The glittering object was picked up and prized invariably in the belief that it was a real diamond belonging to Mr. Freeman. The supposed stone was turned over to the higher officials and for a time the atmosphere around the station contained conclusions that Rothery was positively a diamond thief. When subsequent investigation proved that the glittering object was nothing more than a small piece of glass an effort was made to hush the premature talk of conclusive evidence.

**Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder**  
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma



BRIC-A-BRAC DOLLS PEDESTALS

**M. RICH & BROS.**

Store Ablaze WITH THE Good Things FOR CHRISTMAS REMEMBRANCES . . . . .

USEFUL, REFINED AND APPROPRIATE PRESENTS.

DON'T WAIT AND HAVE TO TAKE WHAT IS LEFT JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS

**IN ART POTTERY**

We have a wonderful collection of the latest productions of Art Pottery of Europe.

Royal Bon, Royal Dresden, Royal Flemish, Real Hungarian, Royal Worcester, Crown Milano and a number of other important wares.

**CUT GLASS.**

Some beautiful cuttings of the purest Crystals imported. We sell at one-third less than the usual price.

Decanters, Celery Dishes, Salad Dishes, Finger Bowls, Pitchers, Water Bottles, Wine Glasses, Tumblers, and fifty other articles of rare beauty.

**STATUARY, Etc.**

We have a new line of Marble and Bronze Busts and Figures, Onyx and Marble Pedestals, Onyx and Dresden Lamps, Dresden Clocks for the bed chamber.

**ART FANCY GOODS**

Fancy Baskets, Sofa Pillows, Toilet Sets, Head Rests, Glove Cases, Pin Cushions, Infants' Baskets, Cravat Cases, Scarfs, Lambrequins, Etc.

**NOVELTIES**

In Celluloid, Silver, Leather, Pearl, and Japanese Goods.

**CHAIRS FOR PRESENTS**

We have reduced our Chairs 25 and 30 per cent, so as to make a clean sweep of them.

Children's Rockers, from 45c to \$1.50 each.

Dining Room Chairs, from 75c to \$1.50 each.

Large Arm Willow Rockers, the best made goods in the market, marked down from \$7.50 to \$5 each.

Handsome line at \$2.50 and \$3 each.

**Cobbler Seat Rockers.**

FROM \$2.50 TO \$4.50.

Bedroom Rockers, from \$1.25 to \$3.75.

Upholstered Plush and Tapestry Rockers, without arms, \$3.50; with arms, \$5.

Odd lot fancy Parlor Chairs at half price.

**FURNITURE FOR PRESENTS.**

Our Bedroom Suits that were \$50 are now marked \$25 and \$30 per suit.

ALL FINE BEDROOM SUITS are marked 50 per cent off to close before stocktaking.

OAK BEDROOM TABLES for the holiday trade. New and pretty designs from \$1 up.

FINE PARLOR SUITS. A large line at half-price.

FANCY PARLOR TABLES. Latest novelties, \$3, \$5 and \$7.

LIBRARY TABLES. A nice line, from \$6.00 to \$50.

DINING ROOM TABLES from \$4.50 to \$30.

SIDEBOARDS reduced from \$20 to \$15.

CHIFFONIERS from \$7 up.

HAT RACKS from \$5 up.

MEDICINE CHESTS from \$1.50 up.

OFFICE FURNITURE of all kinds at half price.

SHAVING STANDS, \$10.00 and up.

**CLOAK AND SUIT . . DEPARTMENT . .**

Every Cloak, Suit, Cape and Jacket reduced to close before January first.

Reefer Suits \$8.00, good value at \$12.50.

Nobby Jackets \$7.50, good value \$12.00.

Handsome Capes \$5.00 and \$6.00, cheap at \$10 and \$12, and so on throughout the line.

See our big values. We will carry over no Cloaks.

**Silks and Dress Goods.**

Heavy reductions all through the departments that we have not space to name. We are selling everything at cut prices preparatory to take stock.

**Everybody's Present**

Is in our Umbrella stock. There is no end to the number of new pretty Umbrellas we have just received.

NATURAL STICKS AND STEEL RODS.

Silver mounted Handles, Pearl Handles, Dresden Handles, Natural Wood Handles, anywhere from \$1.00 to \$7.50.

**In the Notion Line.**

Quadruple Silver Cups 35c each.

Umbrella Bands, Sterling Silver, 15c each.

Sterling Silver Spoons 25c each.

Sterling Silver Manicure pieces 50c each.

Paper Cutters, sterling handles, 75c each.

Silver link Cuff Buttons 15c a pair.

Side Combs, sterling mountings, 25c a pair.

Leather Purses, sterling mountings, 75c each.

Silver Thimbles 15c each.

Sterling Silver Book Marks 25c each.

Baby Chains and Pins, sterling silver, 75c set.

Sterling Silver Cuff Pins 25c pair.

Solid Gold Scarf Pins \$1.00 each.

Sterling Shirt Studs 25c set.

Shaving Sets, Games, Handkerchief Cases, Glove Cases, Leather Portfolios, Comb and Brush Sets, Leather Hand Bags, Macintosh Hand Bags, waterproof, 50c each.

Superb line Gents' Neckwear 25c each.

Latest and newest designs in all Silk Scarfs 50c.

Elegant line of Suspenders for the Holiday trade.

Gents' Half Hose in Silk and Cotton. An endless variety.

Gents' Shirts, plain and fancy, for Christmas presents.

Night Shirts, plain and embroidered, from 50c up.

Gents' Underwear—all the best makes.

Gents' Bath Robes—a nice assortment.

**CARPETS !**

INGRAINS.

All wool extra Supers 55c yard.

Full extra Super wool Ingrains 45c yard.

BRUSSELS. To Close Before Stock Taking.

Brussels Carpets, worth 75c, at 55c yard.

Brussels Carpets, worth 85c, at 65c yard.

Brussels Carpets, worth 90c, at 70c yard.

**JAPANESE RUGS.**

3x4 ft. only \$1.50.

4x7 ft. only \$3.00.

6x9 ft. only \$6.00.

7 ft. 6 in. x 10 ft. 6 in. only \$8.

9x12 ft. only \$11.00.

12x15 ft. only \$15.00.

**ORIENTAL RUGS.**

SPECIAL PRICES FOR HOLIDAY TRADE.

\$20.00 Rugs \$11.00.

\$30.00 Rugs \$16.00.

\$60.00 Rugs \$37.50.

\$125.00 Rugs \$95.00.

100 elegant Ingrain Art Figures received too late for regular trade. A bargain. Just the thing for Bedrooms and Dining Rooms.

**CURTAINS AND DRAPERIES.**

150 sample Chenille Portieres, arrived during the week, a great bargain, prices from \$1.75 to \$5.00, and worth double.

150 pairs Lace Curtains, 3-1/2 yards long, this week 75c a pair, worth \$1.25.

Odd lot one and two pair Curtains. Half cost takes them.

Genuine Brussels Net Curtains reduced from \$12 to \$7.50 per pair.

Big reduction in all kinds of Draperies.

OPEN EVERY EVENING UNTIL CHRISTMAS.

**M. RICH & BROS.** 54 and 56 Whitehall Street.

SAY!

THE  
?? ? ?  
OF  
LOWEST  
PRICE

Needn't Be Such a

WORRY  
TO YOU.  
GETTING  
THINGS

—AT—

**JACOBS' SAVES MONEY SAVES TIME**

ON EVERY ARTICLE.

BECAUSE, EVERYTHING YOU WANT IS HERE

We have prepared a Cut-Price List of ten thousand articles in Drug, Patent Medicine, Toilet Article, Wine, Liquor, and Surgical Instruments, etc., line. This book is free for the asking. It is particularly suited for mail orders, and a perfect service is explained by which you can do your shopping from home and get LOWER PRICES than any other store can make you. The Toilet Article Department abounds in X-mas Gifts that will be a delight the year round. Useful presents are more appreciated. We are ever ready to serve you satisfactorily.

**JACOBS' PHARMACY**

EVERYTHING RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

Corner Peachtree and Decatur Sts., Atlanta, Ga.

Respect Co., Eng. & Ad., Atlanta.

**BARGAINS**

Next Week.

In Elegant Dinner Sets, Parlor Lamps, Banquet Lamps, Lamp Shades, Toilet Sets, Japanese Goods, Table Ware, and all Articles in the House-furnishing Line.

Our Prices Talk. Come to see us, and get your Christmas Presents.

ATLANTA

HOUSEFURNISHING COMPANY, 57 Peachtree Street.



**SIMON & FROHSIN**

43 Whitehall Street.

**HOLIDAY GOODS**

**FREE!** A handsome decorated Japanese Handkerchief Box with every purchase of Handkerchiefs amounting to \$1.00 or more, and a Glove Box with every two pairs of Kid Gloves.

**Handkerchiefs.**

Our line of Holiday Handkerchiefs is now complete. The goods are unquestionably tempting as to price and quality. Our variety is immense to suit every taste and pocketbook.

Ladies' and Children's Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, plain, white or with fast colored borders... 3c

Ladies' Hemstitched and Embroidered Handkerchiefs... 5c

40 different styles Ladies' Scalloped and Embroidered Sheer Swiss Handkerchiefs, worth 15 to 20c... At 10c

Ladies' pure linen Handkerchiefs, hand embroidered and scalloped; also pure linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs with lace edge; our fine Swiss embroidered Handkerchiefs, 150 different patterns to select from; a great leader

At 25c

Ladies' fine thread Cambric Handkerchiefs with fine hand embroidery... At 50c to \$2.50

Men's hemstitched white or fast colored border Handkerchiefs

At 5c

Men's pure linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, worth 20c,

At 12 1/2c

Men's fine all linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, all the different widths of hem, 1/2 to 2 inches,

25c

Men's full size Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, hemstitched,

At 21c

Ladies' all silk scalloped and embroidered Handkerchiefs... 10c

**Initial Handkerchiefs.**

Ladies' pure linen Handkerchiefs with handsome initials... 15c

Men's Union Linen Handkerchiefs, with initial letters... 15c

Men's pure linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, with hand-worked initials, worth 50c... At 25c

Men's Silk Handkerchiefs, with initials, special values;

At 50c, 35c and 25c

**Mufflers.**

Men's all silk Mufflers, cream, black and colors, worth \$1, at 50c

Finer qualities silk Mufflers, plain, hemstitched or brocade cream or black... 75c to \$1.50

Wool and Cashmere Mufflers, light or dark colors 15c to 50c

**Aprons.**

Ladies' Aprons, plain or lace trimmed... 15c

25 different styles of Aprons, made of cambric, lawn or mull, some with embroidery and insertion, worth up to 50c... At 25c

**Ladies' Fascinators.**

100 dozen Ladies' Chenille Fascinators, cream, pink, blue and gray... At 15c

Large line of finer quality Fascinators... 40c to 75c

**Gloves.**

All Gloves purchased now for presents may be fitted or exchanged after the holidays.



**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

We are sole agents in Atlanta for the Centemeri Kid Gloves. They are the best fitting Gloves made.

Ladies' real Kid Gloves in all the fashionable colors with heavy black embroidery, with pearl buttons or Foster hooks, fitted, and warranted

At \$1.00

Misses' and Children's Kid Gloves, with buttons or hooks,

75c and \$1.00

Men's Kid Gloves, lined or unlined,

75c

Men's lined Kid Gloves, with fur tops,

At 50c, 75c and \$1.00

Children's lined Kid Gloves, with fur tops,

At 50c, 75c and \$1.00

**Children's Fur Sets**

A large lot Children's Fur Sets at about half price.

Children's Fur Muffs and Collars

At 50c

Children's white Ermine Muffs and Collars, worth \$1.25

At 75c

Children's Angora Fur Sets, worth \$1.75

At \$1.00

50 Children's very fine Turkish Angora Sets, worth \$3.00 to \$4.00,

At \$1.25 to \$2.00

Ladies' black Fur Muffs At 40c

**Men's Furnishings**

Men's Silk Scarfs and Four-in-Hands, 25c quality

At 10c

Men's full Silk Scarfs and Four-in-Hands, worth 40c

25c

Men's Neckwear, latest styles, finest qualities, each tie in a nice Box

50c, 75c and \$1.00

Men's Night Shirts, full size, embroidered or plain

At 45c

Fine Silk Suspenders, worth 75c

50c

Men's All-wool Sweaters \$1.00

**FOOTWEAR THAT PROTECTS THE SOLE AND PLEASES THE PURSE.**

THIS "FEAT" ACCOMPLISHED BY

**BUYING SHOES**

OF US.

**JOHN M. MOORE** St.

**THE KEE**

FOR THE CURE OF LIQUOR, OPIUM, MORPHINE, AND ALL DRUG ADDICTIONS.







# Sullivan & Crichton's Business College

FULL BUSINESS COURSE  
Including Stationery, Text Books, Etc.

**\$35**

TIME UNLIMITED.

AND

4th and 5th Floors, KISER BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

FULL BUSINESS COURSE  
Including Stationery, Text Books, Etc.

**\$35**

TIME UNLIMITED.

The Business Course given by us for \$35 is not a "Partial Course." It entitles the student to practical business education, as perfect and complete as brains, skill and many years' experience can devise.

We have educated and placed in good positions more young men and women than all other business colleges in Atlanta combined.

SULLIVAN & CRICHTON'S  
*Business College*  
AND SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND.  
The best and cheapest Business College in America.  
Time short. Instruction thorough. 4 Pennies.  
Big demand for graduates. Catalogue free.  
SULLIVAN & CRICHTON, River Side, Atlanta, Ga.

FULL BUSINESS COURSE  
**\$35**

SULLIVAN & CRICHTON'S  
*Business College*  
AND SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND.  
The best and cheapest Business College in America.  
Time short. Instruction thorough. 4 Pennies.  
Big demand for graduates. Catalogue free.  
SULLIVAN & CRICHTON, River Side, Atlanta, Ga.

A Business Education to possess any real value must be complete in every detail. Nearly 3,000 successful graduates indorse our methods of teaching.



Gordon is a primeval settlement noted throughout middle Georgia for its prolific field of peaches, its pigeons and its razor-back hogs.

The peach crop and its shipment cause a stir in early summer. The pigeons have nested and brooded there, from the time of the falling of the stars, so the old women of the place declare, and they have well established their right of priority by occupying the eaves of the dilapidated stores and dwelling houses, on the roofs of which they parade in pomp for the benefit of the passengers whenever a train appears. The bearded and begrimed engineer who puffs through the town twice a day is authority for the statement that the razor-back hogs are so trained that they spend the evening about the station house, a mile distant from the station, where they devour the residue of numerous lunch baskets, and at the blowing of his whistle dash through the woods to meet the train and consume the peach pebbles thrown from the car windows.

But there are other productions in Gordon more notable than pigs, peaches and pigeons.

Some days ago the old engineer came to a stand at this station. A shrill-whistle conductor squallied "All aboard." The car door opened slowly, and a woman holding an infant in tight grasp entered, followed by a middle-aged man and a young fellow of the country swain variety. The woman had on a dress of checked homespun buttoned to a painful degree about her obese body, and a nondescript hat covered over with the crimson-tipped wings of black birds. She was puffing from the excitement of the occasion and the exercise of a long walk, while the baby bawled and made furious efforts to pull handfuls of hair from its mother's head. The man gazed vacantly about him, and threw himself with a jerk back the woman, which for an instant stopped the bellowing of the tube. The young fellow had ambled up and stood in the aisle with an air of uncertain deliberation. He decided suddenly to seek himself, moved my valise testingly, looked up timidly and fell into the seat. I had an opportunity of noticing him closely. He wore a new pair of blue jeans trousers that were scarcely long enough to hide his flaming red socks, blazing out in bold relief above his breaking brogans, likewise new. His ill-fitting coat was in color the dingy brown. This was unbuttoned and disclosed an unbleached, unstarched shirt. His long hair was saturated with water and seemed to sparkle with frequent applications of pomade. His physiognomy was rather extenuated. The chin shot out at an abrupt angle and tapered off to a point, bedecked with a scanty ridge of down that had never known the invasion of steel. His nose was almost parallel to the chin. It had been the shining mark for the midsummer sun and had suffered surface abrasion that morning when he scrubbed his countenance. But more conspicuous than all was the peculiar dilation of his cheek that told of the wad of tobacco upon which he munched. His lips were yellow stained and the wrinkles about the corner of his mouth formed miniature aqueducts for conducting the juice to his shirt collar.

When the train was good under way the old man turned:

"Butter come up this way, Bud, an' set down by yer ma an' me."

"Ruther all back here where I kin spit," responded the young fellow, firing the uid contents of his mouth into the cuspidor.

"Wal, I lae' ter know ef yer can't spit outen this here window; ain't no law 'ginst it, is thar? An' belin' as you'r goin' ter marry, yer ma an' me 'd lae' ter see sumpen ef yer, for you an' Nancy gits tied together, 'cause we ain't er countin' much on seein' yer whin yer gits ter livin' over thar at ole man Scroggins's."

This argument was effective and the fellow moved up several seats. It was evident from the snatches of conversation caught amidst the rumbling of the cars that the

young man was destined to be married that day and that he expected to make his home with his bride's parents.

"Pa, I wants yer to send ole Sue over tomorrow. Thar's the best plowin' critter I ever drew the line over, an' ef me an' Nancy's got to make a livin' Ole Sue'll have to be thar to help us out."

A laconic grunt was the reply.

"An' don't forget ter send over that thar shotgun of mine. I seed a whole passel er squirrels over thar in Scroggins's wood last week an' they're jist natcheryly 'chlin' ter shot. Thet's what. I 'spee' I kin git a dog over thar at Nancy's, an' yer needn't bother yerself 'bout sendin' my ole hound dog 'long. She ain't fittin' fer nuthin' but ter scratch fleas an' eat grub. Thet's what."

For some miles there was dreary silence. The old woman relapsed into a state of somnolent satisfaction and punctuated her dreaming with sudden nods and resultant snorts, while the baby still tugged with her hair. The old man gazed out at the scudding cotton crops, and the prospective groom munched his tobacco and the old man started toward the door in a run.

"Thar she is. Thar's Nancy an' her ma and ole man Scroggins," he yelled back.

"Hello folks; how'dy, how'dy. Here's Bud in here cooked and primed fer marryin'."

The train had come to a stop at what appeared to be a cross-roads station. Several wagon teams were standing under the live oaks hard by. In one of these wagons, arrayed in a neat red calico dress and a green-checked sunbonnet, beneath which was a comely countenance radiant with smiles.

These smiles expanded as she saw the young man jump from the car and rush toward her. His only salutation was a series of violent kisses, which she pretended to resent.

He reached out for the reins and wished to drive. She refused.

"Better let me handle these lines till we git to the church, Bud. You ain't use to these mules."

The train was speeding away again, and the wedding procession was left winding its way to church.

"Thet's what I calls 'bullet-proof' and happiness, and lots of it," said the conductor, waving his well wishes from the rear platform.

I agreed with him.

## A BIG REUNION.

What the Papers Say of the Proposed Blue and Gray Parade.

From The Charleston News and Courier. Another significant step has been taken in the advance toward the real fraternity of the people of this union, north and south. There have been many such steps of late, but this is one of the latest.

One People, One Country.

From The New Orleans Picayune. In this era of good feeling between the people of the northern and southern states, the movement which has been inaugurated in New York city for a general reunion of the northern and southern veterans of the civil war on the next Fourth of July. This noble and generous enterprise will be a fitting supplement to the recent grand and pathetic dedication of a monument to dead Confederate soldiers, which was held last summer at Chicago.

While the Chicago celebration was a requiem to the dead of the southern cause, the New York reunion will be a rejoicing at the birth of a new nation, springing from the decay of a dead and gone sectionalism.

This great republic of the west, the hope and rainbow promise of the nations, the home of human liberty and free government, the arbiter and dominator of a hemisphere, needs absolutely that its people should be bound together by the most in-

disoluble and all-embracing bonds of mutual respect, regard and interest. The time has come to put aside all serious obstacles to general harmony, and settling all differences, weld into a grand, majestic and irresistible power a peace-loving, law-abiding and generous people to work righteousness, maintain justice and execute judgment among the nations of the earth.

The celebration at Chicago was in that direction, and the proposed reunion in New York will be to the same end. It is a noble undertaking and right joyously may it speed.

## Why Shouldn't They?

From The Norfolk Virginian. A New York correspondent, writing of the proposed union-Confederate soldiers' celebration and parade in New York on the 4th of July next, says: "General Benjamin Harrison and General John B. Gordon, General Schofield and General Longstreet, General Fitz Lee and General Averett, riding together at the head of the column, will afford a spectacle which will be the subject of song and story for generations yet to come. It will be a splendid and superb trophy to the perpetuity of republican government." This is all very true, and why should not programme such as is here outlined be carried out? The war is over, and a celebration of the kind indicated will do a great deal of good although a few fellows who are constant referring to old issues may not think so.

## The War Over at Last.

From The Springfield, S. C. Herald. The New York Mail and Express of Thursday contains a column editorial highly complimentary to our state and evidencing a liberality of sentiment and freedom from sectional prejudice scarce to be expected in a journal that has been so earnest and persistent in its unfairness to the south in general and South Carolina in particular. There can be no question that the editorial lines are being obliterated than the fact that heretofore bitter and prejudiced northern republican papers are realizing the wonderful reduction of sectionalism of the south and are giving her the praise and recognition she merits. It can be now truthfully said that the war is over and that with few significant exceptions the men and the newspapers of both sections are united in their efforts to further the interests of their common country and to become in fact as well as in name a united people—one in hope and faith and destiny.

## All Right, Bring It On.

From The Charleston News and Courier. The New York Mail and Express approves of the proposition for a parade of Confederate veterans in New York city next year, and says: "Bring on the old gray uniforms and the ancient blue will hail them! The past is for the past, and armies rich in its deeds of valor, but the future—there is little of it for the old veterans on this side of the great river. Let us make the most of the present. It is all right and very well said, but our contemporary must see that 'the old gray uniforms' would not look well unless they were made of machine-made cloth. Give the old flag a place in the parade with the old uniforms and they will both be there, not to make a disturbance, but to celebrate a victory—the victory of peace and unity over the bitter memories of war."

## No More Sectional Strife.

From The Birmingham Post-Herald. The New York Mail and Express, in speaking of the possibility that a parade of ex-Confederate veterans may be held in that city, says: "Let them come on and bring the old gray uniforms if they wish. New York will give them a welcome like that of Louisville and Chickamauga to the C. A. R." We commend The Mail and Express for the genuine and unfeigned American spirit of the south, and particularly by its utterances on the Monroe doctrine. The Mail and Express, which has been denouncing the south and the southern people for some time, has come to the conclusion that it is broadly patriotic in its spirit and as earnest in its American sentiments as any section of the country; and it speaks warmly of "the intense devotion of the southern people to our distinctively foreign policy." This, it declares, was especially true of the early statesmen of the south, but it is no less true of the southern statesmen of the present day. It seems strange that it should take The Mail and Express and other papers of its type so long to discover the patriotism of the south and the southern people. At the same time it is some satisfaction to know that they have at last discovered it.

## Patriots South as Well as North.

From The New Orleans Times-Democrat. The New York Mail and Express, republican sectionalism, is very much impressed by the genuine and unfeigned American spirit of the south, and particularly by its utterances on the Monroe doctrine. The Mail and Express, which has been denouncing the south and the southern people for some time, has come to the conclusion that it is broadly patriotic in its spirit and as earnest in its American sentiments as any section of the country; and it speaks warmly of "the intense devotion of the southern people to our distinctively foreign policy." This, it declares, was especially true of the early statesmen of the south, but it is no less true of the southern statesmen of the present day. It seems strange that it should take The Mail and Express and other papers of its type so long to discover the patriotism of the south and the southern people. At the same time it is some satisfaction to know that they have at last discovered it.

## 20,000 LIKELY TO GO.

From The New York Sun. The last possible obstacle to the success of the great parade of the veterans of the north and south, which will take place in this city on the Fourth of July, has been removed by the decision to hold the annual reunion of the Confederate camps of veterans in Richmond on July 2nd. The secretary of the local committee, said yesterday he had been informed that these dates had been selected definitely. This is most important to the success of the reunion in this city, for it insures the presence of 20,000 to 30,000 gray-coated veterans in this city for the Fourth.

It was intended originally to hold the Richmond reunion toward the end of May, principally to avoid the hot weather of the early summer, but the great body of

Confederate veterans preferred the end of June, for the most of them live in the country, and by the end of June the spring work is finished. This argument for the later date was re-enforced by the fact that, if the Richmond reunion was held in May, very few of the veterans could afford the extra trip to New York a month later.

The date for the Richmond reunion is settled, one of the first things the local executive committee will do is to appoint a subcommittee on transportation, which will make arrangements and rates with the railroads to bring up the southerners from Richmond to New York immediately after the close of the Richmond reunion. Colonel Garnett and Colonel Andrew G. Dickinson, commander of the Confederate Camp of Veterans of this city, are most sanguine of the success, and predict that the number of southern veterans who will parade will run well up into the thousands.

Colonel Dickinson was in Atlanta some weeks ago to confer with a committee of southern veterans who have in hand the raising of \$100,000 for the building of a southern battle abbey, for which purpose Charles Broadway House has promised \$50,000 on the condition that an equal amount be raised in the south. On that committee are some of the most conspicuous veterans of the Confederate army, including Lieutenant General Cabell. Colonel Dickinson discussed the project with them thoroughly. They all, without exception, were enthusiastic in favor of a grand reunion of the blue and the gray, and predicted that the undertaking would be received with great favor throughout the south. Colonel Garnett said yesterday that all doubts as to the success of the parade had vanished, and he was confident that Dixie would make the northerners bustle about to equal them in numbers.

Already interest in the parade has been aroused in all parts of the country, not only among the veterans, but also among a great many independent organizations. Telegrams have been received from several such organizations, expressing their desire to take part in the parade. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston has informed Colonel Garnett that it wishes to take part in the parade as a special escort to the Massachusetts veterans.

The Richmond Blues, the crack company of the Richmond Artillery, of the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, which is to New Orleans what the Ancient and Honorable Artillery is to Boston, and the crack company of Charleston, S. C.

It has been decided that no such gathering of old soldiers can be complete without some young ones, and the committee's purpose is to have the West Point Cadets come to this city for the day. With this in view, a member of the executive committee will be in Washington tomorrow to ask Secretary of War Lamont to allow the cadets to come to this city on the Fourth.

Women, too, are taking up the reunion project. Colonel Garnett has received a letter from a member of the Daughters of the Revolution, proposing that an auxiliary committee of women be appointed, to prepare for the reception of the veterans and patriotic orders of women. This, it was suggested, should be done in order that the women belonging to those societies may prepare for the coming of the southern women who may come to New York.

There will be doubtless large numbers of southern women here, who will be entertained by the societies in some informal way. The New York women are associated formally with the undertaking or not, but the idea is for these societies to entertain all the southern women in some informal way.

Resides the executive committee there will be an auxiliary committee of five from every state. One member of each of these committees will be a resident of New York. The object of the executive committee is to look after the business of its state in this city, and will be in direct communication with the local committee.

This will relieve the executive committee of a vast amount of correspondence.

In the parade the veterans will march in two columns. The first column will be the blue and the gray will alternate. At the head of one column will be the veterans of a northern state, followed by the veterans of a southern state. At the head of the other column will march the veterans of a southern state, followed by the veterans of a northern state.

The location of the headquarters of the local committee will be in the rooms of the board of trade and transportation in The Mail and Express building, 203 Broadway.

WHAT THE NEGRO IS DOING

Among the many visitors from Baltimore to see the exposition and represent that city to the Rev. Marcus Cargyle, M. D., Dr. Cargyle is one of the leaders of our people in his city and is also a member of the city council. He has a large practice in Baltimore and is doing much to help elevate his people physically, intellectually and morally.

He is at such men who are laboring for the advancement of our people and the betterment of the country. He will take an active part in the Baltimore exposition.

Rev. W. J. Alexander, D. D., preached an able sermon to a large congregation last Sunday morning from the text, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor than silver or gold." His subject was "The Value of a Good Name."

All friends and visitors are invited to be present this morning at the 11 o'clock service. His subject will be "The Name Above Every Other Name."

H. P. Cheatham loves Atlanta and the exposition. While his family are spending some time with Dr. Green, of Macon, he has visited Georgia three times and each time takes in Atlanta and the exposition. Atlanta and her citizens are proud of H. P. Cheatham for his noble work in con-

gress in aiding our representatives in securing the \$200,000 appropriation for the exposition by his speeches and his vote. Such men are always welcomed.

There were many members and visitors out at Friendship Baptist church last Sunday afternoon to hear the sacred concert and thanksgiving sermon. The singing and speaking were very good, especially the rendition of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," by Della Redd, and the whole chapter of Paul's defense before Agrippa, recited by Little Maggie Gordon.

Then the sermon by Rev. E. R. Carter was indeed an extra effort. He convinced all present that they had much to thank God for.

The congress on Africa is a success. The meeting has been well attended and much good work done for the redemption of that long neglected continent and her people. Already many able speakers have been made during the meeting and many more will be made today to which all of our readers are invited. This morning Bishop I. W. Joyce, LL. D., will preach a sermon at 11 o'clock at Loyd street Methodist Episcopal church on the missionary subject. At 3 p. m. in the same church F. Noble, of Chicago, who was secretary of the world's fair congress on Africa, will read a paper on "The Outlook for African Missions in the Twentieth Century." There will also be other addresses during this session.

At 7:30 o'clock this evening this, the first great congress on Africa ever held in the south, will close its most successful series of meetings at Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church on Auburn avenue.

There will be many able speakers at this meeting, among whom will be Rev. J. D. Chavis, D. D., president of Bennett college, North Carolina, and Rev. C. B. Mason, D. D. At the close of the speaking the Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D. D., will give an illustrated lecture on life in Africa, etc.

There will be an interesting meeting and all present will not regret being there. All visitors and friends, both white and colored are invited.

The board of missions for freedmen of the Presbyterian church in the United States of America has issued an interesting call in pamphlet form to the people to come to their assistance in the great work of educating the freedmen. I feel that much good will result from the spreading of such literature. The pamphlet is this to the effect of us: "These people have a claim on us that no other people on the face of the earth can have. They and their fathers and mothers before them for two centuries and a half helped to build the nation of our country, north and south, by their unrequited toil. Remember these people are not foreigners, nor aliens. They are with us in language, in sentiment, in customs and in religion. They are native born Americans. They love the land of their birth. If our country is ever in danger from a foreign foe they will unhesitatingly stand among her devoted defenders." To these good men who speak so kindly of us we wish to say at no time in the past history of our country have we ever let "old glory" trail in the dust, nor will we do so in the future.

S. F. Crankshank, of Talladega, Ala., is a prosperous citizen of that state. He owns and operates a planing mill and also runs a farm near the town. His wife is somewhat of a farmer. Last year she planted 800 stalks of cotton and gathered therefrom 710 pounds of seed cotton. His son, H. W. Crankshank, is a graduate in medicine from Harvard university, and is now taking a special course as a specialist in the diseases of the eye, ear and throat.

I notice that some changes are expected relative to the city physicians. Having studied subject in all of its details for the past six years, and being in a position to see the great need of a better system of professional services to the poor I feel it my duty as a physician to give my views on the subject.

All physicians in the city who are practicing must do lots of charity work. They do it while the city has a physician for the poor in each ward, and they will have more to do in the future. If seven physicians are given the work, it will be impossible for any two doctors to properly care for all of Atlanta's sick who are not able to pay. They would have to work night and day and then not be through. If seven physicians, aided by all their coworkers, were not able to properly care for our city's poor, how is it reasonable to suppose that two can do it? This is a work that must needs be done by all doctors. Within the past six years I have done in this city many thousands of dollars worth of pauper work, and others have done even more, but the question which confronts the city today is how can proper professional care be rendered to all of its poor at the needed time and at less expense to the city? Again the present system is the one proposed will compel one to use medicine he does not believe in. Suffer or die, he can choose between these extremes, e. g., I am sick; am a believer in homeopathy; the north side physician is a regular, or eclectic, and I must take his treatment or get none, or else infringe on the valuable time and talent of a doctor of my faith whom the city does not employ nor am I able to pay.

The plan I have in mind I think will, with some modifications by the profession and those in authority, remedy the trouble relative to caring for the poor. While it may cost the city a little more—and I don't believe it will—it will give entire satisfaction to all schools of the profession and to all the friends of the various schools and in the meantime the great object of proper professional care for the poor will be reached. My plan is this: The city could easily take a small amount of the money used in this work and at some central point or at the Grady hospital establish a free dispensary. One hundred dollars, \$25 each, would furnish two good druggists, a homoeopathic and a regular, for the dispensary whose duty it would be to keep open the dispensary and dispense medicines prescribed by

physicians duly qualified to practice medicine in the state, county and city. Whenever any physician is called to a poor patient who is not able to pay for either medicine or professional services he will prescribe for said patient and across the back of the prescription write in his own handwriting, the word, "Charity." He will then put down the name and residence of this patient on his ledger and after the name on his book just the word, "Charity." Of course the name of the patient and his street and number must be on all charity prescriptions. These prescriptions will be prescribed, but are recorded in a book, that is, the number of the prescription and name of the patients attended on a page set apart for that physician. Then at the end of each three months those druggists must make a report to the city council in which the number of prescriptions written by each physician is mentioned. The city council will then pay to the physician 25 cents for each prescription he has written for the city's poor during that quarter.

The word "Charity" or "Pauper" on a prescription will mean several things, among which will be that the physician has not, nor expects to receive any pay for his visit; it will also mean that the patient is really, to the best of the doctor's judgment, not able to buy medicines. There is much room for improvement and much of which I could mention but for the want of time and space. But this plan or something similar would make every legal practitioner a city physician and each would get pay for his part of the pauper work done, and each person, however poor, would have a chance to get the physician of his choice and good fresh medicines properly prepared. It will be remembered that in each case where a doctor visits a poor patient he gets nothing for his visit, but simply 25 cents for each prescription.

Dr. J. H. Anthony, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, was in this week and was so much interested in Atlanta that he thinks of leaving. We welcome all such men as this.

Rev. C. T. Walker, D. D., of the state commissioners, was in the city last week, seeing the exposition. He is of what the commissioners and his people have done. So are we all proud, and say this is only a beginning. Future

Commissioner I. Garland Penn has been away, but is at his post again looking well.

M. C. Parker, one of our lawyers of Rome, Ga., is here seeing the exposition and with him is S. M. McCain, of the same city. Both are much pleased with the exposition.

Quite a large crowd of our people came from Chattanooga, this week, also from Texas, Florida and Alabama.

We regret to announce the burning of the barn with thirty head of Jersey cows, etc., at the Fulton Industrial school in Alabama. This is the school of which Booker T. Washington is president. The loss is said to be about \$500. We trust the loss will soon be replaced and all will move on as before. Professor Washington's many friends, both north and south, east and west, will not allow his school to suffer.

H. R. BUTLER.

Handsome Souvenir Spoon given away with every \$2.00 purchase of Toys, Dolls and Fancy Goods at Carver & Harper's. See Ad.

50 Cents

will bring a veritable ray of sunshine into your home circle for an entire year. "Comfort" is that "ray"—a twenty-four page family Magazine beautifully illustrated.

Dr. J. H. Anthony, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, was in this week and was so much interested in Atlanta that he thinks of leaving. We welcome all such men as this.

Rev. C. T. Walker, D. D., of the state commissioners, was in the city last week, seeing the exposition. He is of what the commissioners and his people have done. So are we all proud, and say this is only a beginning. Future

Commissioner I. Garland Penn has been away, but is at his post again looking well.

M. C. Parker, one of our lawyers of Rome, Ga., is here seeing the exposition and with him is S. M. McCain, of the same city. Both are much pleased with the exposition.

Quite a large crowd of our people came from Chattanooga, this week, also from Texas, Florida and Alabama.

We regret to announce the burning of the barn with thirty head of Jersey cows, etc., at the Fulton Industrial school in Alabama. This is the school of which Booker T. Washington is president. The loss is said to be about \$500. We trust the loss will soon be replaced and all will move on as before. Professor Washington's many friends, both north and south, east and west, will not allow his school to suffer.

H. R. BUTLER.

Handsome Souvenir Spoon given away with every \$2.00 purchase of Toys, Dolls and Fancy Goods at Carver & Harper's. See Ad.

50 Cents

will bring a veritable ray of sunshine into your home circle for an entire year. "Comfort" is that "ray"—a twenty-four page family Magazine beautifully illustrated.

Dr. J. H. Anthony, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, was in this week and was so much interested in Atlanta that he thinks of leaving. We welcome all such men as this.

Rev. C. T. Walker, D. D., of the state commissioners, was in the city last week, seeing the exposition. He is of what the commissioners and his people have done. So are we all proud, and say this is only a beginning. Future

Commissioner I. Garland Penn has been away, but is at his post again looking well.

M. C. Parker, one of our lawyers of Rome, Ga., is here seeing the exposition and with him is S. M. McCain, of the same city. Both are much pleased with the exposition.

Quite a large crowd of our people came from Chattanooga, this week, also from Texas, Florida and Alabama.

We regret to announce the burning of the barn with thirty head of Jersey cows, etc., at the Fulton Industrial school in Alabama. This is the school of which Booker T. Washington is president. The loss is said to be about \$500. We trust the loss will soon be replaced and all will move on as before. Professor Washington's many friends, both north and south, east and west, will not allow his school to suffer.

H. R. BUTLER.

Handsome Souvenir Spoon given away with every \$2.00 purchase of Toys, Dolls and Fancy Goods at Carver & Harper's. See Ad.

50 Cents

will bring a veritable ray of sunshine into your home circle for an entire year. "Comfort" is that "ray"—a twenty-four page family Magazine beautifully illustrated.



**Auction Sale.**  
The entire stock of Japanese and Chinese goods at 25 Marietta street will be sold at auction Monday, December 15th, at 10 a. m., 3 p. m., and 7:30 p. m. The best opportunity to buy your Christmas presents lies especially invited. The Keto, 25 Marietta street.











## BOOKS AND PEOPLE.

A Glance at Recent Volumes—Gossip of a Personal Nature.

JULIAN HARRIS.

What a dear, hysterical story is "The Princess Sonia" by Julia Magruder. The illustrations by Gibson are light and airy, and are fully in keeping with the text, though one is constantly reminded of the "Princess Alline" by reason of these very drawings.

There is a charm about the "Princess Sonia." It is so delightfully illogical that one really enjoys it. It is a story which has no reason for existing, except to furnish matter for the pictures. However, it is happily free from the erism and the leaning to the decadent upon which so many recent books depend for popularity. There are no tiresome dissertations on the mysticism of relative love or the power of the unexpected, or the introspection of the immediate, and such stuff. It is a simple little story that begins nowhere and ends in a flutter of reconciliation and embraces of renewed love.

How feminine the book is! It fairly pulsates with the warmth of woman's inability to make two and two into four. Martha Keene, assistant heroine, is a veritable surcharged dynamo of throbbing feminine love. She is passion inspired throughout and fairly over-bubbles in her enthusiastic demonstrations of love by side, and the book is kept thus bound within a very limited sphere.

Martha Keene goes to Paris to study, and there meets a tall, handsome—beautiful, I believe Miss Magruder calls her—sorrowful-eyed, dignified, exclusive, artistic young woman who is supposed to be a Russian princess. They have not known each other very long before the following soulful outburst, radiant with the pent-up feeling of an admiring woman, occurs: "Martha Keene speaking, the princess having just requested Martha to call her 'Sonia'."

"Oh, you are too good to me!" exclaimed Martha. "You spoke of knowing that I like you. I don't like you—I love you. I don't love—I adore you. I adore you, the girl actually slipped from the low chair to her knees before the loving girl."

The story is simply that of three persons. Martha's brother, who is the great, handsome, blond-bearded fellow, happens to have married Sonia, some time before the opening of the story, and his wife leaves him under the impression that they are not of compatible temperaments. In the presence of Martha they meet as strangers, Martha and no member of the Keene family, outside of the exclusive hero, has ever seen the bride or a picture of her—a very weak sort of deception for Miss Magruder to throw out to a reading public that is not very gullible.

Nevertheless, all ends with a reconciliation, which, since the two were husband and wife, was exceedingly proper and thoroughly within the bounds of the conventional. Martha comes home and sees them sitting happily by side, and the book is most artistically concluded just at this juncture in the following clever fashion: "So you are not a princess, after all!" said Martha.

"Oh, yes I am," Sonia answered quickly. "I'm 'The Happy Princess'—and this is my prince."

Having said this much, I must confess that I really enjoyed "The Princess Sonia," for Miss Magruder has a charming style and avoids much of that stiffness which afflicted the other "princess" book, which was promulgated by Mr. Davis.

The Century Company publishes the book.

**That Woman's Bible.**

All over the country the newspapers are devoting pages to the so-called "Woman's Bible," which is sent out by Mrs. Cady Stanton and her satellites. It is a book with women and interviews with preachers have been published. Many of those interviewed were people of acknowledged learning and splendor of intellect, but I am afraid they have made a serious mistake regarding the "Woman's Bible."

The fact is, everybody seems to take the "Woman's Bible" seriously. Mrs. Stanton has fairly fooled nearly all of us. She is right now laughing in her sleeve—and the modern pious slave will admit of a very large smile—at the manner in which she has brought men of science and learning and women of erudition and wit to a serious discussion of the "Woman's Bible."

The "Woman's Bible" is simply one of Mrs. Stanton's jokes. She is well known as a humorist. It is said of her that when she was only five years of age she shed a long bit of cloth to a kitten's tail and tried to fly the animal like a Chinese kite.

Since then her bump of humor has enlarged and has become more and more acute until it is said that her collaborators are in ignorance of the fact that Mrs. Stanton undertook the work in order to relieve the over-pressure of her sense of humor.

So put the "Woman's Bible" on the shelf alongside of "Joan's Billings," "Artemus Ward" and "Bill Nye."

**Beside the Narragansett.**

"Beside the Narragansett" is a book of poems, modest in size and unpretentious in binding, issued by the Peter Paul Book Company, with the name of John Lockhart on the title page as the author.

To classify Mr. Lockhart would be difficult. He resembles in many instances a number of the larger poets. Or the poems in his little volume, the strongest is undoubtedly the sonnet, "Lux et Umbra." The thought in it is a take it from them, there is a strength of mind and of conviction expressed in it and there is no halting nor stammering as if the poet found himself hunting here and there, and culling his brain as I take it most of them save to do, for words that fit in rhyme and stand for something in meaning. "Lux et Umbra" reads: "In the black flower of midnight—at the heart—And midnight air of secrecy, There lies the golden seed that shall be the sown of blossoms. Softly fall the silken leaves of dreams; and lo! thou art! Sweet morn of expectation, dewy-dream! While all the specters that the dark intent, Soon as the East doth his keen lance dart, Show angel faces. Why avert the shade—The solemn veil—the mysterious power, Filling the soul with awe, stirring the blood, Bidding the bones to quake? 'Tis thus arrayed! In dusky calyx lies Heaven's shining flower. Our Angel leads through gloom to show us God."

There is a familiar sound about a verse in Mr. Lockhart's "An Autumn Evening." The verse calls to mind two things that are seldom associated with each other, and yet there seems to be a touch of both about it.

The verse reads: "In immediate monotone The mills of the air—Autumn Evening—The rattling gear, the waters' drone, The saw's shrill screech. Now, dusky dawn, The eve, I hear aloft a fiery shaft appear." (etc.)

Reading this, my mind instantly went to Gray's lines: "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, And all the air a solemn stillness holds, Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds." Read as a whole, "An Autumn Evening"

bears a strong resemblance to "Lines to a Waterfall," which was written, if memory serves right, by William Cullen Bryant. In another instance, Mr. Lockhart strongly recalls Longfellow's "Hiawatha." In "Hiawatha" there are lines which begin, "As unto the bow the cord is in 'Song,'" by Mr. Lockhart, the first verse—there are only two verses—runs:

"What the star is to the sky, And the pearl is to the sea, What the light is to the eye, And the leaf is to the tree, What the joy of mounting wings, To the bird that soars and sings, Thou art to me."

Mr. Lockhart's "Slumber Song" (from "Nehilakin") is a delightful bit of rhyme, well worth producing. It goes:

"Softly, my baby! Nestle, sweet blossom! on mother's warm bosom! Still dimmer and dimmer the ashy coals glimmer."

The lodge lies in gloom: How hazy the breath of the forest in bloom! The owl is hooting afar on the hill, And deep in the glade slings the brown whip-poor-will!

The star doth incline to the tip of thy spine! She smiles like a maiden stooped over a mill! She bathed her bright bosom, so softly to shine! The full moon is rising; the aspen is still!

O mother's sweet blossom, lie still on my bosom! Sleep softly, my baby!"

**Books, Authors and Publishers.**

The death of George Augustus Henry Sala last week at Brighton was a most pathetic one. For more than forty years he has been known as the dean of British Journalism, and has been recognized as a man of no fine thought, no literary ability. He was a great writer. Of himself he is recorded as saying: "When you read what I write you take pot luck. I do not write some things that are worth reading, but I write much more that is worse than trash. I simply write what must be written and if there chances to be something of more than the ordinary in it, it is the reader's reward for having patiently waded through so much to get to it."

For many years Sala wrote the leader to The Telegraph, the London paper. His initials, G. A. S., always guaranteed that the article would be read. His income from this paper was \$15,000 a year until his health became so miserable that he was placed upon a pension. He was in such poor circumstances that his hand-some library was sacrificed at public sale and his creditors virtually attempted to take the very bed from under him. As a special correspondent he frequently wrote much that was worthy to live. At one time he was connected with The Cornhill Thackeray's magazine, but on account of an allusion to "club verbosity" by the latter Sala resigned. "The Seven Sons of Mammam" by Sala was his first effort at imaginative literature. The title proved attractive enough to give it a good sale, but there was but little merit in the book.

It was rather as the essayist that Sala was at his best. He loved to take up the picturesque life and the life of the side scenes of social life. Poetry, too, he wrote, but though it could stand the eye of the critic as to proper "feet" and swarming rhyme, yet there was a wearisome monotony to it. He wrote a great deal of it and of thought and poetic imagination—his verses, at the best, were simply dragging prose fashion into meter.

It is said of Sala that he wrote over 12,000 leaders for The Telegraph. By birth Sala was Italian-English, his father, an Italian, having married an English singer of West Indian extraction. Sala's wife was a faithful companion and aided him much by reason of her aptness in all things. She did much of his correspondence for him. By the way, she is a sister-in-law of John Strain Winter. In one of his American trips, Sala visited Atlanta. This was a little more than thirty years ago.

"The Songs and Music of Friedrich Froebel's Mother Play," just issued by D. Appleton & Co., is the second of a concluding volume of Miss Susan E. Blow's version of Froebel's noted work which laid the foundation for that important branch of early education, the kindergarten. The first volume, "The Mother and Commentaries," may be designated as the teacher's or mother's book, and "The Songs and Music" the present volume, as the children's book.

J. M. Barrie was four years writing the serial, "Sentimental Tommy," which is begun in the January Scribner. The scene of the tale moves from the East End of London to Thruma.

Queen Victoria once wrote some verses which were sent to a publisher under a nom de plume and were promptly returned "with thanks." Her majesty's next literary venture came out with a full regalia of royal and imperial titles.

There will be considerable speculation as to the original one of the characters in Mrs. Humphry Ward's Century novel, "Sir George Tressadyne." This is the political leader who, after a youth given over to race horses and a worldly dissipation, finds himself in parliamentary life with almost ascetic devotion, and builds up a party from his own personal following.

Readers of Mr. Barrie's new serial that is to run through the year in Scribner's will be glad to know that a great deal of the action of the tale takes place in Thruma and that some of Barrie's favorite minor characters appear: a glimpse is had of the Little Minister himself in one chapter. A new portrait of Barrie accompanies the January installment.

Mr. Douglas Sladen's new book, "A Japanese Marriage," which has had an immense run in England, no novel except "Fanny Hill" being more in demand at the libraries, has just been issued in America by Macmillan & Co. In it Mr. Sladen advocates the most advanced hedonistic theories, and declares himself a strong advocate of the "new woman" movement.

"Any age," he says, "is golden in which women are as free as men."

Some interesting letters have been recovered in a forgotten desk in a Washington garret, and they will be published in the January number of The Century. They were written to a young law student by Wirt, Webster and Calhoun, and give a glimpse of the life of study he should pursue to fit him for his chosen profession.

It has been an even year since Charles F. Lummis, the explorer and poet, took the editorship of Land of Sunshine, a Los Angeles publication, at St. Moritz, Switzerland. It was at that time a frail venture which was daily declining more rapidly. Since that time it has thrived and grown into a vigorous and healthy publication. It is a bright magazine, thoroughly typical of the country it represents. Many new witnesses of much promise have been brought out by it.

Atlanta has its own toboggan slide in the shape of a shoot-the-chutes. There is a toboggan slide at St. Moritz, Switzerland, nearly a mile long—three-quarters of a mile, to be exact—which has been de-

scended in seventy-one seconds. Scribner's for January will publish a description of it, with a number of pictures from instantaneous photographs.

Such a magnitude has the business of life insurance reached in recent years that now we have a book on "How to Buy Life Insurance," which there is much of interest to those who desire to insure. It is a matter of figures, as well as of interest, to know that the thirty leading companies reported to the department of Massachusetts show that their death losses and endowment paid during the year of 1894 amounted to more than \$125,000,000. This is twenty-five million more than the amount of money Wall street insists upon the government keeping in the gold reserve. The author of "How to Buy Life Insurance" is J. H. Lewis, of Denver, Col.

John Heard, the American civil engineer who died a few months ago in Rome, left an unpublished story in the hands of Scribner's which will appear in the January number of the magazine. It is a railroad story turning on the heroism of a locomotive engineer.

What has been pronounced the most comprehensive summary yet published of the results and possibilities of photography of moving objects, will be immediately by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. in the international scientific series. This is a book on movement, by Professor E. J. Marey, member of the French Academy, and director of the physical station of the College of France, who has already contributed an interesting volume on animal locomotion to the same series.

Two handsome volumes in uniform edition recently issued by F. Y. Crowell & Co., are "Keat's Poetical Works," with biographical sketch by Nathan Haskell Dole, himself a poet of no mean ability, and "The Poetical Works" by Chapman, and translated by Helen B. Dole. Each volume is handsomely illustrated.

Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, announce that they will issue this month the "Memoirs of an Artist," by Charles Francis Gounod, as the artist's diary, a biography of unusual interest, as it will present the opinions of a great master regarding his own works as well as those of others. The "Memoirs" will prove of permanent and inestimable value.

"St. Ives," the novel left substantially complete and unpublished by Robert Louis Stevenson at his death, is described as purely a romance of adventure. It is the story of a French prisoner captured in the peninsular wars, who is shut up in Edinburgh castle; there he falls in love with a Scotch girl, who, with her aunt, frequently visits the prisoner. The story is early in the story a duel under extraordinary circumstances, between St. Ives and a fellow prisoner, after various episodes a dangerous plan of escape is decided upon, and the daring St. Ives finally becomes a free man. The perils that he undergoes while in hiding about Edinburgh, his adventures on the North coast, his escape across the border into England, his subsequent return to Edinburgh, and many other incidents of the story, which is told in the spirited, vivacious and wonderful style of which Stevenson was a master. S. S. McClure has the story.

Collier's Weekly for December 12th asks the pertinent question: "What are the American statesmanship lacks initiative. We need something more, even strictly home business, except with reference to what other countries may do, or we think. A Time Weekly holds it is time to begin doing our own business in our own way. The suggestion is well worthy of the attention of thoughtful people."

Frederick Locker, the author of "London Lyrics," is the author of "London Lyrics," a collection of poems, which is a new and unpublished portrait of Locker.

The Fly Leaf, an unsatisfactory cross between The Yellow Book and The Chap Book is thrust into the winter world by Walter Blackburn Hart. There is a splendid article by Jonathan Penn, which may be a woman's desire. Mark Twain, of the story, which is told in the spirited, vivacious and wonderful style of which Stevenson was a master. S. S. McClure has the story.

The authors' journal for December has many features of interest to writers. "Changes in the Literary Taste" are discussed by Leonard Bacon, a very sympathetic article has been written about him for the January Scribner by his son-in-law, Augustus B. Bacon. A new and unpublished portrait of Locker.

The Fly Leaf, an unsatisfactory cross between The Yellow Book and The Chap Book is thrust into the winter world by Walter Blackburn Hart. There is a splendid article by Jonathan Penn, which may be a woman's desire. Mark Twain, of the story, which is told in the spirited, vivacious and wonderful style of which Stevenson was a master. S. S. McClure has the story.

The authors' journal for December has many features of interest to writers. "Changes in the Literary Taste" are discussed by Leonard Bacon, a very sympathetic article has been written about him for the January Scribner by his son-in-law, Augustus B. Bacon. A new and unpublished portrait of Locker.

The Fly Leaf, an unsatisfactory cross between The Yellow Book and The Chap Book is thrust into the winter world by Walter Blackburn Hart. There is a splendid article by Jonathan Penn, which may be a woman's desire. Mark Twain, of the story, which is told in the spirited, vivacious and wonderful style of which Stevenson was a master. S. S. McClure has the story.

The authors' journal for December has many features of interest to writers. "Changes in the Literary Taste" are discussed by Leonard Bacon, a very sympathetic article has been written about him for the January Scribner by his son-in-law, Augustus B. Bacon. A new and unpublished portrait of Locker.

The Fly Leaf, an unsatisfactory cross between The Yellow Book and The Chap Book is thrust into the winter world by Walter Blackburn Hart. There is a splendid article by Jonathan Penn, which may be a woman's desire. Mark Twain, of the story, which is told in the spirited, vivacious and wonderful style of which Stevenson was a master. S. S. McClure has the story.

The authors' journal for December has many features of interest to writers. "Changes in the Literary Taste" are discussed by Leonard Bacon, a very sympathetic article has been written about him for the January Scribner by his son-in-law, Augustus B. Bacon. A new and unpublished portrait of Locker.

The Fly Leaf, an unsatisfactory cross between The Yellow Book and The Chap Book is thrust into the winter world by Walter Blackburn Hart. There is a splendid article by Jonathan Penn, which may be a woman's desire. Mark Twain, of the story, which is told in the spirited, vivacious and wonderful style of which Stevenson was a master. S. S. McClure has the story.

The authors' journal for December has many features of interest to writers. "Changes in the Literary Taste" are discussed by Leonard Bacon, a very sympathetic article has been written about him for the January Scribner by his son-in-law, Augustus B. Bacon. A new and unpublished portrait of Locker.

The Fly Leaf, an unsatisfactory cross between The Yellow Book and The Chap Book is thrust into the winter world by Walter Blackburn Hart. There is a splendid article by Jonathan Penn, which may be a woman's desire. Mark Twain, of the story, which is told in the spirited, vivacious and wonderful style of which Stevenson was a master. S. S. McClure has the story.

The authors' journal for December has many features of interest to writers. "Changes in the Literary Taste" are discussed by Leonard Bacon, a very sympathetic article has been written about him for the January Scribner by his son-in-law, Augustus B. Bacon. A new and unpublished portrait of Locker.

The Fly Leaf, an unsatisfactory cross between The Yellow Book and The Chap Book is thrust into the winter world by Walter Blackburn Hart. There is a splendid article by Jonathan Penn, which may be a woman's desire. Mark Twain, of the story, which is told in the spirited, vivacious and wonderful style of which Stevenson was a master. S. S. McClure has the story.

The authors' journal for December has many features of interest to writers. "Changes in the Literary Taste" are discussed by Leonard Bacon, a very sympathetic article has been written about him for the January Scribner by his son-in-law, Augustus B. Bacon. A new and unpublished portrait of Locker.

The Fly Leaf, an unsatisfactory cross between The Yellow Book and The Chap Book is thrust into the winter world by Walter Blackburn Hart. There is a splendid article by Jonathan Penn, which may be a woman's desire. Mark Twain, of the story, which is told in the spirited, vivacious and wonderful style of which Stevenson was a master. S. S. McClure has the story.

The authors' journal for December has many features of interest to writers. "Changes in the Literary Taste" are discussed by Leonard Bacon, a very sympathetic article has been written about him for the January Scribner by his son-in-law, Augustus B. Bacon. A new and unpublished portrait of Locker.

The Fly Leaf, an unsatisfactory cross between The Yellow Book and The Chap Book is thrust into the winter world by Walter Blackburn Hart. There is a splendid article by Jonathan Penn, which may be a woman's desire. Mark Twain, of the story, which is told in the spirited, vivacious and wonderful style of which Stevenson was a master. S. S. McClure has the story.



## MORE QUEER IDEAS.

HOW THE STARS HAVE BEEN DRAFTED INTO SERVICE.

They Are Made To Play The Part of Detectives—Pope Murder Mystery.

From The New York World.

Lombroso might perhaps stare in blank ecstasy at the sight of Police Commissioner Roosevelt, as the chief of the police department, standing in the observatory in Central park with an astrologer in his hand and his eye glued to the heavens is an inimitable guide in all questions which pertain to the time for which it is erected.

In connection with this the writers take the liberty of giving their interpretation of the "Pope Murder Mystery," as an astrologer from an astrologer's point of view, to the time of the event. It may upset some pet theories, but it is a guide in all questions which pertain to the time for which it is erected.

November 11th—the celestial sign Leo was on the eastern horizon, with Jupiter over the head of the sun, and the sun, lord thereof, being besieged in the fourth house (the grave) by the three planets, Mars, Saturn and Mercury. Now, in figures of this description the seventh house, its ruler, is indicative of the chief, the astrologer, or perpetrator of the deed, providing there be no peregrine planet in an angle with the earth—the mid-point of the heavens—in the accused sign Scorpio, surmounting the sign of the scorpion, a malignant and significant of the victim, facts strangely significant of the time of day and the conditions which beset the deed.

To the adept in astral physics these testimonies open up in him a series of deductions, which point conclusively to the practical solution of the circumstances surrounding the murder. According to reports, the men were three in number, and these we find, adhering strictly to astrology, were the three malignant planets mentioned above, whose evil propensities are strongly augmented by the nature of the sign they occupied.

While the three men were associated in the attack, but one did the shooting, signified by Cancer, the sign of the scorpion, ruler of the seventh—governing thefts and the liberty. What else was intended, stronger influence by position than do the others. This would describe the murderer as a man of dark complexion, dark hair and iron-gray eyes and wearing a plaid or gray.

His companions are described, one as of a dark complexion, dark hair and small dark eyes, dressed in dark or dirty brown; the second, a man of a fair complexion, dark hair, broad face and black curling hair, evidently in a laborer's red undershirt, and the third, a man of a fair complexion, dark hair, broad face and black curling hair, evidently in a laborer's red undershirt, and the third, a man of a fair complexion, dark hair, broad face and black curling hair, evidently in a laborer's red undershirt.

The direction taken was northeast, as indicated by the position of the moon in a northern sign, and their significant occupy the north angle in Scorpio. There were reports about the criminal courts building yesterday to the effect that Barbara Aub would plead guilty to the indictment for perjury tomorrow and would either receive a light sentence, or that sentence in her case would be suspended, and that she would be allowed to go free.

The Paper That Is Suspected.

The Tribune has already called attention to the attempts made by a woman calling herself "Nellie Ely" and also by another woman, both representing The World, to intimidate Barbara Aub in her cell in the Tombs. Although Warden Fallon is not willing to tell the name of the newspaper whose representatives are now accused of trying to bribe the young woman in the Tombs to contradict her confession, most people who read the newspapers in this city will be inclined to suspect that the newspaper is The World.

There were reports about the criminal courts building yesterday to the effect that Barbara Aub would plead guilty to the indictment for perjury tomorrow and would either receive a light sentence, or that sentence in her case would be suspended, and that she would be allowed to go free.

Colson Haire, the counsel for Langerman, yesterday contradicted a report that Langerman intended to sue Recorder Goff for damages for false imprisonment and for slander, saying he had no explanation of the statement that Langerman had been committed to the house of detention without legal authority. "By request of district attorney," but it has been denied that any request was made by the district attorney for the commitment of Langerman.

"I was inspecting the prison this morning," the warden said, "and I stopped at the Aub girl's cell and talked with her a few minutes. She asked me why I had allowed two persons to come to her and offer bribes. She was indignant over the offers, and she said she refused to accept the money in each case. I know who the persons were, but I do not care to make their names public. One was a man, and the other was a woman. Such a proceeding is an outrage, and I shall report the



Substitution the Order of the Day

DON'T HESITATE

TO ASK FOR CARTER'S.

SEE YOU GET CARTER'S.

TAKE NOTHING BUT CARTER'S.

INSIST ON HAVING CARTER'S.

THE ONLY PERFECT LIVER PILL

SURE CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PEOPLE ALWAYS WANT AN OPPORTUNITY.

HERE'S ONE!

TO BUY A NICE X-MAS PRESENT, SOMETHING USEFUL!

I have large stock bought for this special purpose—Fancy Rockers in Reed, Oak and Birch, Fancy Tables, Fur and Moquette Rugs, Pictures and Easels, Book Cases, China Closets, Ladies' Desks, Music Racks and Hat Racks, Parlor Furniture and Tables.

87 and 89 Peachtree Street.

T. J. FAMBRO.

LOOK! SOUTHERN YOUNG PEOPLE.

SHORTHAND AND BUSINESS

UNIVERSITY

IN "THE GRAND," ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

Winter Term Opens January 1st, 1896.

HANDSOME CATALOGUE JUST OUT.

Bookkeeping, Penmanship,

Shorthand, Typewriting,

Telegraphy, Mathematics,

Grammar, Spelling.

ENTER JANUARY 1st.

GRADUATES IN DEMAND.

\$25 BUSINESS COURSE \$25

UNLIMITED

This course is guaranteed to be superior to any business other course taught in this or surrounding States. Catalogue free.

A. C. BRISCOE, President,

L. W. ARNOLD, Bus. Mngr.

F. B. WHITE, Secretary,

ATLANTA, . . . . . GEORGIA.

- FOR -

PROFIT.

The Shortest Possible and Most Direct Route

From the South and Atlantic to Chicago is via

NASHVILLE AND EVANSVILLE

Over the Nashville and Evansville Route, the

Solid Valetted Trains with Elegant Dining Service.

TAKE THE "NASHVILLE &amp; CHICAGO LIMITED."

FOR CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS,

AND ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES IN THE WEST, NORTH AND NORTH-WEST.

WEEKLY AND BIRCHMAN SUMMER RESORTS.

Double Daily Service to and from Atlanta and the South.

S. M. CUTLER, G. B. A., F. P. JEFFERSON, A. G. P. &amp; ATLANTA, GA.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

\$25 WILL BUY

DELKIN'S

A 25 (genuine) Diamond

Marquise Ring, set with Ruby, Emerald, or any doublet center.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Award.

Sationery and Printing.

AUGUSTA, GA., Dec. 10, 1895.

Bids are wanted for furnishing stationery and printing for Georgia Railroad. Parties desiring to make bids will please apply to the undersigned for details and specifications.

CARLTON HILLIER, dec'd-10.

Auditor Georgia R. R., Augusta, Ga.

FRANK J. HOYLE. CHAS. A. ABBOTT.

HOYLE &amp; ABBOTT

Manufacturers' Agents.

Electrical and railway supplies and equipment. Steel Rail, Scrap Iron, etc.

Agents American Telegraph Supply Co. 155 East Ala. St.—Atlanta National Bank Building.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

DR. JOSEPH'S PILE REMEDY. This is a

cure for piles, hemorrhoids, and all

piles, hemorrhoids, and all

piles, hemorrhoids, and all



## CHARGE AND COUNTER-CHARGE

## BAILIFF WHIDBY ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF ASSAULT.

**His Accuser Was Afterwards Arrested on a More Serious Charge.**  
**The Cause of His Arrest.**

Bailiff Whidby, of Judge Landrum's court, was arrested yesterday on a warrant sworn out by Jacob Moss, who claims that the bailiff assaulted him and beat him up without provocation. Immediately after the bailiff's arrest, Moss was arrested upon a

Ballin's arrest Moss was arrested upon a charge of larceny after trust, the warrant being sworn out by Balliff Whidby in Judge Orr's court. The two arrests were the outcome of a suit brought against Moss several days ago.

Some time back Bailiff Whidby seized upon two mules, a wagon and a set of harness belonging to Moss. The two leveled their rifles at the bailiff and then turned against Moss. The property was spun in a stable for safe-keeping, but Moss's wife appeared and claimed the horses and other property and it was turned over to her. Afterwards when the claim was heard the judge ordered that the bailiff again seize the property. The bailiff attempted to do this, he says, but Moss interfered and a dispute arose. Bailiff Whidby says Moss

called him a liar and he resented it. Moss denies this. He says that the bailiff beat him with a stick.

Moss has employed Lawyer Crane to represent him and will prosecute the bailiff to the end.

Bailiff Whidby swore out a warrant against Moss for larceny after trust and will prosecute this warrant to the end.

Bailiff Whidby is an ex-policeman.

---

## UGLY WORK OF THE FLAMES.

---

### THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF DR. CURTIS DIES FROM BURNS.

---

The Little One Caught While Passing

**by a Brightly Burning Grate  
Yesterday Morning.**

---

Pinkie Myrtis Curtis, the twenty-two-months-old daughter of Dr. W. M. Curtis,

The well known Mitchell street druggist, died last night from burns received early yesterday morning.

The child was just old enough to be able to walk about and yesterday morning in passing by a well filled, bright burning grate let her wearing apparel come in contact with the blaze. In a second the child was a sheet of flames and before they could be extinguished the little one had been

The remains will be taken to Calhoun on the Western and Atlantic road this morning, the old home of Dr. Curtis, for interment. Dr. Curtis is known throughout Atlanta as one of the leading physicians and most successful druggists. He has been a

member of the board of health and has held other offices of trust within the gift of the people.

The child's death is a sad blow to the family, made so by its sudden and tragic nature. The death occurred at the family home, 258 West Peters street.

**Our Nellie.**

Written on the death of Miss Nellie Peters Dodd, by her affectionate and devoted Sunday school teacher.

When the golden sunlight gathers  
Warmly round the  
When the golden sunlight gathers

and gives us the faintest glimmer  
Of a beautiful summer day,  
Showing all the colors of the rainbow,  
With their sparkling beauty bright,  
Dispelling all the darkened shadows  
Of the lonesome dreary night,  
It is then that I'd remind you  
Of a lovely maiden fair,  
With beautiful form and features,  
And tresses of golden hair;  
Whose greatest joy seemed to be  
In the pleasure she could bestow  
On friends and kindred far and near  
Dreest with cares and woe.

With a face so fair and character sweet,  
That none knew her but to love her;  
And that I know that 'tis gone and is no more,  
That she leaves us all to mourn her  
But why should we grieve for one so sweet

And wish her back again,  
When He who watches the sparrow's fall,  
And sustains each broken wing,  
Has called her home to that land of rest  
To join the angels at his request,  
And bear the message to the realm above  
That her life was spent in a mission of love?

We grieve at her absence, but why should  
We say,  
We prefer to have kept her and thus had  
our way,  
When God, the creator of mercy and love,  
Has chosen to keep her for His courts  
above?

Now, Nellie, we look forward to the beautiful day

When we all shall meet in God's own way,  
And there shall be united an unbroken  
class  
to watch for the loved-ones and friends  
as they pass;  
And wait for the boatman to land on the  
shore,  
Every member of our class to remain  
unseparated,  
And find it a pleasure to pass under the rod  
and be for eternity in the presence of God.  
A. J. C.

---

**MAJOR CALLAWAY'S LAST.**

**Says He Is Now Done with the Con-**  
**troversy.**

The Callaway-Fleming controversy still does on. Major Callaway furnished the following rejoinder to Speaker Fleming's communication of yesterday morning last night:

"Editor Constitution—I have nothing more to say. Mr. Fleming has dodged entirely out of my reach. I have stated as clearly as I possibly could that the message was sent to and intended for Mr. Fleming, and so it stands. F. E. CALLAWAY."

**FURNITURE.**  
FURNITURE—Second-hand furniture bought and sold and exchanged. Griswold & Martin, 115 Whitehall street.  
CASH PAID for second hand furniture, carpets, stoves, household and office goods. L. M. Ives, 68 South Broad st.  
FURNITURE—We pay cash for second-hand furniture. Remember the number 115 Whitehall street. Griswold & Martin.

**FOR SALE**—New and second-hand carpets, stoves, household and office goods, cheap for cash. L. M. Ives, 55 South Broadway.

**FOR SALE**—New kitchen table, center table and nice new charter oak stove with nickel trimmings, No. 7, 250 Houston street.

**FOR SALE**—Horses, Carriages, Etc.

**FOR SALE**—Second-hand carriage, almost new, very cheap. C. S. Thomas, 38 South Pryor street, dec 15—St sun tues thurs

**EVERYBODY KNOWS** the "Owensboro" stands the test and sells the best. Remember the Georgia Buggy Co. and don't forget the place, 39 South Broad and 34 South Eighth streets.

CARRIAGES, wagons, harness, saddles, robes at tremendous cut for next two weeks. D. Morgan, 20 West Mitchell street.

**THE GEORGIA BUGGY CO.** sets the pace. Others are not in the race. Our methods are original and fair. Hence we generally "get there." The Georgia Buggy Co.

**FOR SALE**—Fine young Kentucky horse, perfectly gentle and sound, Hambletonian strain, fifteen hands high, chestnut sorrel. Sold under a guarantee. A beauty and bargain, \$50. 170 Mills street.

**CARRIAGES**—If you want a first-class

**CARRIAGES**—One extension-front brougham, one landaulet, in first-class order. These vehicles have been used, and are for sale cheap. John M. Smith, 122 Auburn avenue.

OUR LOCATION is central, just midway with imitators far in the rear. We are always busy selling goods every day and have no competition to fear. The George

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS**, so durable, pretty and so cheap, boys' and girls' saddles, goat harness, riding whips, lab robes  
D. Morgan, 20 West Mitchell street.

plush robe and fail to see our big stock  
of latest patterns at tempting prices. The  
Georgia Buggy Co., 39 South Broad and  
34-36 South Forsyth streets.

---

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS** for little boys  
and girls, saddles, whips, goat harnesses  
so pretty and so cheap, at D. Morgan's,  
West Mitchell street.

**FOR SALE**—When a public benefactor discovers a good thing his first impulse is to impart the good news to his fellow men, that accounts for the big trade we are having. See our goods before you buy. **White Hickory Wagon Manufacturing Company** 37 to 45 W. Alabama street.

**FOR SALE**—Six sound, young accustomed horses, thoroughly broke, 1,100 to 1,400 pounds, suitable for all purposes, cheap for cash. To be seen at Harrison & Herrens stables, No. 37 Ivy street. Sig Leers.

**CARRIAGES**—A large assortment of second-hand light carriages, phaetons and buggies for sale cheap. John M. Smith, 1

OUR IMITATORS needn't go crazy. We are on the alert, not a bit lazy. Buy our goods low and sell them right, knocking competition out of sight. The Georgia Buggy Co., 39 South Broad and 34-36 South Forsyth streets.

LOVELY PRESENTS is goat harnesses, boys' and girls' saddles, gold-mounted riding whips, lap robes, cheap at D. Morgan's, 20 West Mitchell street.

plenishing with car loads of buggies, wagons, harness, lap robes, whips, etc. The Georgia Buggy Co., 39 South Broad and 34-36 South Forsyth streets.

**FOR SALE**—Good work horse, \$20; also several good work and gentle driving horses, or will exchange for wood and coal or will hire out same horses; also two good busses for sale or hire. This stock

**CARRIAGES**—For first-class home-made carriages, broughams, rockaways, victorias, go to John M. Smith, 122 Auburn avenue.

up; if you want one call on us, we will please you. White Hickory Wagon Manufacturing Company, 37 to 45 W. Alabama street.

---

**HOLIDAY GOODS.**

---

**HEADQUARTERS** for Christmas goods  
dolls and toys of all kinds. To be sold  
wholesale and retail. 47 Decatur street  
one-half block from Kimball house.

**GET YOUR** Christmas candles at G. E.  
Johnson's candy factory, 59 E. Alabama  
street.

THE SAME CANDY that you pay Huyler  
60 cents for you can get at G. E. John-  
son's candy factory for 40 cents.

THE ONLY candy factory in the United  
States that gives to the poor every  
Christmas. Johnson's factory, 50 E. Ala-  
bama st.

FOR PRESENTS go to room 214 Norcross building; \$4,000 worth of knives, forks, spoons and silver novelties at less than cost.

**THE EMPIRE BOX FACTORY** is now making 5,000 fine candy boxes for G. E. Johnson for his Christmas trade; 4,000 last year.

**CANDY** at G. E. Johnson's factory at  
 10 cents per pound,  
 15 cents per pound,  
 20 cents per pound,  
 30 cents per pound,  
 40 cents per pound,  
 50 cents per pound,  
 75 cents per pound.

**BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS** presents, boys and girls' saddles, riding whips and lap robes very cheap at D. Morgan's, 20 West Mitchell street.

CHRISTMAS BARGAINS—  
50 5c cigars, 75c.  
Mixed nuts, 25 pound box, 12½c.  
Layer raisins, 20-pound box, \$1.50.  
Citron, 10 pound box, 15c pound.  
Cheese, 15-pound box, 12½c pound.  
Cranberries 60c gallon.

Jelly, 30 pound bucket, for \$1.  
Fire crackers, 40 packs, 85c box.  
Gum drops, 10-pound box, 75c.  
Marshmallow candy, 5-pound box, 75c.  
Candy mice, 100 for 50c.  
Seedless raisins, 25-pound box, 12½c lb.  
C. W. O'Connor, Wholesale Grocer,  
59 S. Broad street.

**BUSINESS COLLEGES.**  
**THE ATLANTA BUSINESS COLLEGE.**  
 Whitehall street, is the only college of actual business and Ben Pittman shorthand in Atlanta. Call at the office or write for catalogue. 'Phone 36'

**STUDENTS** in actual business; call and see them at work; no vacation except Christmas. Atlanta Business college.  
**BIRMINGHAM** (Ala.) Business college, bookkeeping, shorthand, etc., railroad fare paid. Catalogue free. decl-tf

**WANTED—To Exchange.**  
FINE JERSEY BULL CALF, 8 months old,  
to exchange for hogs or will sell cheap.  
fine specimen. L. F. Evers, West Atlanta,  
Ga.

**WANTED—To exchange farm near city for  
Atlanta realty; come at once before rent-**

ing time. I Morgan, 20 West Mitchell st.  
WILL SELL or exchange second hand dry  
goods for groceries. Call at 415 Decatur  
street.  
WANTED-To trade Columbia bicycle for  
second hand one-horse spring wagon. Ad-  
dress D, this office. sat sun

**PIANO TUNING.**  
PIANO TUNING and repairing, finest and best equipped shop in the south, only skilled workmen employed, new actions put in any kind of piano, old piano cases refinished as original from factory. Send for

prices. Charles H. Smith, No. 30 Peachtree  
street.



51

**REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.**  
REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. — \$6.20, payable in cash, balance \$2 a month, without interest, will buy an elegant room residence Capitol avenue, 100 ft. x 50 ft., east front fully shaded, good stable, flowers and yard in rear. The house is 4 years of well built, finished in oak, cabinet material, electric bells, hot and cold water, electric lights, walls handomely papered. The place is well worth \$7.00, but could not be duplicated for that amount. Must see.

THIS MONTH we offer a house, with two light fixtures, electric gaslighter set, only one mile from city, on easy terms. Call for plans and prices to J. H. Atkins & Averill, 41 N. Broadway.

**SALE**—Northside, near Peachtree, 8 m. house, hot and cold water and electric bells throughout, large closets, two cases, \$3,500, on easy terms. Fitzhugh, 8 1/2 West Alabama street.

**GEN ROOM HOUSE, \$50**, on large corner lot at Gainesville, 53 miles from Atlanta. Population 5,000, waterworks, electric lights, street cars, college, female seminary, 8 churches, 6 manufacturing, 2 rail

6 room cottage, West End, lot 50x150. Fully finished in Georgia pine, sliding doors, cabinet tile mantels; gas, water and sinks. Taken once, a bargain. Cash, balance monthly; price \$2,500. Ad. or call on the owner. J. M. Bishop, across building.

NE NICE three room houses on  
and Jackson streets for sale at  
gain. Address M. A. Cason, receiver,  
Seaw, Ga. dec 8 3 t sun

**SALE**—Seven-room house; gas, water, servants' house, stable; corner lot and a half blocks from Peachtree street, residence 117 Nelson street, December 14, 1895. David C. Good.

W. Cox, attorney, 23½ Whitehall St.  
TO LOAN on city real estate for  
Apply to John W. Cox, attorney,  
Whitehall street.  
SALE—Cheap residence property real  
15 per cent; see our exchange list.  
New Real Estate Bureau, 715 Temple  
ACRES land at Hapeville for sale;  
6-room house, barn, etc., on it.  
Beautiful bold never-falling stream bounds  
one side; land lies beautifully; about  
trees in original woods. This is just a

From Atlanta, near Central railroad  
not far from Atlanta and West Point  
and Atlanta and Florida road in least  
mile. An ideal place for a suburban  
and will be sacrificed for \$5,000. It is  
double that amount. Write Dr. H.  
or R. G. Matthews, Barnesville,  
nov 10-21 sun  
SALE-Six room house and double  
lot on Currier street 55x140; price  
\$500 cash, balance long time. Apply  
B. Powers at M. Rich & Bros.

**ELEGANT SUBURBAN HOME** at Etta, Ga., for sale at auction—On Tuesday in January, 1906, will be sold the highest bidder, before the court door at Marietta, the Kirkpatrickstead and farm, near the western end of said city, adjoining Major's Mill. The dwelling contains four bedrooms besides bathroom and linen closet. The farm contains about 230 acres. Sell all or part at private sale before the 1st, if desired. The property will be sold to the highest bidder. For further information or any questions answered by mail.

designated. Enoch Faw, agent, Ma-  
Ga. dec4-ft sun  
SALE—A highly improved grass  
stock farm. Address P. O. Box 253,  
Desboro, Tenn. dec14-2t

**Harrison, 47 East Hunter Street.**

**THE READER** one of the lucky ones  
secured some of those choice bargains  
advertised last week? If not, do not  
call this week and see my list, for  
the time to buy real estate in and

**FACTURING SITE** having about 1/2 acre railroad front at Montreal, a station S. A. L., 15 miles east of Atlanta. Is about 1 1/2 acres. There is a side-erick boiler and engine house; also frame three-story factory with foundation, 50x150 feet, that cost \$2,000. The land, Atlanta city property will be in exchange, or will sell on very terms for \$750.

only two blocks west of the Mt. electric car line. If the reader working or going to work at the railroad shops this is your chance to have a fine little home on easy terms and a low cap. \$900.

**THE VACANT** lot 50x112, on Dryden at Highland ave. just the place to build yourself a nice house. Terms easy to suit. Very low; only \$825.

**THE VACANT** lot 60x118, in the south part of the city, near Woodward ave. from \$300 to \$500 cash, balance easy terms.

payments. Price only \$2,350.  
lot 27x55, just east of S. Boulevard,  
strictly white neighborhood; will take  
\$25 cash, and \$10 per month, and  
\$500.  
THE ABOVE would make a nice  
present for the reader's family.  
start in now and buy a home for  
Remember that I am headquar-  
home seekers, because my easy  
plan suits the times.  
E GROVES and homes in Florida

LOTS, very choice, in West End, \$700, \$900, \$1,000, \$1,200 and \$1,300 each. Let me show you some of them this afternoon easy. D. Morrison, real estate and loan agent, 47 East Hunt.

---

by George Ware, 23 West Alabama Street.

a splendid lot on easy payments. Big span in nice locality. *South*

room cottage on easy terms.  
lot, 50x133, Belgian blocks and car  
room cottage, corner lot, bel-  
lock, near Peachtree.  
ce, 6-r. cottage on good street  
rms.  
s one of the finest lots on road  
\$190, very cheap.  
room new house on leading street  
h side, all modern conveniences  
ten-room house, Forest ave (on  
rns.

on Central railroad, five miles  
will exchange for city property  
nice.  
4½ miles out, elegant land,  
bottom, 5-rs. cottage and three trees  
inside, 50 acres in woods, \$5,500; very  
cheap.  
100 acres on W. & A. R. R.  
set; will sell at a bargain.  
Have anything to exchange

**WANTED—Real Estate**

—To buy a vacant lot in Mobile, Ala. will offer good price. Alabama street.

—To buy 100 acres of land for \$2,000, \$300 cash and \$1,700 in notes for 30 days, 60 days, 90 days, 120 days, 150 days, 180 days, 210 days, 240 days, 270 days, 300 days, 330 days, 360 days, 390 days, 420 days, 450 days, 480 days, 510 days, 540 days, 570 days, 600 days, 630 days, 660 days, 690 days, 720 days, 750 days, 780 days, 810 days, 840 days, 870 days, 900 days, 930 days, 960 days, 990 days, 1,020 days, 1,050 days, 1,080 days, 1,110 days, 1,140 days, 1,170 days, 1,200 days, 1,230 days, 1,260 days, 1,290 days, 1,320 days, 1,350 days, 1,380 days, 1,410 days, 1,440 days, 1,470 days, 1,500 days, 1,530 days, 1,560 days, 1,590 days, 1,620 days, 1,650 days, 1,680 days, 1,710 days, 1,740 days, 1,770 days, 1,800 days, 1,830 days, 1,860 days, 1,890 days, 1,920 days, 1,950 days, 1,980 days, 2,010 days, 2,040 days, 2,070 days, 2,100 days, 2,130 days, 2,160 days, 2,190 days, 2,220 days, 2,250 days, 2,280 days, 2,310 days, 2,340 days, 2,370 days, 2,400 days, 2,430 days, 2,460 days, 2,490 days, 2,520 days, 2,550 days, 2,580 days, 2,610 days, 2,640 days, 2,670 days, 2,700 days, 2,730 days, 2,760 days, 2,790 days, 2,820 days, 2,850 days, 2,880 days, 2,910 days, 2,940 days, 2,970 days, 3,000 days, 3,030 days, 3,060 days, 3,090 days, 3,120 days, 3,150 days, 3,180 days, 3,210 days, 3,240 days, 3,270 days, 3,300 days, 3,330 days, 3,360 days, 3,390 days, 3,420 days, 3,450 days, 3,480 days, 3,510 days, 3,540 days, 3,570 days, 3,600 days, 3,630 days, 3,660 days, 3,690 days, 3,720 days, 3,750 days, 3,780 days, 3,810 days, 3,840 days, 3,870 days, 3,900 days, 3,930 days, 3,960 days, 3,990 days, 4,020 days, 4,050 days, 4,080 days, 4,110 days, 4,140 days, 4,170 days, 4,200 days, 4,230 days, 4,260 days, 4,290 days, 4,320 days, 4,350 days, 4,380 days, 4,410 days, 4,440 days, 4,470 days, 4,500 days, 4,530 days, 4,560 days, 4,590 days, 4,620 days, 4,650 days, 4,680 days, 4,710 days, 4,740 days, 4,770 days, 4,800 days, 4,830 days, 4,860 days, 4,890 days, 4,920 days, 4,950 days, 4,980 days, 5,010 days, 5,040 days, 5,070 days, 5,100 days, 5,130 days, 5,160 days, 5,190 days, 5,220 days, 5,250 days, 5,280 days, 5,310 days, 5,340 days, 5,370 days, 5,400 days, 5,430 days, 5,460 days, 5,490 days, 5,520 days, 5,550 days, 5,580 days, 5,610 days, 5,640 days, 5,670 days, 5,700 days, 5,730 days, 5,760 days, 5,790 days, 5,820 days, 5,850 days, 5,880 days, 5,910 days, 5,940 days, 5,970 days, 6,000 days, 6,030 days, 6,060 days, 6,090 days, 6,120 days, 6,150 days, 6,180 days, 6,210 days, 6,240 days, 6,270 days, 6,300 days, 6,330 days, 6,360 days, 6,390 days, 6,420 days, 6,450 days, 6,480 days, 6,510 days, 6,540 days, 6,570 days, 6,600 days, 6,630 days, 6,660 days, 6,690 days, 6,720 days, 6,750 days, 6,780 days, 6,810 days, 6,840 days, 6,870 days, 6,900 days, 6,930 days, 6,960 days, 6,990 days, 7,020 days, 7,050 days, 7,080 days, 7,110 days, 7,140 days, 7,170 days, 7,200 days, 7,230 days, 7,260 days, 7,290 days, 7,320 days, 7,350 days, 7,380 days, 7,410 days, 7,440 days, 7,470 days, 7,500 days, 7,530 days, 7,560 days, 7,590 days, 7,620 days, 7,650 days, 7,680 days, 7,710 days, 7,740 days, 7,770 days, 7,800 days, 7,830 days, 7,860 days, 7,890 days, 7,920 days, 7,950 days, 7,980 days, 8,010 days, 8,040 days, 8,070 days, 8,100 days, 8,130 days, 8,160 days, 8,190 days, 8,220 days, 8,250 days, 8,280 days, 8,310 days, 8,340 days, 8,370 days, 8,400 days, 8,430 days, 8,460 days, 8,490 days, 8,520 days, 8,550 days, 8,580 days, 8,610 days, 8,640 days, 8,670 days, 8,700 days, 8,730 days, 8,760 days, 8,790 days, 8,820 days, 8,850 days, 8,880 days, 8,910 days, 8,940 days, 8,970 days, 9,000 days, 9,030 days, 9,060 days, 9,090 days, 9,120 days, 9,150 days, 9,180 days, 9,210 days, 9,240 days, 9,270 days, 9,300 days, 9,330 days, 9,360 days, 9,390 days, 9,420 days, 9,450 days, 9,480 days, 9,510 days, 9,540 days, 9,570 days, 9,600 days, 9,630 days, 9,660 days, 9,690 days, 9,720 days, 9,750 days, 9,780 days, 9,810 days, 9,840 days, 9,870 days, 9,900 days, 9,930 days, 9,960 days, 9,990 days, 10,020 days, 10,050 days, 10,080 days, 10,110 days, 10,140 days, 10,170 days, 10,200 days, 10,230 days, 10,260 days, 10,290 days, 10,320 days, 10,350 days, 10,380 days, 10,410 days, 10,440 days, 10,470 days, 10,500 days, 10,530 days, 10,560 days, 10,590 days, 10,620 days, 10,650 days, 10,680 days, 10,710 days, 10,740 days, 10,770 days, 10,800 days, 10,830 days, 10,860 days, 10,890 days, 10,920 days, 10,950 days, 10,980 days, 11,010 days, 11,040 days, 11,070 days, 11,100 days, 11,130 days, 11,160 days, 11,190 days, 11,220 days, 11,250 days, 11,280 days, 11,310 days, 11,340 days, 11,370 days, 11,400 days, 11,430 days, 11,460 days, 11,490 days, 11,520 days, 11,550 days, 11,580 days, 11,610 days, 11,640 days, 11,670 days, 11,700 days, 11,730 days, 11,760 days, 11,790 days, 11,820 days, 11,850 days, 11,880 days, 11,910 days, 11,940 days, 11,970 days, 12,000 days, 12,030 days, 12,060 days, 12,090 days, 12,120 days, 12,150 days, 12,180 days, 12,210 days, 12,240 days, 12,270 days, 12,300 days, 12,330 days, 12,360 days, 12,390 days, 12,420 days, 12,450 days, 12,480 days, 12,510 days, 12,540 days, 12,570 days, 12,600 days, 12,630 days, 12,660 days, 12,690 days, 12,720 days, 12,750 days, 12,780 days, 12,810 days, 12,840 days, 12,870 days, 12,900 days, 12,930 days, 12,960 days, 12,990 days, 13,020 days, 13,050 days, 13,080 days, 13,110 days, 13,140 days, 13,170 days, 13,200 days, 13,230 days, 13,260 days, 13,290 days, 13,320 days, 13,350 days, 13,380 days, 13,410 days, 13,440 days, 13,470 days, 13,500 days, 13,530 days, 13,560 days, 13,590 days, 13,620 days, 13,650 days, 13,680 days, 13,710 days, 13,740 days, 13,770 days, 13,800 days, 13,830 days, 13,860 days, 13,890 days, 13,920 days, 13,950 days, 13,980 days, 14,010 days, 14,040 days, 14,070 days, 14,100 days, 14,130 days, 14,160 days, 14,190 days, 14,220 days, 14,250 days, 14,280 days, 14,310 days, 14,340 days, 14,370 days, 14,400 days, 14,430 days, 14,460 days, 14,490 days, 14,520 days, 14,550 days, 14,580 days, 14,610 days, 14,640 days, 14,670 days, 14,700 days, 14,730 days, 14,760

**WANTED—Occu**  
Two gentleman oc  
nished front room,  
or without board,  
required. 3 E. Fa



# RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures coughs, colds, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or mucous membranes.

## RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES AND PREVENTS COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, ASTHMA, DIFFICULT BREATHING, CURS THE WORST PAINS IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with PAIN.

## ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

MAKEN INWARDLY—A half to a tea-spoonful in half a tumbler of water for stomach troubles. Cold in the Bowels, Cold Chills, Fever and Ague, Diarrhoea, Sick Headache and all internal pains. Price 50c per Bottle. Sold by all Drug-gists.

## WE KNOW IT

And we would like for you to know that we have

**Sensible  
Tasteful  
Seasonable  
Serviceable**

## HOLIDAY PRESENTS

—FOR—

## BOYS, YOUTHS AND MEN.

Below we quote a few of our many splendid bargains.

23c for pure Silk Handkerchiefs, worth..... 40c

48c for all-wool Knee Pants, 75c worth.....

\$1.98 a Suit, choice of 175 Blue and Black Boys' Cheviot Suits, sizes 4 to 15, worth \$3.00

\$3.98 for Boys' Scotch Cheviot Suits and Reefers \$5.00

sizes 4 to 15, well worth.....

The Reefers, from 4 to 8, have Soutache Trimming.

98c for Men's and Youths' Derbys and Alpines, worth..... \$1.50

\$1.98 each takes choice of fifty dozen Men's Derbys, Dun-lap and Youman blocks, just opened, not a hat in the lot worth less than..... \$3.00

Some of them are regular \$3.50 goods; manufacturer wanted to unload. We took the lot.

In order to facilitate the work of stock-taking, which takes place immediately after Xmas, we will close out all small lots of Suits, Overcoats and Single Pants at prices which will bring joy to the hearts of economical buyers.

Christmas will soon be here. Don't delay. Come now. You'll find everything—except high prices.

## EISEMAN & WEIL,

Men's and Boys' Outfitters,

3 WHITEHALL ST.

No Branch House in the city.

\$25 WILL BUY

—AT—

DELON'S,

60 Whitehall St.,

A 25 (genuine) Diamond

Marquise Ring, set with

Ruby, Emerald or any

doublet center.

## Vitality Men Restored.

THE FOLLOWING NOTICE will be read from all the pulpits of the city this morning:

"The National Christian Conference will meet in the Moody Tabernacle, Atlanta, Ga., on Wednesday morning, December 15, 1895. A most excellent and entertaining programme has been arranged, including religious service, and addresses by prominent divines and laymen of different sections. There will be three sessions each day and several hours will be reserved for general discussion of Christian topics of interest, especially to the people of all denominations.

No charge for admission. Seats free. Everybody invited to attend all the meetings.

"The prayers of God's people are requested in behalf of this Christian conference that it may be a mighty power for good. The programme will soon be published and is now being prepared.

"R. V. ATKINSON, D. D.,

A. R. HOLDEN, D. D.,

HELD, T. D., D.

"Committee on arrangements, National Christian Conference."

The religious people of Atlanta are looking forward with peculiar interest to the sessions of this conference in Atlanta this week.

## BISHOP JOYCE TO PREACH.

THE COLORED DIVINE AT LOYD STREET CHURCH TODAY.

Interesting Services in Connection with the Congress on Africa Now in Session.

The congress on Africa, which is now in session, has brought to Atlanta quite a large number of church dignitaries, and the services today in the several colored churches will be unusually interesting.

Bishop I. W. Joyce will preach at the Lloyd Street Methodist church this morning.

In the afternoon a paper on "The Outlook for African Missions in the Twentieth Century" will be read by Frederick P.

Noble, the secretary of the world's fair congress on Africa.

The following is the programme of today's services:

## Morning Service.

Lloyd Street Methodist Episcopal church at 11 a. m.:

Prayer by Professor J. C. Murray, D.D.

Sermon by Bishop I. W. Joyce, LL.D.

## Afternoon Service.

Lloyd Street Methodist Episcopal church, 3 p. m.:

Chairman, Rev. R. S. Rust, D.D., of Cincinnati.

Paper—"The Outlook for African Missions in the Twentieth Century," by Frederick P. Noble, the secretary of the world's fair congress on Africa.

To be read by Dr. Joseph E. Roy.

Address—"Africa Slavery; Its Status; the Anti-Slavery Movement in Europe; What Can and Ought to Be Done by Americans for the Relief of African Slaves," by Heli Chatain.

African Missions—Statistical summary based on reports from the leading societies.

Address—"Africa in Its Relation to Christian Civilization," by Rev. E. W. S. Hammond, D.D., of New Orleans, editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

## Evening Service.

Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church at 7:30 p. m.:

Chairman, President W. P. Thirkfield, D.D., of Gammon Theological seminary.

Choral service—Negro melodies and missionary hymns.

Prayer by Rev. J. D. Chavis, D.D., president of Benedict college, Greensboro, N. C.

Address—"The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Evangelization of Africa," by Rev. M. C. B. Mason, D.D., the field agent of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

Lecture—"Africa and America," illustrated by a series of remarkable photographic slides, prepared for this lecture, by Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D.D., chairman of the world's fair congress on Africa.

## PURIFY THE NATION

Religious People Say That Radical Reform Is Needed.

## NEXT WEEK'S CONFERENCE

It Will Be One of the Most Notable Gatherings Ever in Atlanta.

## DEEP INTEREST IS EVERYWHERE MANIFESTED

The Conference Will Be Held in the Moody Tabernacle Next Wednesday Morning.

The eyes of the nation will be fixed upon Atlanta next Wednesday morning when the great religious conference is called together in this city.

Heretofore the exposition has monopolized attention. Atlanta has gained the applause and admiration of the world for its enterprise and gained it in a measure which proclaims her the pluckiest and most enterprising city on the North American continent. But she is destined to figure in a new role and one which is no less bold and original.

This conference will bring to Atlanta a number of influential people. It is the purpose of those who stand behind this movement and whose characters give to it its highest endorsement, to have every state and section of the union represented. But the plan of these worthy gentlemen is even more comprehensive. It embraces every industrial and religious interest of the country and the delegates to this conference, in a large measure, will be men of brains and ability with equal influence in both church and state. The purpose for which this monster movement was inaugurated and the object sought to be accomplished by the conference is the purification of the nation's life.

Sabbath violation is a growing evil which has been the source of very great annoyance to Christian people and the warrant for many evil prophecies concerning the future of this country. Ballot box manipulations and bribery at the polls have also been referred to in public speeches and in lectures from the platform as present sources of evil. Intemperance is another fiend against whose fatal influence the conference seeks to erect a barrier of some kind. The liquor question will no doubt be considered at full length, but this will not be the absorbing topic of discussion. An effort will be made to bring the Bible into prominence and to advocate its adoption as a necessary and vital feature of the public school system. Gambling and other popular evils will be discussed and such legislative remedies as are calculated to correct them will be suggested.

No similar conference has ever been held in this country and the movement stands without a precedent or a parallel. If nothing is accomplished by this conference directly large measures of good will result eventually. Every movement which seeks to bring about a radical change must first take the form of a protest. The secret of success lies in agitation. In this way attention is called to the fact that something is wrong and that remedies are needed. In the agitation the questions which will come up before the conference for discussion the country at large will experience that wholesome good which comes from intelligent and honest protest.

The character of the men who have signed the call for this national conference gives emphasis to its importance and may be construed, at the same time, into a prophecy of its results. Mr. S. T. Nicholson, the secretary of the Union Central Life Insurance Company and one of the leading financiers of Washington, D. C. Hon. Walter B. Hill is one of the ablest lawyers at the Georgia bar and a man of prominence in literary as well as legal circles. Ex-Governor William H. Norcross, a man of high character and ability, whose name is prominent in the list of names appended to the call, which has heretofore been published in the Constitution, only those of influential and well known citizens will be observed. Among them will be found the names of lawyers, judges, doctors of divinity, college professors and business men. Of course it is not expected that remote states will be represented at the conference, but the invitation is a broad one and every state is included. The deliberations of the conference will be national in character and both the evils complained of and their proper remedies will be discussed with reference to the whole nation.

The Moody Tabernacle, on the corner of Cain and Williams streets, has been secured by the committee in charge of arrangements and the opening session of the conference will be held in that auditorium next Wednesday morning. The conference will convene promptly at 9 o'clock.

A committee consisting of Drs. A. R. Holden, John W. Haynes and R. V. Atkinson has been appointed by the local ministers to confer with Mr. S. T. Nicholson with regard to the conference and the services today in the several colored churches will be unusually interesting.

"No charge for admission. Seats free. Everybody invited to attend all the meetings."

"The prayers of God's people are requested in behalf of this Christian conference that it may be a mighty power for good. The programme will soon be published and is now being prepared."

"R. V. ATKINSON, D. D.,

A. R. HOLDEN, D. D.,

HELD, T. D., D.

"Committee on arrangements, National Christian Conference."

The religious people of Atlanta are looking forward with peculiar interest to the sessions of this conference in Atlanta this week.

## BISHOP JOYCE TO PREACH.

THE COLORED DIVINE AT LOYD STREET CHURCH TODAY.

Interesting Services in Connection with the Congress on Africa Now in Session.

The congress on Africa, which is now in session, has brought to Atlanta quite a large number of church dignitaries, and the services today in the several colored churches will be unusually interesting.

Bishop I. W. Joyce will preach at the Lloyd Street Methodist church this morning.

In the afternoon a paper on "The Outlook for African Missions in the Twentieth Century" will be read by Frederick P.

Noble, the secretary of the world's fair congress on Africa.

The following is the programme of today's services:

## Morning Service.

Lloyd Street Methodist Episcopal church at 11 a. m.:

Prayer by Professor J. C. Murray, D.D.

Sermon by Bishop I. W. Joyce, LL.D.

## Afternoon Service.

Lloyd Street Methodist Episcopal church, 3 p. m.:

Chairman, Rev. R. S. Rust, D.D., of Cincinnati.

Paper—"The Outlook for African Missions in the Twentieth Century," by Frederick P. Noble, the secretary of the world's fair congress on Africa.

To be read by Dr. Joseph E. Roy.

Address—"Africa Slavery; Its Status; the Anti-Slavery Movement in Europe; What Can and Ought to Be Done by Americans for the Relief of African Slaves," by Heli Chatain.

African Missions—Statistical summary based on reports from the leading societies.

Address—"Africa in Its Relation to Christian Civilization," by Rev. E. W. S. Hammond, D.D., of New Orleans, editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

## Evening Service.

Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church at 7:30 p. m.:

Chairman, President W. P. Thirkfield, D.D., of Gammon Theological seminary.

Choral service—Negro melodies and missionary hymns.

Prayer by Rev. J. D. Chavis, D.D., president of Benedict college, Greensboro, N. C.

Address—"The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Evangelization of Africa," by Rev. M. C. B. Mason, D.D., the field agent of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

Lecture—"Africa and America," illustrated by a series of remarkable photographic slides, prepared for this lecture, by Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D.D., chairman of the world's fair congress on Africa.

To be read by Dr. Joseph E. Roy.

Address—"Africa Slavery; Its Status; the Anti-Slavery Movement in Europe; What Can and Ought to Be Done by Americans for the Relief of African Slaves," by Heli Chatain.

African Missions—Statistical summary based on reports from the leading societies.

Address—"Africa in Its Relation to Christian Civilization," by Rev. E. W. S. Hammond, D.D., of New Orleans, editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

## Evening Service.

Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church at 7:30 p. m.:

Chairman, President W. P. Thirkfield, D.D., of Gammon Theological seminary.

Choral service—Negro melodies and missionary hymns.

Prayer by Rev. J. D. Chavis, D.D., president of Benedict college, Greensboro, N. C.

Address—"The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Evangelization of Africa," by Rev. M. C. B. Mason, D.D., the field agent of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

Lecture—"Africa and America," illustrated by a series of remarkable photographic slides, prepared for this lecture, by Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D.D., chairman of the world's fair congress on Africa.

To be read by Dr. Joseph E. Roy.

Address—"Africa Slavery; Its Status; the Anti-Slavery Movement in Europe; What Can and Ought to Be Done by Americans for the Relief of African Slaves," by Heli Chatain.

African Missions—Statistical summary based on reports from the leading societies.

Address—"Africa in Its Relation to Christian Civilization," by Rev. E. W. S. Hammond, D.D., of New Orleans, editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

## Evening Service.

Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church at 7:30 p. m.:

Chairman, President W. P. Thirkfield, D.D., of Gammon Theological seminary.

Choral service—Negro melodies and missionary hymns.

Prayer by Rev. J. D. Chavis, D.D., president of Benedict college, Greensboro, N. C.

Address—"The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Evangelization of Africa," by Rev. M. C. B. Mason, D.D., the field agent of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

Lecture—"Africa and America," illustrated by a series of remarkable photographic slides, prepared for this lecture, by Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D.D., chairman of the world's fair congress on Africa.

To be read by Dr. Joseph E. Roy.

Address—"Africa Slavery; Its Status; the Anti-Slavery Movement in Europe; What Can and Ought to Be Done by Americans for the Relief of African Slaves," by Heli Chatain.

African Missions—Statistical summary based on reports from the leading societies.

Address—"Africa in Its Relation to Christian Civilization," by Rev. E. W. S. Hammond, D.D., of New Orleans, editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

## Evening Service.

Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church at 7:30 p. m.:

Chairman, President W. P. Thirkfield, D.D., of Gammon Theological seminary.

Choral service—Negro melodies and missionary hymns.

Prayer by Rev. J. D. Chavis, D.D., president of Benedict college, Greensboro, N. C.

Address—"The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Evangelization of Africa," by Rev. M. C. B. Mason, D.D., the field agent of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

Lecture—"Africa and America," illustrated by a series of remarkable photographic slides, prepared for this lecture, by Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D.D., chairman of the world's fair congress on Africa.

To be read by Dr. Joseph E. Roy.

Address—"Africa Slavery; Its Status; the Anti-Slavery Movement in Europe; What Can and Ought to Be Done by Americans for the Relief of African Slaves," by Heli Chatain.

African Missions—Statistical summary based on reports from the leading societies.

Address—"Africa in Its Relation to Christian Civilization," by Rev. E. W. S. Hammond, D.D., of New Orleans, editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

## Evening Service.

Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church at 7:30 p. m.:

Noble, the secretary of the world's fair congress on Africa.

The following is the programme of today's services:

## Morning Service.

Lloyd Street Methodist Episcopal church at 11 a. m.:

Prayer by Professor J. C. Murray, D.D.

Sermon by Bishop I. W. Joyce, LL.D.

## Afternoon Service.

Lloyd Street Methodist Episcopal church, 3 p. m.:

Chairman, Rev. R. S. Rust, D.D., of Cincinnati.

Paper—"The Outlook for African Missions in the Twentieth Century," by Frederick P. Noble, the secretary of the world's fair congress on Africa.

To be read by Dr. Joseph E. Roy.

Address—"Africa Slavery; Its Status; the Anti-Slavery Movement in Europe; What Can and Ought to Be Done by Americans for the Relief of African Slaves," by Heli Chatain.

African Missions—Statistical summary based on reports from the leading societies.

Address—"Africa in Its Relation to Christian Civilization," by Rev. E. W. S. Hammond, D.D., of New Orleans, editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

## Evening Service.

Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church at 7:30 p. m.:

Chairman, President W. P. Thirkfield, D.D., of Gammon Theological seminary.

Choral service—Negro melodies and missionary hymns.

Prayer by Rev. J. D. Chavis, D.D., president of Benedict college, Greensboro, N. C.

Address—"The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Evangelization of Africa," by Rev. M. C. B. Mason, D.D., the field agent of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

Lecture—"Africa and America," illustrated by a series of remarkable photographic slides, prepared for this lecture, by Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D.D., chairman of the world's fair congress on Africa.

To be read by Dr. Joseph E. Roy.

Address—"Africa Slavery; Its Status; the Anti-Slavery Movement in Europe; What Can and Ought to Be Done by Americans for the Relief of African Slaves," by Heli Chatain.

African Missions—Statistical summary based on reports from the leading societies.

Address—"Africa in Its Relation to Christian Civilization," by Rev. E. W. S. Hammond, D.D., of New Orleans, editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

## Evening Service.

Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church at 7:30 p. m.:

Chairman, President W. P. Thirkfield, D.D., of Gammon Theological seminary.

Choral service—Negro melodies and missionary hymns.

Prayer by Rev. J. D. Chavis, D.D., president of Benedict college, Greensboro, N. C.

Address—"The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Evangelization of Africa," by Rev. M. C. B. Mason, D.D., the field agent of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

Lecture—"Africa and America," illustrated by a series of remarkable photographic slides, prepared for this lecture, by Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D.D., chairman of the world's fair congress on Africa.

To be read by Dr. Joseph E. Roy.

Address—"Africa Slavery; Its Status; the Anti-Slavery Movement in Europe; What Can and Ought to Be Done by Americans for the Relief of African Slaves," by Heli Chatain.

African Missions—Statistical summary based on reports from the leading societies.

Address—"Africa in Its Relation to Christian Civilization," by Rev. E. W. S. Hammond, D.D., of New Orleans, editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate.

## Evening Service.

Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church at 7:30 p. m.:

Chairman, President W. P. Thirkfield, D.D., of Gammon Theological seminary.

Choral service—Negro melodies and missionary hymns.

Prayer by Rev. J. D. Chavis, D.D., president of Benedict college, Greensboro, N. C.

Address—"The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Evangelization of Africa," by Rev. M. C. B. Mason, D.D., the field agent of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

Lecture—"Africa and America," illustrated by a series of remarkable photographic slides, prepared for this lecture, by Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D.D., chairman of the world's fair congress on Africa.

To be read by Dr. Joseph E. Roy.